1798.

THE

GLEANER.

A

MISCELLANEOUS PRODUCTION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By CONSTANTIA.

Slow to *condemn*, and *seeking to commend*,
Good sense will with deliberation scan;
To *trivial* faults unwilling to descend,
If *Virtue* gave, and form'd the general plan.

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CONTENTS of the THIRD VOLUME.

Page

No. LXIX. *PROBABLE utility of an amicable combination among the ſons and daughters of literature* - - - - 5

No. LXX. *Philo Americanus's letter to the Gleaner, requeſting the publication of Virtue Triumphant* 12

No. LXXI. *Continuation of Virtue Triumphant* 19

No. LXXII. *Virtue Triumphant, continued* - 27

No. LXXIII. *Continuation of Virtue Triumphant* 44

No. LXXIV. *Virtue Triumphant, continued* - 57

No. LXXV. *Virtue Triumphant, concluded* - 74

No. LXXVI. *Predominating traits in the character of a real hero—Illuſtrious example* - - 88

No. LXXVII. *Subject continued* - - - 93

No. LXXVIII. *Miſanthropy ſometimes the offspring of a philanthropic mind—Story of Octavian* - 99

No. LXXIX. *Comprehenſive beauties of propriety—Neceſſity of obſerving its diſcriminating rules* - 109

No. LXXX. *Philo Americanus's ſecond letter to the Gleaner, incloſing the Traveller Returned* 116

No. LXXXI. *The Traveller Returned, continued* 125

No. LXXXII. *Continuation of the Traveller Returned* - - - - - 135

No. LXXXIII. *Further continuation of the Traveller Returned* - - - - 145

No. LXXXIV. *The Traveller Returned, concluded* 152

No. LXXXV. *Pleaſure of deſcanting on the virtues of humanity—Valuable traits in the character of Captain P——. Facts relative to Major R—— and Captain A——* - - - 163

No. LXXXVI. *Prevalence and utility of local attachments* - - - - 172

Page

No. LXXXVII. *The acrimony of party ſpirit lamented—written December 1ſt, 1796* - 178
No. LXXXVIII. *Obſervations on female abilities* 188
No. LXXXIX. *Obſervations continued* - 196
No. XC. *Further continuation* - - 205
No. XCI. *Obſervations concluded* - - 217
No. XCII. *Beneficial effects of benevolent examples—An intereſting narrative, drawn from real life* 224
No. XCIII. *The calamities of inſolvent debtors* 235
No. XCIV. *Propriety and excellence of economy—An illuſtrative fact* - - - 242
No. XCV. *Anecdotes of benevolence—Letter from Charles Candour* - - - 250
No. XCVI. *A ſpirit of national independence recommended—Obſervation on the tragedies of Mrs. Warren—Anecdote of Mrs. Cowley, and of Mr. Holland* - - - - 260
No. XCVII. *Miſs Harriot B——'s ſecond letter to the Gleaner* - - - - 269
No. XCVIII. *Story of an unfortunate ſtranger—Laſt view of Margaretta* - - - 279
No. XCIX. *Pleaſures and virtues of hoſpitality—Letters to the Gleaner—Sequel of the ſtory of Miſs Seafort* - - - - - 291
No. C. *Letters to the Gleaner—Sequel of the ſtory of Octavian, and of Alphonſo and Lavinia* - 300
Concluſion—The Gleaner unmaſked - - 313

15 OC 61

THE

THE GLEANER.

No. LXIX.

If the ſoft bands of amity entwin'd,
And kindred motives ſway'd each letter'd mind,
The ſcatter'd rays of genius to collect,
And all its broad diverging pow'rs connect—
With hues more vivid, ſcience then would glow,
And arts expanſive, to perfection grow:
But arm'd againſt themſelves, their efforts die,
No kindling heat the ſep'rate ſparks ſupply;
Corroſive mildews ſick'ning envy ſpreads,
And deſolation marks the path ſhe treads!
Her fatal progreſs worth innate impedes,
Hope fades appall'd, and proſtrate ſcience bleeds!

I COULD wiſh, methinks, that men of letters, and profeſſors of the fine arts, would, by mutual conſent, form themſelves into one great and illuſtrious commonwealth, appointing their ſeveral officers, committees of correſpondence, and perſons duly qualified to examine the claims of every candidate, who became deſirous of a ſituation in their community; and I ſhould, moreover, be ſolicitous that the republic, when organized, ſhould be careful to impreſs on the minds of their delegates, the neceſſity of obſerving, in the inveſtigation of thoſe pretenſions which might come before them, the ſtricteſt *impartiality*.

There are grades in the intellectual as well as the natural world; and he, who may fill one ſtation with reſpectability, may be utterly inadequate to the duties of another. Yet, let not the mental energies be depreſſed; perſeverance may do much; efforts gather ſtrength by action, and emulation, lending wings to

ambition, becomes an irreſiſtible ſtimulus. The claſſic periods of a Belknap are not the production of every pen, nor is the energy of a Ramſay the growth of every mind; yet, the ſtory of this new world, and the intereſting events of the revolution, may become the exerciſe of humbler talents; and, garbed in ſimple language, may, for a certain claſs of readers, poſſeſs peculiar charms. From the lyre of Philenia iſſues the moſt captivating ſtrains; correct, and highly poliſhed, her deathleſs page may ſtand without a rival; but, ſhall the *lowly muſe*, for this, reſign thoſe magic powers, which give luſtre to the eye of grief, and ſweetly whiſper the ſoothing joys of mild tranquillity? Forbid it, every rich, ennobling motive, which ſwells to emulation. No—rather let the trembling candidate, marking Philenia as a ſtar of guidance, call into action every glowing energy, each bleſt incitement, which may allure to eminence, and adventurouſly aſſay the radiant path, in which the lovely viſion, with beamy excellence, ſo ſplendidly ſucceeds.

Well directed ambition, is, perhaps, the maſter ſpring of every great achievement, and order ſhould conſtitute the ſtamina of a literary republic. I would have every deſcription of intellect exactly in its proper place; I contend, only, that the ſmalleſt ſpark of genius, ſo far from being quenched by *cold neglect*, or extinguiſhed by the *chilling blaſts of criticiſm*, ſhould be furniſhed with thoſe incitements, which are calculated to blow it into a flame; and, was genuine fraternity the broad baſis of the commonwealth, which I have imagined—was every individual cloſely united in the bonds of affection, a reciprocity of good offices would be ſtudiouſly cultivated, a combination of efforts procured; and the archives of the correſponding ſecretary, being conſidered as the ſacred repoſitory of every ingenious plan, or literary attempt, the united abilities of the wide extenſive republic, thus concentrated, would become a magazine of rich materials, from which the beautiful and auguſt temple of arts and ſciences would attain a degree of perfection hitherto unknown.

It

It has been a general complaint, eſpecially among a particular claſs of men, that genius has never, except in the ſhort luminous intervals of one or two brilliant epochs, been advanced to that elevation, to which its rare qualities gave it an indiſputable claim; and yet, my memory, at this moment, furniſhes me with inſtances, that render this hypotheſis rather problematical. Pindar, we are told, continued, almoſt a complete century, one of the brighteſt luminaries in the literary hemiſphere. Warriors of the firſt deſcription, and ſtateſmen of the moſt elevated rank, contended for his regards. His ſacred poeſy was acknowledged by every order of the people—it filled the temples of the gods; and his divine odes, ſongs, and pæans reſounded through the Delphian aiſles. The miniſters of Apollo, erecting his ſtatue, placed it among the moſt conſpicuous ornaments of their temple; and the Pythean voice audibly pronounced, that one half of thoſe early fruit offerings, with which the pious Religioniſt, on each returning year, failed not to gratify the conſecrated attendants of the Delphian rites, ſhould be regularly appropriated to him! Thus was the poet, while enrobed in mortality, inveſted, by the voluntary arrangements of gratitude, with a participation of divine honours! and, when he aſcended to the celeſtial abodes, his remains were diſtinguiſhed by every demonſtration of the high eſtimation in which he was held. His fellow-citizens decreed, as a teſtimonial of their veneration, the monumental pile; artiſts combined their moſt arduous efforts, and the beauty of the cenotaph which aroſe in the hippodrome, and which was conſecrated to the memory of Pindar, continued to extort the admiration of every obſerver, during ſix revolving centuries. Nor was this all—his uncommon worth and ſingular abilities became the heritage of his deſcendants: In the days of Plutarch, the poſterity of the bard received a portion of the ſacred victim. The houſe which he had inhabited became a barrier to the vindictive progreſs of the enraged Spartans; and even the Macedonian chief did a kind of homage to this dwelling.

It

It is true, the fate of Homer may be oppoſed to the ſplendid fortunes of Pindar; but every thing relative to that prince of Grecian poeſy ſeems to be enveloped by the thick folds of obſcurity. I remember once to have read a life of Homer, wherein I was informed that he received the name *Homer* inſtead of *Meleſigenes*, by which he was originally deſignated, in conſequence of his *blindneſs*; and yet, the ſame writer afterwards aſſerts, not only that *ſeven cities* contended for the honour of his birth, but alſo, that there were *ſeven diſferent Homers*, who lived at diſtant periods of time, and whoſe abilities and fortunes were various. Query: *Were theſe Homers all blind?* Perhaps all that is certain of the *inſpired author* of the Iliad, is, that his *mental powers were unrivalled*; and that his fame, collecting added luſtre from each revolving age, hath thus evinced its *unqueſtionable right to immortality*.

Apelles received for his picture of Alexander, graſping a thunder-bolt, the full ſum of four thouſand pounds. He ſtood high in the favour of his ſovereign, who ſeemed to conceive ſcarce any gratification too liberal for talents ſo conſpicuous; even the beautiful Campaſpe was not withheld, and Apelles continued, through life, to enjoy all thoſe honours which his tranſcendent abilities richly merited. But antiquity furniſhes many proofs of the reſpect which was, in the early ages, paid to *mind*, and the high eſtimation with which *intellectual ſuperiority* was regarded; nor am I willing, haſtily, to conclude that the moderns are wholly deficient in this particular.

The career of Addiſon was both honorary and lucrative; and, from the fortunate moment which put a copy of his Latin verſes into the hands of Dr. Lancaſter, he ſeems to be reaping all thoſe marks of applauſe which were due to his genius and his application. That noble patron of letters, Sir John Somers, the Macenas of the court in which he lived, obtained for Addiſon, from his ſovereign, a penſion of £300 per annum, to diſcharge his travelling expenſes,

penſes, ſubſequent to which we find him the attendant of prince Eugene. He was rewarded for the celebrated poem which he entitled the Campaign by Godolphin—he accompanied lord Halifax to Andover—he was repeatedly ſecretary for the kingdom of Ireland—he was created one of the Lords Commiſſioners of trade—and laſtly, he obtained the poſt of Secretary of State.

The literary fame of Pope was equal to the warmeſt expectations that ever bard, even in the moment of poetic frenzy, could have indulged; and his pecuniary emoluments alſo inveſted him with a handſome property. The ſubſcriptions which he obtained for the tranſlation of the Iliad amounted to £6000; and he received beſide, from Lintot the bookſeller, no leſs than £1200. After a patronage ſo liberal, he purchaſed his celebrated receſs at Twickenham, where he realized the luxury of filial tenderneſs, ſentimental retirement, the independence to which he was ardently attached, and that kind of friendſhip which is the rich growth of diſintereſted eſteem. Yet the literary annals of the Britiſh page recounts the ſtory of a writer, of no inconſiderable celebrity, who abſolutely yielded up his exiſtence for the want of that ſupport ſo neceſſary to its endurance. But poſſibly, in this inſtance, *economy* and *conduct* might be wanting. Prudence is not always the appendage of genius; and the moſt liberal benefactions may prove inſufficient, if diſcretion is not conſulted in their appropriation. Later times have given us an example in the perſon of the unfortunate Savage; the efforts of his friends, to place him in any degree of independence, were rendered ineffectual by his irregular conduct. Occaſional largeſſes but furniſhed the means of renewed imprudencies; and the penſion he received from Queen Caroline was annually ſquandered in a privacy, attended with circumſtances of ambiguity, from a knowledge of which his ſenſe of propriety impelled him to exclude his moſt intimate friends. But his juſtly celebrated biographer realized all the ſweets of an eaſy competency, accompanied by the ſoothing reflection, that what he poſſeſſed was the

well earned reward of natural endowments, and of acquirements which perhaps have not frequently been ſurpaſſed.

But whether the general ſuffrage of mankind hath preponderated in favour of genius, I do not preſume to determine; my preſent object is only to eſtabliſh a perſuaſion of the neceſſity of a union of plans, and a combination of efforts, in order to the procurement of any deſirable end. It is with pain I have marked the operation of that rivalſhip among the children of ſcience, which too often terminates in a rooted averſion from each other. The acrimony and confirmed hatred of competitors, in any profeſſion, is as unjuſtifiable as it is injurious; and it is from a view of the alarming effects, too often conſequent on a ſimilarity of pretenſions, that I have taken the liberty to ſuggeſt the neceſſity of ſome general arrangements, which may open a line of communication, promote fraternity, and eſtabliſh confidence and affection.

I am aware, that, agreeably to the deciſion of the Abbé Raynal, thoſe are attentions which ought to be regarded as wholly foreign from the contemplations of an American. According to that writer, the rays of genius never have, nor ever will, ſhed their genial influence on the benighted boſom of a native of this younger world; puniſhed even *beyond* the *fourth generation* for the crimes of their anceſtors, they are doomed, *by the pen of this philoſopher*, to experience an utter dereliction of all thoſe rare abilities, which could give them a title to enroll their names in the annals of fame! But tranſcendently excellent as was the Abbé Raynal, he was however cloathed in the habiliments of mortality; and while thus inveſted, we are not to ſtamp his ideas with the ſeal of infallibility. America has given birth to philoſophers, politicians, and warriors of the firſt deſcription; ſhe numbers alſo a long liſt of celebrated proficients in the polite arts—Weſt, Copeley, and Trumbull, natives of her ſoil, now take rank in the higheſt claſs of their profeſſion, on the Albion ſhore; and it is ſaid *their admired productions are*

referred

referred to, as a proof of the flouriſhing ſtate of painting in the iſland of Great-Britain! We are fearful to give this article of information all the colouring of which it is ſuſceptible, leſt we ſhould be ſuſpected of a deſign to invigorate that cenſurable and acrimonious kind of rivalſhip, we have profeſſed a ſolicitude to ſuppreſs.

Apelles, when painters are *the ſubject*, will always be obſerved as a prominent figure; and the finiſhed touches of his pencil were marked by the winged envoys of fame. Yet did Apelles extend his regards to every competitor; he was conſcious of that ſuperiority with which nature had endowed him; and he ingenuouſly confeſſed that he ſuppoſed himſelf without rival or imitator, in the gracefulneſs of his figures and attitudes; but, with that grandeur of ſoul which involves a deteſtation of all unneceſſary prevarication, he acknowledged his inferiority in many other branches of his art. For the purpoſe of viewing and admiring the performances of his cotemporary, Protogenes, he travelled to Rhodes. The *firſt rate* talents of Protogenes would have blown up the paſſion of jealouſy in a mind leſs liberal; but, diſdaining to ſubmit to an impulſe ſo ignoble, he transfuſed into the breaſt of the artiſt the ſentiments of laudable ambition. He drew him from his ſolitude, enhanced the value of his pictures, and, pointing out to the Rhodians his elevated abilities, he extorted from them that applauſe, which, while they were laviſh of their commendations of a ſtranger, they had, until that period, denied to worth which was the growth of their own ſoil.

Addiſon and Pope appear to have been, in ſome ſort, under the influence of a ſpirit of literary acrimony: Envy, it is but too obvious, more than glanced on their minds; and the murky clouds of diſcord, dimmed, for a moment, the pure luſtre of two of the brighteſt luminaries in a conſtellation, which will continue to irradiate the lateſt ages. Of their diſunion, poſterity will judge; partizans will enliſt upon either ſide; and it is left for the careful inveſtigator of literary annals, to decide who was the aggreſſor, or with

whom

whom the continuance of rancour remained. But the enthuſiaſtic admirer of Addiſon, will bluſh, while contemplating the accuſation lodged againſt the elegant moraliſt, whom he hath ever delighted to honour; he can ſcarcely believe him ſuſceptible of duplicity, or that he could poſſibly, while deſcanting on a meritorious production,

"Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
"And without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer!"

If, however, the fact is inconteſtibly proved, and it is reduced to a certainty, that "*Atticus is the man*," genius itſelf will drop a tear, and the lover of dignified humanity will lament that the infirmity of a mind ſo truly ennobled, had not been conſigned to oblivion.

As this, our ſixty-ninth number, may probably ſtand accuſed of incoherence, we take leave to ſtate, *in few words*, a ſubject, the importance of which we have been labouring to impreſs. We would open to the votaries of genius, in every part of the habitable world, where they may be ſuppoſed to ſojourn, a channel of communication; we wiſh to ſee candidates for fame aſſociated in every poſſible view; we are deſirous they ſhould cultivate toward each other a ſpirit of lenity and of candour; we have been aiming to excite an *emulation of good offices*; and we ardently recommend an *unremitted exerciſe* of the *habits of affection*.

No. LXX.

Candour enrob'd in ſpotleſs white appears,
Around her head a fragrant wreath ſhe wears;
Indulgence uniformly marks her reign,
While information mingles in her train;
And, as the ſpark of genius bright'ning glows,
The meed of merit gladly ſhe beſtows.

To the AUTHOR *of the* GLEANER.

SIR,

ATTACHED to my country, and wiſhing her, very ſincerely, a full harveſt of opulence and fame, I would endow her with all thoſe meridian

ſplendors

ſplendors which encircle nations, that have for many centuries been preſſing onward to the goal of eminence. Yet, however precipitate my wiſhes may be, ſober reaſon convinces me, that every thing has its adoleſcence, and that the maturing hand of time, and the funny beams of invigorating applauſe, are requiſite to bring forward the germ, which the blighting breath of ill-timed ſeverity may blaſt in its bud. Under this conviction, I read with candour the American page, and I am ſolicitous to receive, with the *utmoſt indulgence*, every literary attempt.

Uniformly open to theſe impreſſions, my regrets on account of the fate of a Comedy, which made its appearance in the Theatre in Federal-Street, Boſton, in the winter of 1795, may be eaſily imagined. I pretend not to write a critique on that play. *I confeſs a partiality for the author, and I do not therefore hazard an opinion;* yet I take leave to repeat a well known truth: the production has never been brought to the teſt; it was performed but once; the players were generally deficient in their parts; and more than one of the comedians confeſſed, that they came on the ſtage with ſcarce a recollection of the ſentiment which they were to expreſs!! And yet this mutilated preſentation has been deemed ſufficient to procure a deciſion on the merit of the production!

I will own, that I have attended with ſome diſpleaſure to comments, which were evidently the reſult of a want of information, and which were, nevertheleſs, pronounced with all the peremptory warmth of rancorous criticiſm. One coxcomb obſerved, that the piece was nothing elſe but a ſtring of tedious, inſipid, unconnected dialogues, without even the ſmalleſt *veſtige of deſign*, and that he found it altogether impoſſible to continue in the play-houſe during its preſentation. A ſecond wiſhed the author had not kept *the denœument* out of ſight until the laſt ſcene in the laſt act! It would have been better, he ſaid, if the cataſtrophe could have met the view of the audience *at every turn*, and thus given them an intereſt in, *and pre-*

pared

pared them for, the event!! A third conceived he evinced his candour by allowing, that if *the play could be metamorphoſed into a novel, it might be endured!* and a pretty Miſs of twenty, titteringly expreſſed her hopes, that if the Comedy ſhould be preſented again, the players, in the *plenitude of their theatrical knowledge, might, for the honour of America, have the goodneſs to beſtow on the paltry production*—"*What?*"—Why, Mr. Gleaner, nothing more nor leſs than *a plot!!*

It ſeems, that the feelings of the writer of this Drama, depreſſed by remarks of this deſcription, officiouſly handed her both by friends and enemies, has declined the ſecond preſentation, which the juſtice of the Manager honourably tendered her: Yet the Comedy, notwithſtanding the diſadvantages under which it laboured, was certainly candidly received by the audience; and, deſirous to furniſh thoſe who have any degree of curioſity, with an opportunity of examining for themſelves, I have obtained permiſſion to tranſcribe the manuſcript in queſtion, with a view to its obtaining a place in your periodical publication.

Your work is confeſſedly a Miſcellany; and, as there can be no impropriety in your admitting, among the variety it contains, dramatic performances, you may probably find it convenient to give it a regular continuation through the numbers of the Gleaner.

The author of *the Medium*, diſguſted with an appellation which has been ſufficiently productive of vexation, now entitles her Comedy "*Virtue Triumphant;*" and you will have the goodneſs to introduce it to the public by this appellation.

I am, Sir, with due eſteem, your conſtant reader,

PHILO AMERICANUS.

VIRTUE

VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

MEN.	*WOMEN.*
Mr. RALPH MAITLAND	MATRONIA AIMWELL
Mr. CHARLES MAITLAND	Mrs. AUGUSTA BLOOMVILLE
Major GEORGE BLOOMVILLE	ELIZA CLAIRVILLE
Colonel MELLFONT	Miſs DORINDA SCORNWELL
Mr. WESTON	DEBORAH
Captain FLASHET	JENNY
ROBERT	MOLLY.
WILLIAM.	

ACT FIRST.

SCENE—An Apartment in Mr. Maitland's Houſe.

[*Enter Weſton, preceded by Mr. Maitland, ſenior, in a morning gown and ſlippers.*]

Maitland. YES, I maintain it; this project of my ſon's is the height of folly.

Weſton. As how, Sir?

Maitl. As how, Sir? Has he not, paſſing by the happy *Medium*, beyond which no action can ever be right, raſhly leaped all bounds, and preſſed forward to that extremity, which, being the fartheſt from the centre, is the greateſt poſſible remove from the propriety and fitneſs of things?

Weſton. But, Sir, may it not be neceſſary to obſerve a little moderation with the young gentleman?

Maitl. Moderation, Weſton! what! when he hath tranſgreſſed every rule of that due *Medium*, which makes up the inviſible balance on which hangs the ſyſtem of the univerſe?

Weſton. Dear Sir, that very *Medium* you ſo juſtly admire, never appears more ſelf-balanced, than when it is the origin of that kind of conduct, which forms an equilibrium between inflexible ſeverity and unwarrantable indulgence.

Maitl.

Maitl. Right, good Weſton—perfectly right—you have ſpoken like an angel—*a Medium* is ever ſelf-balanced—it is the centre of perfection—the philoſopher's ſtone—the genuine *panacea* for every evil. It is that divine alchymy, the operation of which will finally tranſmute this iron age of ours, reſtoring the golden reign of philoſophy and of reaſon. I tell you, Weſton, I will abſolutely write a book, in the which I will prove, that nothing more is neceſſary to eſtabliſh general tranquillity, than the uniform obſervance of this ſame *Medium*.

Weſton. Surely, Sir, it would be better you firſt attended to your ſon.

Maitl. Why, Weſton, it is my attachment to the immaculate conſiſtency of a *Medium*, which makes me ſuch a confirmed enemy to the Ariſtocrats, Democrats, Jacobins, *le Peuple Soverain*, &c. &c. Kings are one extreme, ſubjects are another; while fraternity, bleſt fraternity—O there is magic in the characters which compoſe the term! it is the divine taliſman of every virtue; and under its auſpices we embrace mutual toleration, allow for mutual imperfections, ceaſe to arraign——

Weſton. True, Sir, moſt true, and——

Maitl. Baniſh ridicule, guillotine ſatire, ſelect the comment of candour, and unite together for the general good! Hence originates the *Commonwealth of Equality*, in defence of which, quitting my compting-houſe, I would myſelf, were it neceſſary, fight and die.

Weſton. Dear Sir, *your ſon* ſtands more in need of your aſſiſtance than your country; he is now ſuffering under the preſſure of your diſpleaſure, and my heart bleeds for him.

Maitl. *My diſpleaſure*, Weſton! why I am cool—abſolutely cool—cool as the *mild* temperature, which makes up the exact *Medium* between the torrid and the frigid zone.

Weſton. And yet, Sir, you laſt night baniſhed the young gentleman from your preſence, with a declaration, that if he did not forego wiſhes, which ſeem interwoven

terwoven with his exiſtence, he muſt relinquiſh every hope of a reconciliation with you!

Maitl. And I perſiſt in this declaration. What! conſent that Charles ſhould marry a girl, who has not a ſingle relation in the world, nor a ſhilling to help herſelf! a mean ſervile dependant on the Bloomville family? The very idea is the extreme of abſurdity, and a glaring outrage on every principle of moderation.

Weſton. Allow me, Sir, to ſay, that Miſs Clairville is neither mean nor ſervile; *ſhe is the companion of Mrs. Bloomville;* and ſhe poſſeſſes ſterling worth, ſufficient to inveſt her with importance and independence.

Maitl. Ha, ha, ha! *Importance* and *independence!* a girl, without either family or fortune, *important* and *independent!* ha, ha, ha!

Weſton. I wiſh, Sir, you would conſent to ſee Miſs Clairville.

Maitl. I know her, Sir, *I know her;* ſhe is a needy adventurer, who came over here in the train of a French lady; and, imagining America was the land of Utopia, ſhe preferred a continuance here to a return to blood and murder, and ſhe hath now ſet up the *very honourable* trade of fortune-hunting. There, Sir—there is her character *in toto*, and her hopes are the natural reſult of her ſituation.

Weſton. Dear Sir, you would not be thus irrational in matters of buſineſs; you would not judge and condemn a lot of merchandize by hearſay only.

Maitl. Why really, Mr. Weſton, you ſeem to take a violent intereſt in this prepoſterous affair; and you muſt give me leave to tell you, Sir, that I do not take it well of you, Sir—No, Sir, I do not take it well of you, Sir. [*Walks about in diſorder.*

Weſton. I am ſorry, Sir, to offend you.

Maitl. Had Charles Maitland taken it into his head to have *fallen in love* with the cherry-cheek'd daughter of any reputable mechanic, with whom I could have clubb'd the difference, and met on the true point of *brotherhood*, I might, perhaps, have been ſatis-

fied—But this foreigner—this Anglois Francois—this Mademoiſelle—No, no, Charles ſhall never bring me to this.

Weſton. I fancy, Sir, you are right; your ſon, I believe, never will bring you to this; and had you heard him out laſt evening, you might probably have diſmiſſed your anxieties relative to Miſs Clairville.

Maitl. Diſmiſſed my anxieties relative to Miſs Clairville! Why, wha—what! How is that, Sir? Be ſo good as to explain yourſelf, Mr. Weſton.

Weſton. Sir, the young gentleman would have narrated every circumſtance relative to his attachment to Miſs Clairville—his prepoſſeſſion in her favour from the firſt moment he beheld her——

Maitl. Ah! I never liked this love at firſt ſight.

Weſton. He would, Sir, have laid before you the various methods by which he has aſſailed her heart—all the rhetoric of love has been exhauſted—flattery, proteſtations of eternal conſtancy, of immortal tenderneſs—theſe have been all in vain, while the young lady ſtill remains firm and unyielding in her rejection.

Maitl. Indeed!

Weſton. Yes, Sir; and your ſon, deſpairing of ſucceſs in his own character, and confiding in your well known goodneſs, contemplated the obtaining your ſanction, that, thus reinforced, he may make his attack with the greater probability of ſucceſs.

Maitl. Ah! very fine—very fine, truly—all this is very fine—but it will not do, Sir—it is all trick—mere trick, Mr. Weſton—yet, let me ſee—ſince our little actreſs is in her heroics, it can do no harm to ſee how long ſhe can ſpin out the play, and you may tell my ſon, that as his Dulcinea *is reſolved never to deſcend from her altitudes*, I reverſe that part of his ſentence which relates to his baniſhment.

[*Enter a Servant, who preſents a card to Mr. Maitland.*]

[*Maitland reads.*] Matronia Aimwell preſents her moſt reſpectful compliments to Mr. Ralph Maitland, and if he is diſengaged, ſhe will do herſelf the honour

to

to call on him in half an hour, on buſineſs of importance.

Maitl. Now what can her *important* buſineſs poſſibly be? But tell her that I ſhall wait her commands with all reaſonable ſatisfaction; and, d'ye hear, throw open the ſhutters in the beſt parlour—ſet the new vaſes in order; let them be furniſhed with freſh flowers—run for Frize, the barber, and let my razors, powder and perfume-box be all ranged in my dreſſing-room.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit Servant.*

Maitl. Well, ſtrange things do happen every day, and this Matronia is a whimſical kind of a woman, um, um, um—but I muſt prepare to meet her; and, in the interim, you, good Weſton, will ſee and converſe with my ſon.

Weſton. I wiſh, Sir, you would conclude to ſee Miſs Clairville.

Maitl. Mr. Weſton, determined as I am, it is not in the power of argument to move me. [*Exit Maitl.*

Weſton. I believe it—if he was leſs ſyſtematic, and leſs opinionated, there might be ſome hope for my young friend. But, coolly inflexible as he is, even the virtues of Miſs Clairville will plead in vain.

[*Exit Weſton.*

No. LXXI.

Continuation of the Firſt Act of *VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT.*

SCENE—Another Apartment.

[*Enter Charles Maitland, who traverſes the ſtage with folded arms.*]

Charles. THE more I reflect, the more calamitous my ſituation appears! Methought my father's parting words amounted to a malediction! Alas!

Alas! alas! this dear obdurate girl was born for my undoing!!

[*Enter Weſton.*]

Weſton. Good morning, Sir; have you prepared your written addreſs to your father?

Charles. No, Weſton. [*ſighs deeply.*]

Weſton. But was not this your intention?

Charles. It was, Sir; but feeling a growing apathy which I determine to encourage, I forbear to proſecute my deſign. I am become fond of miſery, Weſton; I will woo it to my embraces, and it ſhall henceforth be my miſtreſs.

Weſton. Aſtoniſhing! Has Miſs Clairville ceaſed to charm?

Charles. Oh! name her not—her breaſt is harder than adamant! Colder than the ſnow which tops the Alps—to warm her to the genial meltings of pity, is impoſſible; and ſhe has no chords in her ſoul attuned to ſacred ſympathy.

Weſton. Diſcretion is a rare accompliſhment in a maiden under twenty.

Charles. Diſcretion, Weſton! If ſhe was awake to tenderneſs, it is impoſſible ſhe could be always thus wiſe. I tell thee, man, I have followed her upwards of two years; and, although I have watched her every movement, yet not one dear conceding moment, one propitious word, nor even an unguarded look, hath ever bleſt my ardent wiſhes! And yet, Weſton, I have not to accuſe her of pride, undue reſerve, nor inconſiſtency—however ſhe manages it, for my ſoul I cannot help acknowledging that her whole conduct ſeems one uniform exemplification of dignified propriety.

Weſton. I fancy if your pretenſions were ſanctioned by your father, your difficulties would ſpeedily vaniſh.

Charles. Ah! Weſton, you are too ſanguine! my father's active interference in my favour, is not to be expected; and if it were, the probability is, that this haughty beauty would ſhrink from what her extreme delicacy would teach her to term an obligation.

Weſton. You muſt forget her, then.

Charles.

Charles. Forget her!!! What, forget beauty, virtue, and all thoſe peerleſs accompliſhments that give their poſſeſſor a claim to rank among celeſtials? Forbid it Heaven, forbid it love, and every tender ſentiment, which in bands indiſſoluble ſhall ever bind my heart to her.

Weſton. Have you ever learned any thing from her, of her extraction or connexions?

Charles. Only general inſinuations, ingeniouſly calculated, as ſhe ſuppoſed, to damp the ardour of my purſuit, and which have but ſerved to add another rivet to thoſe chains that bind me eternally hers.

Weſton. She is truly politic: Were women but ſenſible what charms unite in a candid, generous and frank deportment, even their love of ſway would teach them to renounce the wily arts of deception.

[*Enter Captain Flaſhet.*]

Capt. F. Faith, I am glad to ſee thee, Charles: How is't, my boy?

Charles. Intolerable familiarity. [*Aſide.*] When did you come to town, Sir?

Capt. F. Two days ſince, Charles.

Charles. Do you bring any news, Sir?

Capt. F. News, old boy, what of news? Why thou lookeſt plaguy glum. I ſhould hardly have run through fire and water to ſee thee, if I had propheſied ſuch a reception; and I have, *bona fide*, laboured more to make myſelf viſible in this apartment, *than ever Alexander the great did, in cleanſing the Herculean ſtables.*

Charles. Idiot. [*Aſide.*] What has been the matter, Captain?

Capt. F. The matter! Why one lady inſiſted that I ſhould dine with her; a ſecond, that I ſhould take tea; and a third, that I ſhould paſs an hour *tete-a-tete:* But at Bloomville's I was abſolutely arreſted; my hat and cane purloined; and I concluded I was made a priſoner for the day.

Charles. You have been at Major Bloomville's, then: How did you make your eſcape?

Capt. F. A ſtratagem, Charles—a mere ſtratagem. *Hector ſurpriſed and captivated Troy by ſtratagem.* You are to know that I am an immenſe favourite with the ladies at Bloomville's; for the Major, he is one of your ſober dogs; but the lady of the houſe might vie with the mother *of the Scratchii, when ſhe viſited king Solomon to admire his wiſdom;* and the charming Eliza, for whom, by the way, I have conceived an inſurmountable *tendreſſe*, is as beautiful as a veſtal, and not *even Penelope, when ſhe ſtole her father's images, was a greater thief;* for, with one glance of her bright eyes, ſhe hath pilfered the ſtout heart of a ſoldier, who has had the honour to ſerve under the great WASHINGTON; who eſcaped from the ſavages with half a dozen wounds, upon the tremendous fourth of November, and who hath ſince been principally concerned in quelling the whiſky inſurrection.

Charles. Amazing!

Capt. F. Admitted into all WASHINGTON's councils—finger next to the thumb—nobody but Captain Flaſhet, Captain Flaſhet, at every turn.

Charles. Prodigious! I could kick the puppy. [*Aſide.*

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Serv. Colonel Mellfort, Sir.

Charles. Deſire the Colonel to walk in.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit Servant.*]

[*Enter Colonel Mellfort.*]

Col. M. Gentlemen, your moſt obedient—Mr. Maitland, good morning; agreeably to promiſe, I juſt call *en paſſant.*

Charles. You do me honour, Sir; pray be ſeated.

Col. M. I have not a moment to tarry, Sir. My ſtay in town will be ſhort; and, deſirous to ſee as many of your curioſities as time will permit, I have engaged to meet ſome friends in the Mall, this morning, from whence we are to commence our tour of obſervation.

Charles. Will you permit me to accompany you, Sir?

Col.

Col. M. Sir, it will give me ſingular pleaſure.

Charles. Will it be convenient for you to join us, Mr. Weſton?

Weſton. Perfectly ſo, Sir.

[*Exeunt Col. Mellfort, Charles and Weſton.*

Capt. F. A ſheer affront, by Jupiter! *But, by the rules of Longinus, nothing is ill meant, until it is ill taken*; and ſo I will after them to the Mall, heap coals of fire on their heads, and thus take an honourable revenge.

[*Runs off precipitately.*

SCENE—A handſome Parlour.

[*Mr. Maitland in full dreſs; rings violently.*]

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Maitl. Here—ſet chairs—there, that will do.—You may go, boy. [*Exit Servant.*

[*Maitland adjuſting his cravat and periwig in the glaſs.*]

Maitl. What can this Madam Matronia poſſibly want with me? Her character ſtands very high in the world; but *women are women.* I have heard that ſhe liked my houſe—liked my ſon—liked my fortune, my principles, and my way of life. Now, if ſhe ſhould chance to have taken a liking to my perſon too—he, he, he—there is no calculating *the caprices of the ſex*; but fair and ſoftly. I have had one wife—one good wife too—and on *juſt* and *equal* diſtribution, *one good wife* is as much as ought to fall to the lot of *one man*: To continue a bachelor is *one extreme*, repeated marriages is another; a *Medium* is my hobby horſe, and dearly do I love to canter thereon; therefore, and for this reaſon, among many others that might be urged, dear, good, faithful Gertrude, I will continue loving and conſtant to thy memory.

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Serv. Madam Matronia, Sir.

Maitl. Show her in. [*Exit Servant.*

Maitl. Now will I be as coy as a young maiden, when

when ſhe is firſt left alone with her future lord and maſter, after he has obtained the approbation of the old folks.

[*Enter Matronia.*]

Maitl. [*Bowing very low.*] Madam, your moſt obedient.

Matronia. [*Courteſying.*] Sir, I have taken the liberty to call on you this morning on very particular buſineſs.

Maitl. Madam, you do me a great deal of honour. Pray be ſeated. [*They take ſeats.*

Matr. Sir, you are very polite; but I really feel a little awkward.—[*Heſitating confuſedly, bluſhing, and looking down.*] New to negociations which cuſtom hath in ſome ſort interdicted my ſex, a degree of embarraſſment may be compatible with the moſt upright intentions.

Maitl. Madam, I am entirely at your ſervice.

Matr. You are very obliging, and I flatter myſelf, that, in this my native place, my character is ſo well eſtabliſhed, that a perſon of Mr. Maitland's well known candour will not ſee the neceſſity of ſcruples; and, although the nature of my requeſt may be allowed to excite your ſurpriſe, yet as my honour hath hitherto remained unimpeached, you will not think it a very improper one.

Maitl. Lord! Lord! what ſhall I ſay to her? [*Aſide.*] As to that, Madam—as to *improper*, and all that, it is hardly poſſible to ſay any thing about it. Some things are proper, and ſome are improper—I am not fond of extremes—others are—and ſo we wrap it up, Madam. I prefer liberty; *I have been married, Madam*—you have not; every one to his fancy. I, for my part, am perfectly content as I am.

[*Maitland appears embarraſſed; takes out his ſnuff-box, and plays whimſically with the lid.*]

Matr. Good heavens! what can he mean? [*Aſide.*] Sir, I muſt confeſs you are a little ambiguous; but, to prevent every poſſibility of miſtake, I will be very explicit. I have inveſted the whole of my property in

bank

bank ſtock—I have immediate occaſion for one thouſand pounds, for which I will give my note; there are ſome formalities attendant on drawing money out of our public repoſitories, which I am willing to ſpare myſelf; and, if you can conveniently furniſh we with this ſum on my engagement that it ſhall be returned to you in one month, the purpoſe, *the whole purpoſe* [*bowing*] of my viſit here this morning, will be pleaſingly anſwered.

Maitl. Is that all? [*Aſide.*] Madam, I am happy—I had thought—I, I, I, am extremely happy, upon my ſoul, and I will fetch you the bills immediately. Well, I am greatly relieved. [*Aſide.*]

[*Exit Maitland, precipitately.*

Matr. [*Riſing and croſſing the ſtage.*] Well, this is ſingular, upon my word; ha, ha, ha, truly ridiculous. It is beyond a doubt, that this good old gentleman ſuppoſed me a candidate for the vacant place in this elegant manſion! Surely it ſhould teach me a leſſon; for, if purſuits, far from being reprehenſible, and a purpoſe that indiſputably wears the garb of virtue, cannot ſhield from injurious ſuſpicion, how are the votaries of folly expoſed to the multiplied ſhafts of cenſure! Unhappy ſex! whoſe ways are environed with peril; ſurely we ſhould not fail hourly to invoke the guardian care of attending angels.

[*Enter Mr. Maitland.*]

Maitl. Here, Madam, here they are—exactly one thouſand pounds; and you have only to ſign this bond, and the buſineſs is finiſhed.

Matr. [*Seats herſelf and writes.*] Sir, the facility with which you have complied with my wiſhes, and your confidence in my honour, hath made me eternally your debtor.

Maitl. O! it is a mere *bagatelle;* never mention it, Madam.

Matr. Aſſure yourſelf, Sir, that I ſhall be punctual; ſome affairs of great urgency have impelled the application of this morning.

Maitl.

Maitl. It matters not, Madam; I make no inquiries—life is always ſubject to viciſſitudes! and, to ſay truth, I have myſelf been lately thrown from the equality of diſpoſition that I am accuſtomed to preſerve.

Matr. Really! I truſt no accident hath happened in your family, Mr. Maitland.

Maitl. Yes, Madam, an accident of the greateſt poſſible magnitude!

Matr. May I aſk of what nature, Sir.

Maitl. My ſon, Madam, my only ſon, hath thought proper to *fall* irretrievably (as he ſays) in love with one Eliza Clairville.

Matr. And is this the accident which hath ſo diſturbed you?

Maitl. It is, Madam.

Matr. Is it poſſible?

Maitl. What is there in it ſo ſtrange?

Matr. Excuſe me, Sir, if I expreſs my wonder at your regarding this event as a misfortune.

Maitl. Why, ought I not to regard it as a misfortune, Madam?

Matr. I think not, Sir—Eliza Clairville poſſeſſes more dignity of ſentiment than any young perſon I have met with; ſhe is a high ſoul'd girl, and has more of mind than commonly falls to the lot of mortality.

Maitl. It may be ſo; but I hate all extremes; and I had rather ſhe were leſs aſpiring.

Matr. Sir—

Maitl. I wiſh ſhe would ceaſe to play off her light airs on my boy.

Matr. [*Warmly.*] Sir, a ſenſe of obligation ought, perhaps, to ſeal my lips; but, thus urged, I muſt ſay you do Miſs Clairville much wrong; and I take a particular pleaſure in repeating that ſhe is the moſt faultleſs young lady within my knowledge.

Maitl. Pray, Madam, how long have you known her?

Matr. Years, Sir—ever ſince ſhe has been in the country; the lady, under whoſe protection ſhe left France,

France, yielded her reluctantly to my care; and, regarding her as a model of discretion, I bestowed her upon my niece, on her marriage with George Bloomville.

Maitl. And how long has my hopeful son been enlisted in her service?

Matr. Your son, Sir, was early captivated by the charms of Miss Clairville; nor should you have wanted the fullest and most timely intelligence of this event, had there existed the smallest probability of a union of the parties.

Maitl. I do not understand you, Madam.

Matr. Sir, I pledge my honour, my life, my reputation, that you shall never be entitled to call Eliza Clairville daughter, but by your *unbiassed* and *avowed* choice.

Maitl. Very well, very well; *this looks well;* the young woman may be prudent; and if she behaves properly, she will merit my thanks.

Matr. Sir, my visit has been unexpectedly prolonged: I wish you a good morning.

Maitl. I will attend you to your carriage, Madam.

[*Exit, leading Matronia.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

No. LXXII.

Virtue Triumphant, continued.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE—A beautiful Garden, adjoining to Major Bloomville's House.

[*Eliza Clairville, seated in an alcove, pensively sings:*]

AH me! what ills encompass round,
How thick the shafts of sorrow fly;
Of hapless love, how deep the wound,
How pangful the corroding sigh!

An

An angel, in diſcretion's form,
The orphan'd maiden ſhould attend;
To ſhield her from the gathering ſtorm,
With faithful vigils ſhould deſcend.

Oh! if Eliza's plaints could woo
The ſeraph from the bending ſkies,
Then might her feeble ſteps purſue
That ſmooth ſhorn path which peace ſupplies.

[*She riſes and advances forward.*]

Eliza. No, it will not be—muſic has not charms ſufficient to remove the melancholy preſſure by which I am borne down. Unhappy girl! orphan-aged in my dawn of being—thrown on the compaſſion of ſtrangers—rendered, by the malice of my fate, an outcaſt from that compaſſion—exiled in a foreign land—involved in a hopeleſs paſſion—every ſentiment of my ſoul approving him, whom virtue impels me to reject! Wretched, wretched Eliza! ill-fated maiden! it is only from the icy darts of death thou canſt expect relief!

[*She walks about, agitated and unhappy.*

[*Enter Charles Maitland from the houſe.*]

Charles. Madam, forgive this intruſion; I ſought you in the houſe; your ſervant informed me you were here; and having buſineſs of importance to myſelf, I ſo far preſumed on your indulgence as to follow you.

Eliza. The viſits of my friends, Mr. Maitland, can never be unwelcome.

Charles. How cutting is this indifference! [*Aſide.*] Perhaps, Madam, I ought to eſteem myſelf happy, that I am admitted in the number of your friends; and yet, Miſs Clairville, to purchaſe a dearer title, had I worlds to beſtow, I would think them well relinquiſhed!

Eliza. It is matter of regret to me, Sir, that inſtead of that ſentimental intercourſe, which it would be one of my felicities to cultivate, you ſhould thus ſnatch every

ery opportunity of reference to a ſubject, which ought never to have been introduced.

Charles. Ought never to have been introduced, Madam! Can, then, the rational Eliza think ſo ſeverely of that tender connexion, which hath received the ſanction of all ages, and which is the ſource of every felicity?

Eliza. No, Sir; Eliza Clairville does not think ſeverely of wedded amity; ſhe reſpects, as ſhe ought, the ſacred ties of mutual love; but when fate interpoſes its inſurmountable bars, it ſurely muſt be conſidered as the height of folly, to be thus unceaſingly at odds with deſtiny.

Charles. Ah! Eliza, did you but know the daggers which your words convey, you would exerciſe more lenity. Once more I ſolemnly proteſt, that, to call you mine, no ſacrifices would be deemed too great! with you, each ſpot would ſeem a paradiſe! without you, life remains a barren wilderneſs.

Eliza. Sir, this is too much; your looks too abſolutely border on frenzy! If you perſiſt in what I can ſcarce forbear to term an ungenerous perſecution, I muſt, however reluctantly, requeſt Mrs. Bloomville to deny me to your viſits.

Charles. Ah! Madam, you may ſpare that requeſt. I have called on you this morning to make one laſt effort; the ſucceſs of this effort I have already ſeen; and, with to-morrow's ſun, I bid you, perhaps, an everlaſting adieu!

Eliza. [*Alarmed, and off her guard.*] How, Cha—Mr. Maitland—What can you mean?

Charles. Simply this, Madam. Traverſing the Mall this morning with a friend, of whoſe worth, while in New-York, I had repeated proofs, we accidentally diſcovered that, added to the ties of amity, we were alſo kindred of the melancholy mood. Allied by misfortune, we have agreed to become companions in exile; and, with the coming day, I depart from thoſe native haunts, which *my Eliza*—forgive the freedom of a deſpairing youth—can alone teach me to value!

Eliza. Are you ſerious, Sir?

Charles. Certainly, Madam.

Eliza. Have you the approbation of your father?

Charles. My father will ſuppoſe me on a tour of buſineſs. [*Eliza, much diſordered, melts into tears.*] Good Heaven! Miſs Clairville, what mean theſe tears? Surely, the purple ſtream that warms me to exiſtence, is not ſo precious in my eſtimation. Oh! could I flatter myſelf, that tenderneſs for me impelled the kindly guſh—But no—it is impoſſible—Eliza, in what have I offended?

Eliza. Mr. Maitland, your unimpeached veracity forbids me to queſtion your ſincerity—You certainly leave town to-morrow?

Charles. Undoubtedly; unleſs I ſhould be ſo ſuperlatively bleſt, as to be honoured by a countermand from you.

Eliza. In ſuch a moment as this, then, virtue herſelf will permit a degree of relaxation. You have often, Mr. Maitland, accuſed me of inſenſibility: Alas! you little knew the heart you thus arraigned; it was caſt in the mould of tenderneſs, and its deareſt ſentiments have ever been the offspring of friendſhip and of love.

Charles. But theſe bleſt ſentiments refuſed to ſanction the vows of Maitland!

Eliza. I will be very explicit, Sir. Had I been addreſſed by a man, whom my *heart* and my *judgment* had approved, and who had been born the *equal* of my *humble family and lowly fortunes, to a ſingle moment's ſuſpenſe he ſhould not have been condemned; my extended hand, accompanying my yielding heart*, our mutual attachment ſhould have received the ſanction of the holy prieſt; and it would have become my ſtudy, to ameliorate the intereſt I had obtained in his boſom.

Charles. Charming, inimitable woman! I would have died to have originated an affection ſo divine!

Eliza. Ah! Charles, is it poſſible you have yet to learn, that you are indeed the friend of my choice—that my tendereſt wiſhes are your's? Nor will I bluſh

to

to own, that if propriety and virtue would permit, this hand ſhould be only your's.

Charles. [*Seizing her hand, and bowing upon it.*] Heavens and earth! What do I hear?

Eliza. You hear a truth, Sir, which, had not *inſurmountable* obſtacles have oppoſed our union, ſhould long ſince have been familiar to your ear—You hear a truth, for which my breaſt ſhould ſtill have been a grave, had not the precipitancy of your departure extorted it from me: But the knowledge that we are to meet no more, hath produced, by way of juſtice to my feelings, a declaration, which ſincerity hath a thouſand times ſuggeſted. And now, Charles, may eternal bleſſings crown your virtues—receive my laſt adieu!

Charles. What means my angel?

Eliza. That, as you depart on the morrow, a moment like this may not again preſent.

Charles. And think you, dear, enchanting girl, that, ſo unexpectedly attaining the ſummit of felicity, I will thus voluntarily relinquiſh my ſtand?

Eliza. Surely, Charles Maitland will not deceive me?

Charles. My projected baniſhment was on the agonizing preſumption, that Eliza never could be mine.

Eliza. And it is as true, as that her each pulſation beats for thee, that ſhe never can be thine.

Charles. You deal in paradoxes, my love!

Eliza. My meaning muſt ſurely be obvious: Eliza Clairville will never unite herſelf to a man, whoſe family deteſts her.

Charles. Let us hope that my father may be propitiated.

Eliza. That hope is not the offspring of probability; it may ſerve to illu..ine the pages of a novel, or produce a happy denœument to the fifth act of a play; but as it conſiſts not with reaſon, let us not indulge it. No, my friend, proſecute your intended plan, and tender remembrance ſhall be dear to our boſoms! in dreams we will converſe, and in future worlds we ſhall be happy! Once more, adieu! [*Going.*

Charles.

Charles. Diſtraction! a moment ſtop, if you would not reduce me to a ſtate of deſperation!

Eliza. [*Weeping.*] What I can ſtill urge to ſoothe your wounded ſpirit, I will not withhold; and, in the ſame moment that I declare, I *never, but on equal terms*, will plight my faith with your's, I pledge to you my veracity, that this heart ſhall never know a ſecond lord—that this hand ſhall never be given but to you.

Charles. Heavenly condeſcenſion! Matchleſs goodneſs! I am in a delirium of joy!

[*Bows impaſſioned upon her hand.*

Eliza. Leave me, Charles; I entreat you to leave me; and remember, I expect the performance of your journey!

Charles. And ſhall we, then, meet no more?

Eliza. On this one condition—that, with to-morrow's ſun, you accompany your friend.

Charles. Divine, yet ſevere arbitreſs, I obey—the mingling emotions of my boſom, it is not in language to expreſs. May guardian ſeraphs hover round you!

[*Bows expreſſively, and Exit.*

Eliza. [*After ſtanding a moment in an attitude of reflection.*] I am not ſure I have acted quite right—the trial was unexpected, and more than proportioned to my diſcretion: But even repentance cannot recal the paſt; and, having enough of preſent miſery, I will ceaſe to arraign, or to inveſtigate. [*Exit.*

SCENE—An Apartment in Major Bloomville's Houſe—Books and Papers promiſcuouſly thrown about.

[*Enter Major Bloomville and Matronia.*]

Major B. Madam, thoſe mere *bagatelles*, on which the cenſorious world is pleaſed to comment ſo ſeverely, would be placed by me, to the account of youth, a conſciouſneſs of ſuperior beauty, and extreme inexperience, were I ſure ſhe regarded me with that decided preference, which a huſband has a right to expect.

Matr. Bleſs me, nephew! you terrify me! Have you any doubts of her fidelity?

Major

Major B. No, Madam, not abſolutely. Auguſta Bloomville has too much pride to ſubmit to actual debaſement; yet, give me leave to obſerve, that, bred in the ſchool of honour, I have imbibed a ſoldier's delicacy, and I am ready to ſay, "*Ceſar's wife ſhould not be ſuſpected.*"

Matr. I have, indeed, grieved to find my niece ſo little domeſticated, and ſo regardleſs of your intereſt; but I had flattered myſelf, that the innate rectitude of her mind had rendered her conduct, in other reſpects, irreproachable.

Major B. Far be it from me, Madam, to accuſe my Auguſta; and *yet, to you, her more than parent*, it may not be wrong to ſay, that I live in a ſtate of married ſolitude! that my Auguſta, all charming as ſhe is, conſtitutes to me, a ſource of agonized inquietude! Shop-hunting, viſiting, cards, balls; theſe make up the routine of her life; while her huſband can ſcarce obtain the ſmalleſt attention!

Matr. Strange, ſtrange degeneracy!!!

Major B. Every powder'd puppy has her ſmile—that coxcomical wreteh—*that Flaſhet*, is at this moment gallanting her through the ſtreets, and eſcorting her to the new milliner's, Mrs. Lacewell's, where ſhe will doubtleſs empty her pocket-book.

Matr. Have you made her acquainted with your late embarraſſments?

Major B. I have not; for, notwithſtanding her unkindneſs, I cannot, for my ſoul, bring myſelf to inflict on her a ſingle moment's unneceſſary pain.

Matr. Your indulgence merits a reward; and a thorough knowledge of the principles of my niece authorizes me to ſay, that time will remove your difficulties.

Major B. Heaven grant it.

Matr. Amen. I have taken up for you, George, one thouſand pounds, of which I think you ſaid you ſtood in immediate need.

Major B. You ſurpriſe me, Madam! Surely, you have not withdrawn your intereſt from the ſtocks?

Matr. No, George, I have not—inquire no further. Let it ſuffice, that I have deranged no plans, and that I have procured the money on common intereſt.

Major B. Ever ſince the moment which introduced me to the knowledge of Matronia, ſhe hath continued uniformly and condeſcendingly kind, and my obligations are unreturnable.

Matr. You eſtimate common actions too highly. Here are the bills; and if they may contribute to your convenience, my reward will be more than proportioned to my merit!

Major B. They will do me incalculable ſervice, Madam; and I will go this moment and adjuſt a buſineſs, in which my commercial reputation is importantly involved.

Matr. And I will await the return of my niece in her dreſſing-room. [*Exit Matronia.*

Major B. Incomparable woman! If ſhe ſucceeds in ſhaping the conduct of her niece after the model of her own exalted character, my happineſs will be complete. Here, William—

[*Enter William.*]

Will. Did you call, Sir?

Major B. Yes, William; take care of theſe books and papers; and, if I am inquired for at dinner, let your miſtreſs know, I ſhall not return until the evening. [*Exit Major Bloomville.*

Will. My miſtreſs! um, um, um! ſhe will hardly make the inquiry, I believe.

[*Enter Deborah, in a great ferment.*]

Deb. Here, you fellows, William, John, Thomas, Molly! Why, where the dickens are you all? You Sir, why do you loiter thus, pray?

[*Enter Molly.*]

Molly. I wonders who calls—ſo I does—one would think the houſe was on fire—I never was in ſuch a place in all my born days—ſo many miſtreſſes—i'fackins!

Vfackins! I wiſhes I was at home, milking my cows again—ſo I does.

Will. Zookers! Molly, don't ſpeak ſo loud; for if you do, Mrs. Deborah will hear you, as ſure as eggs is bacon.

Molly. And who cares if ſhe does? [*contemptuouſly.*]

Deb. Why, what the plague are you muttering about, there? Did you expect to come into ſuch a houſe as this, to ſit on the cupboard's head? Only ſee now, what a litter is here! Do you not know, there are ladies calling every hour in the morning?—rap, rap, rap—no peace for the knocker. Here, you dainty fingers, clear theſe meſſage-boards, that we may have room for freſh cards; and you, William, do you pick up theſe books and papers, and ſee that the ſteps and ſtreet before the door are thoroughly ſwept and cleanſed.

Will. Pray now, good Miſtreſs Deborah, what is all this buſtle about? Why need you put yourſelf in ſuch a wicked paſſion?

Deb. Hold your tongue, ſaucy jackanapes. Do you not know, that there are ſtrangers expected at dinner, and company in the afternoon? Stir your ſtumps, I ſay; ſtir your ſtumps, all of you.

Molly. I'm reſolv'd I gives Madam warning before to-morrow night—getting up by break of day in the morning, ſitting up till midnight, cleaning here, and running there—one has not a moment's quiet—and I gets nothing by it after all, only four dirty ſhillings a week, while Mrs. Gadabout's Suſan has a whole dollar, only for dreſſing her miſtreſs's falſe hair.

Deb. Let's have none of your ſauce, Mrs. Minx, Marry come up! Do you not know, 'tis an honour to ſerve Mrs. Bloomville? But while I am ſpending my time to talk to you, my cakes and tarts will be burnt to cinder; ſo you had beſt mind your buſineſs, and get the room in order as ſoon as poſſible.

[*Exit Deborah, in a violent hurry.*

Molly. [*Setting back the chairs.*] I'll not ſtay here—ſo I won't.

Will.

Will. Pſhaw, pſhaw! good Molly, never mind it, never mind it. Why, I'll be hang'd now, if I don't think Miſtreſs Deborah was born ſcolding; and what is bred in the bone will never come through the ſkin, as the ſaying is.

Molly. Why, William, it would provoke a miniſter—ſo it would.

Will. I tell you what, Molly, I have been thinking, and thinking, and I do now really believe, as ſure as we are born, Molly, that this Miſtreſs Deborah of our's, is the *Witch of Endor.*

Molly. That ſhe is, Mr. William; and ſo, as every good Chriſtian ſhould, I hates all witches and *witch-goblins*, as bad as I hates Old Nick.

Will. Ah! that's right, Molly, that's right—But we muſt make haſte now, and do our work, or ſhe, being a witch, will *ſartingly* bewitch us, and haunt us into the bargain.

Deb. [*Calls without.*] Here you, Molly, William! Where the plague are you both?

Molly. Let me die if ſhe ben't calling again. Well, I knows I'll quit this ſervice before it be very long.

[*Exit Molly, ſullenly.*

Will. [*Gathering up the books.*] I follows Molly—butter me if I don't. [*Exit William, humorouſly.*

SCENE—Another Apartment in Mr. Bloomville's Houſe.

[*Enter Miſs Clairville.*]

Eliza. It is in vain I ſhift the ſcene! the ſettled gloom on my ſpirit knows no abatement!

[*Enter Miſs Dorinda Scornwell, ſans ceremonie, and with a ſupercilious air.*]

Miſs Sc. [*contemptuouſly.*] Is your lady viſible to-day, child?

Eliza. Madam Bloomville is in her dreſſing-room, Miſs Scornwell.

Miſs Sc. Why, what's the matter, young woman? you look diſturb'd.

Eliza.

Eliza. Pardon me, Madam, I am perfectly tranquil.

Miſs Sc. Well, girl, will you trip to your lady, and let her know, Miſs Dorinda Scornwell has done herſelf the honour of calling on her this morning.

Eliza. You ſhall be obeyed, Madam. [*Exit Eliza.*

Miſs Sc. Creature! ſhe abſolutely apes the grace and dignity of we people of faſhion. I hate your dirt-ſprung beings. If this Bloomville was a degree removed from idiotiſm, ſhe would long ſince have diſcarded her, eſpecially as I have ſo often remonſtrated on this head.

[*Enter William.*]

Will. Madam, my miſtreſs requeſts your company in her dreſſing-room.

Miſs Sc. I attend her, William. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—A Dreſſing-Room.

[*Matronia and Mrs. Bloomville ſeated—Miſs Dorinda Scornwell enters—both ladies riſe and courteſy.*]

Mrs. B. Dear Dorinda, I am monſtrouſly happy to ſee you! I called at your lodgings *en paſſant*, in the courſe of a tour I have been making among the ſhops, *and was mortified to death at not finding you.*

Miſs Sc. You are a charming creature, it muſt be confeſſed: But it is a divine morning; and I have already looked in on a little hundred of my friends. It is true, I was happy enough to find many of them had rambled abroad; but my call will, nevertheleſs, anſwer every purpoſe quite as well.

Matr. Really, Miſs Scornwell! this is quite a new method of calculation; it is the firſt time I have ever heard the *abſence of friends* placed in the chapter of felicities!

Miſs Sc. O Madam! we do theſe things every day—ha, ha, ha!

Matr. Niece—I had communications for your private ear; but as you are at preſent engaged, and I have *viſits of friendſhip* to make, I will call on you a few hours hence.

Mrs. B.

Mrs. B. I ſhall expect you with pleaſure, Madam.

[*Exit Matronia.*

Miſs Sc. I ſuſpect, Auguſta, that my preſence is ill timed.

Mrs. B. Your preſence, my friend, can never be ill timed.

Miſs Sc. Thank you, Bloomville. I have had a fatiguing round this morning—the people in this town will never learn breeding—New-York is more than a century advanced before us!

Mrs. B. It is really ſurpriſing!

Miſs Sc. We are tormented to death by ſtiff compliments, and all the awkward grimace of ceremony! Heaven haſten the reign of true politeneſs, I ſay.

Mrs. B. Dear Dorinda, I ſecond your petition with genuine ardour; for I am a perfect enthuſiaſt in my admiration of thoſe eaſy manners, which are always the appendage of real gentility.

Miſs Sc. And then, forſooth! there is an *affectation of ſentiment, which is altogether intolerable:* "*I ſuppoſe, Miſs Scornwell,* [ſpeaks affectedly] *you was preſent at the repreſentation of the Jew—Is it not a ſweet play?—The Jew was a noble fellow, and Eliza Ratcliff was a moſt intereſting girl—it was replete with ſentiment, and both myſelf and daughters were drown'd in tears.*"

Mrs. B. You muſt own, however, that theſe remarks are not very ill placed.

Miſs Sc. Why, to tell you the truth, Bloomville, I am not extravagantly pleaſed with theſe *ſame ſentiments—I prefer cards to converſation, a ride to a book, and the ball-room to the play-houſe.*

Mrs. B. Not a ſtrong predilection in favour of ſentiment, Miſs Scornwell! amazing! Why, ſooner than I would confeſs myſelf at odds with ſentiment, *I would relinquiſh all pretenſions to taſte,* quarrel with benevolence for its benignity, with the ſun for its brightneſs, and with Philenia for the captivating charms of her underſtanding.

Miſs Sc. Well, well—I am not deſirous of quarreling with Auguſta for any thing. I was laſt night at the

the assembly, where, if I had not *expired* at the thought of your absence, I should have been the happiest being in the universe.

Mrs. B. Indeed!

Miss Sc. Yes, indeed; for at the very moment when I was on the point of securing my number, who should enter the ball-room, but the very *enamorata* that I met at the New-York assemblies; drawn thither, undoubtedly, by my irresistible ladyship, and evidently improved in every fascinating grace!

Mrs. B. This was indeed fortunate.

Miss Sc. Fortunate! it threw me into the most happy flow of spirits imaginable.

Mrs. B. Did chance give him to you for a partner.

Miss Sc. The Colonel never dances—so we enjoyed a most enchanting aside conversation, cut in at whist, came off victorious in the rubbers, and thus concluded a divine evening.

Mrs. B. Why will you not indulge me with the name of your redoubtable hero?

Miss Sc. Because I mean to present you with the name and person of my *Adonis* in the same moment; and, by the way, he hath engaged to escort me to your *levee* this very afternoon.

Mrs. B. I shall be happy to see him, undoubtedly. Pray, what figure did our ladies make before this stranger?

Miss Sc. O the frights! but he had eyes only for me. There was Mrs. Gadabout, most preposterously dressed, and Miss Trimwell, loaded with finery, while Betty Brilliant seemed a moving jeweller's shop.

Mrs. B. Ha, ha, ha! O Scornwell! you are monstrously severe.

Miss Sc. There, too, was that antiquated dame, Arabella Worthy, whose face is a perfect antidote to every idea of conviviality; not a female but seems to shun her; and yet, because, *forsooth! she chooses to commence Argus to her baby-faced daughter, she never misses an assembly!* Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. B. Astonishing! Ha, ha, ha!

Miss

Miſs Sc. Such *outree* heads—ſuch a redundancy of ſilks, laces, ribbons and feathers—O it is ridiculous! truly ridiculous, indeed.

Mrs. B. Dear Dorinda, you have given me as perfect an idea of them as if I had myſelf been preſent.

Miſs Sc. O! by the bye—Do you know that I abſolutely ſaw Tom Dapperwit and Miſs Lovett, paſs, arm under arm, down the covered promenade laſt evening? hat off down to the ground, eyes rivetted, and tongue as ſmooth as oil.

Mrs. B. Is it poſſible? I had thought that affair was entirely given up.

Miſs Sc. O! ſhe is the very quinteſſence of prudery—But now I think of it, I promiſed to accompany her this morning, on a viſit to Mrs. Arabella Worthy, *and I make it a point not to break my word.*

Mrs. B. Well, dear, Dorinda, I ſhall expect you at tea, accompanied by your agreeable Colonel. Adieu.

Miſs Sc. Adieu, *Ma chere amie.*

[*Exit Miſs Scornwell.*

Mrs. B. This *chere amie* of mine, is wholly abſorbed in what *ſhe terms pleaſure*—I, too, have made the experiment; I have plunged into a life of gaiety, and the concluſion, which forces itſelf upon me, does not decide in favour of diſſipation. Would, that fate had given me an object in which I could take an intereſt! —But I muſt not indulge reflections of this nature—it ſhall not be long before I will ſet about a reformation; and, by way of exordium, as I have a few leiſure moments, I will devote them to Miſs Clairville. [*Rings.*

[*Enter Molly.*]

Requeſt Miſs Clairville to favour me with her company.

Molly. Yes, an't pleaſe your La'ſhip. [*Exit.*

Mrs. B. I have too much neglected the good Eliza of late: There is a kind of dignity and uniform propriety in her deportment, which involves a tacit cenſure upon the whim and levity of my more ſplendid acquaintance.

[*Enter*

[*Enter Miſs Clairville.*]

Miſs Clairville, we have, for many weeks, been much eſtranged; permit me, my dear, to aſſure you, that this circumſtance does not contribute to my felicity.

Eliza. You do me honour, Madam.

Mrs. B. Madam! Why that formal appellation? Let me be known as your Auguſta; and addreſs me as in thoſe happy days, when order led the hours, and my aunt preſided our ſweetly indulgent monitreſs.

Eliza. It was, indeed, a bliſsful period.

Mrs. B. Why that ſigh, Eliza? that ſwelling boſom, and that falling tear? Give me leave to tell you, that I have ſtill a heart to feel for the ſorrows of my Eliza.

Eliza. You are too good, Auguſta. My ſorrows ſhould be all my own, while happineſs remains for Mrs. Bloomville.

Mrs. B. Fie! fie! Eliza, do not let deſpair, with blighting influence, blaſt your opening proſpects. I ſhall yet ſee you bleſt in your own way—the amiable and deſerving wife of Maitland.

Eliza. Never, Madam.

Mrs. B. Why not? Is he not truly worthy?

Eliza. O! he is all luxuriant fancy can image, mid its golden dreams of happineſs—In figure, unexceptionable—in grace, inimitable—in mind, the model of perfection—firm as integrity—melting with ſympathy for every child of woe—manly and brave, as conſcious worth can render him—mild as the gentle breath of zephyr—candid as mercy—open as the liberal hand of Heaven—and frank as young ſincerity.

Mrs. B. O brave! *It is evident, however, that his picture is drawn by the laviſh pencil of his miſtreſs;* but, do you know that this ſame idol of your's was once on the very point of devoting himſelf to me; and that your ſaucy face, very mal-apropos, preſented itſelf to rob me of my conqueſt? However, be not alarmed, child, I am not vindictive; and I ſhall give my voice for a ſpeedy wedding.

Eliza. I ſhall never be the wife of Charles Maitland, Madam.

Mrs. B. What is to hinder, in the name of goodneſs?

Eliza. I will never obtrude myſelf on a worthy family, which would juſtly conſider me as an obſtacle to their advancement.

Mrs. B. We will find means to conciliate the elder Mr. Maitland.

Eliza. Were he to condeſcend to woo me for his daughter, I would perſiſt in my rejection.

Mrs. B. Strange romantic girl!

Eliza. Madam, in vindication of this, my *unalterable determination*, I will furniſh you with ſome particulars relative to myſelf, which I have not, till now, thought it neceſſary to divulge.

Mrs. B. I am all attention.

Eliza. I drew my firſt breath in humble life—my parents commending me to the care of an opulent and noble family in England, left me an infant orphan; and my only patrimony was their benediction. From the family in which I was thrown, I received an education which might have ſuited royalty; but ere I had completed my fifteenth year, my patroneſs, the firſt of women, ſwelled her laſt ſigh! Forgive my tears; the unexampled goodneſs of my loſt benefactreſs, muſt ever excite them; they are a tribute due to her ineſtimable worth!

Mrs. B. Your tears are natural, and I cordially ſympathize with you.

Eliza. My happineſs fled with my angel protectreſs; the family eſtates devolved on the youngeſt ſon, who, of a numerous progeny, alone ſurvived: This gentleman was a bachelor, and many years my ſenior; the ill ſtate of health under which he at that time laboured, with the immoderate grief occaſioned by the death of his excellent mother, who had long been his only parent, induced his phyſicians to adviſe a reſidence of ſome months in the ſouth of France, and it was judged neceſſary I ſhould accompany him. What ſhall I ſay—a ſenſe of gratitude and honour ſeems to tie

my

my tongue, and the ſhade of my departed benefactreſs arbitrarily impoſes ſilence.

Mrs. B. Without being a conjurer, I can eaſily decypher the conſequences; your quondam guardian was metamorphoſed into a lover.

Eliza. I imagined him a bright exemplar of every virtue; but, forgetful of the ties of honour and the delicacy of my ſituation, he was capable of forming a deliberate ſcheme of ſeduction! and, while he aſſumed the guiſe of a tenderneſs truly paternal, he was cruelly plotting my ruin!!!

Mrs. B. O Lord! I almoſt gaſp for you! By what means did you receive the knowledge of his infamous deſigns?

Eliza. From a faithful friend, who, like a guardian ſeraph, hovered round my ſteps, and procured me a ſight of letters, written by his own hand, wherein the deep laid ſcheme was fully arranged!!!

Mrs. B. Theſe, indeed, were indiſputable evidences. How did you eſcape?

Eliza. The proofs, as you obſerve, were irrefragable; and, when he commenced his plan of operation, by inviting me to a little tour, in the progreſs of which, he engaged to make me certain communications which would importantly involve my future proſpects, my vigilant friend received me to her arms, and ſecretly procured me a rank in the family of that lady, then on the eve of her departure from France, with whom your excellent aunt firſt ſaw me.

Mrs. B. Your hiſtory, Eliza, is indeed eventful; but for my ſoul I cannot ſee a ſingle circumſtance which *reaſon* can conſider as a bar to your union with Maitland.

Eliza. Surely, Madam, you muſt have ſeen that I am lowly born, portionleſs and unfriended! and ſhall I come like a heavy cloud on the proſpects of that good young man! a ſtep ſo reprehenſible, would indeed evince me unwarrantably intereſted; nor will I enter a family whoſe every attention I ſhould regard as a *condeſcenſion which would tinge my cheek with the hectic of conſcious inferiority.*

Mrs.

Mrs. B. Do you not perceive, Eliza, that it is hardly conſiſtent with your *flighty ſentiments*, to ſet ſuch a *prodigious value on money?*

Eliza. I do but ſubmit to a neceſſity which the *deſpot, Cuſtom, hath rendered irreverſible;* and beſides, Madam, who that hath experienced the *luxury of wiping the tear from the haggard cheek of penury*, will deny, I had almoſt ſaid, the *omnipotence* of money!

Mrs. B. Well, well, I will only ſay that you are a dear, irreſiſtible, romantic girl. But, as the dinner bell rings, we muſt haſte to meet our gueſts, and we will ſeize the firſt opportunity of converſing further on theſe momentous affairs. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

No. LXXIII.

Virtue Triumphant, continued.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE—An Apartment in Mr. Maitland's Houſe.

[*Enter Robert, preceded by Charles Maitland.*]

Robert. DEAR heart! dear heart! theſe old eyes are almoſt blind with weeping! and my grey hairs, I verily think, will be brought with ſorrow to the grave!

Charles. Good Robert, be comforted.

Robert. Alas! Sir! how can I be comforted? There is no good got by wandering from home. Maſter Charles, a young man, as you are, can have no idea of the miſchiefs which abound in this wicked world!

Charles. You ſeem to have forgot thoſe principles which ſhould ſupport your age; you ſhould remember that I ſhall have the ſame protection in diſtant lands that has been my refuge in America.

Robert.

Robert. This is very true, Sir, but— [*ſighs deeply.*]

Charles. But what, Robert?

Robert. But theſe are perilous times, Sir; very perilous times; it looks as if there would not be a mother's ſon left in the Old World; and, when I conſider how often I have carried you in theſe arms, it afflicts me ſorely, Maſter Charles, that you ſhould run after wars, and murders, and bloodſhed.

Charles. I am not going to the field of battle, Robert.

Robert. There is no knowing what may take place, Sir; and then this Colonel Mellfont belongs to the Engliſh—every body ſays they will have bloody times in England, Maſter Charles; and, for my part, Sir, I think them are beſt off who have leaſt to do either with French or Engliſh.

Charles. Fie, fie, Robert, theſe prejudices are unworthy of your benevolence.

Robert. Well, may be ſo, may be ſo; but my heart ſtrangely miſgives me; and if you go, poor Robert will have ſeen you for the laſt time! and who is there left to pity or to care for me!!

Charles. My father will take care of you, Robert.

Robert. Ah! Sir, Maſter is very good; but—but— [*weeps.*]

Charles. Poor old man! I do not like to ſee thee weep. Haſt thou viſited our friends in Stricken Alley, as I requeſted?

Robert. Oh! Sir! could you have heard their piteous lamentations, I am ſure it would have melted you!

Charles. Lamentations, Robert?

Robert. Yes, Sir; for at the ſame time that I gave them your liberal benefaction, I informed them of your intended departure; and ſuch a general ſhout of ſorrow, old as I am, I never before heard.

Charles. Poor unfortunates!

Robert. And then ſuch bleſſings as they poured on you—His reward will be great, ſaid one—It cannot exceed his deſervings, ſaid another—May the good God protect him, ſaid all.

Charles. I feel myſelf enriched by their united benedictions.

Robert. But what, dear Sir, will become of them?

Charles. They ſhall ſtill be my care.

Robert. But who will take care of Madam Eliza, Sir?

Charles. What do you mean, Robert?

Robert. Excuſe me, Sir, but, in my humble opinion, there never was a more heavenly minded young lady; and I have ſaid it a thouſand and a thouſand times, that ſhe was the exact reſemblance of my young Maſter.

Charles. Of me?

Robert. Yes, Sir; for whenever I have carried her your letters, ſhe has been ſo gracious, and has inquired ſo kind after my little orphan grand-children!

Charles. Miſs Clairville is indeed an angel.

Robert. And, when I have ventured to ſpeak of your charities, Sir—

Charles. Of my charities?

Robert. Yes, Sir; how you took the poor man out of priſon; purchaſed all his goods at auction; and, after reſtoring both them and him to his wife and children, how you gave him a ſum of money to begin buſineſs again: How you were conſtantly taking the part of the oppreſſed. When I have told her all theſe things, and much more, Sir, ſhe would turn away to wipe off the tears, and then, lifting up her white hands and beautiful blue eyes to heaven, Robert, ſays ſhe, your Maſter is a good young man, and a bleſſing will ſurely attend him.

Charles. Was my Eliza ſo kind?

Robert. O yes, Sir, I cannot remember the half of what I have heard her ſay; but we all think, if once you come together, there will not be a poor perſon within a hundred miles of your dwelling.

Charles. Well, Robert, we muſt all ſubmit to neceſſity. Go, my good fellow, and deſire Mr. Weſton to ſtep hither.

Robert. I will go, Sir.——It breaks my heart to think of his turning out into the world in theſe bad times. [*Exit Robert.*

Charles.

Charles. Poor old man! I am not aſhamed to own that the parting with him is not the leaſt of my inquietudes. But my Eliza, exalted pattern of every excellence! may Heaven ſhield thy virtues: Surely the gifts of fortune are eſtimated at the very loweſt rate, when they are withheld from merit ſo tranſcendent, and profuſely ſhowered on vice and folly.

[*Enter Weſton.*]

Well, Weſton, what ſays my father?

Weſton. He takes the matter preciſely as you expected; he thinks your abſence will be temporary; laughs at the idea of your perpetual baniſhment; and pleaſes himſelf with anticipating your victory over a paſſion which he pronounces extravagant, the mere conſequence of youth and inexperience: And he doubts not, he ſhall ſee you in the full enjoyment of that happy calm which is the offspring of reaſon, and the corrected ſucceſſor of the heyday of the blood.

Charles. A mere duplicate of what he ſaid to me not an hour ſince.—I have narrated to you my eclairciſſement with Miſs Clairville.

Weſton. That eclairciſſement muſt have been very ſatisfactory.

Charles. Why, Weſton, ſo it was; and yet, ſtrange as it may ſeem, while the recollection of her tenderneſs elevates me above myſelf, a recurrence to her *determined reſolution* ſpreads over my ſoul a kind of melancholy calm, which very much reſembles deſpair.

Weſton. But ought you not rather to implant hope thereon, or at leaſt to forego your deſign of quitting us?

Charles. To what purpoſe?

Weſton. Methinks flight implies cowardice, while the exerciſe of manly firmneſs might reſtore your peace; and, it ſhould be remembered, that we ought to *ſuſtain* rather than *quit* our poſts.

Charles. I do not ſee that my removal from hence is quitting my poſt.

Weſton.

Weſton. You ſeem ſtationed here by Providence; it is your native place, and your munificence has rendered you a general bleſſing.

Charles. It is not my intention to elude the deſigns of Providence; I will purſue commerce, and if my father's overgrown fortunes ſhould come into my poſſeſſion, I will deviſe a regular ſyſtem, which ſhall render them as uſeful as their magnitude will admit.

Weſton. Excellent young man! ſurely the interpoſition of Heaven will be manifeſted in your favour!

Charles. There is little merit in beſtowing on the neceſſities of others what we cannot poſſibly appropriate to our own emolument. Have you adjuſted thoſe accounts which I committed to your care?

Weſton. I have carefully executed your wiſhes.

Charles. Are the receipts paſt?

Weſton. They are, Sir.

Charles. Then there remains but one account open. Major Bloomville is conſiderably in arrears to me, but as I have reaſon to think his circumſtances a little deranged, I will not make application to him.

[*Enter Robert.*]

Robert. Sir, the Engliſh Colonel deſires to ſee you.

Charles. Show him in, by all means.

Robert. O, lack a day! lack a day! [*Exit Robert.*

Charles. The deep grief, of which this fellow's countenance is expreſſive, really affects me.

Weſton. It muſt indeed intereſt your humanity; but I will now devote myſelf to thoſe preparations which yet remain to be made previous to your departure.

Charles. Do, Mr. Weſton. [*Exit Weſton.*

[*Enter Colonel Mellſont.*]

Col. M. Mr. Maitland, your moſt obedient—I have called on you to learn if you held your purpoſe, relative to your journey; but I could hardly perſuade your ſervant to permit my entrance.

Charles. He is a weak old man; and, much concerned at the proſpect of my departure, he has, perhaps,

conceived

conceived a kind of prejudice againſt the perſon, to whom he imputes a deſign, which he imagines ſo ill adviſed. There is ſome allowance due to years, Sir.

Col. M. Undoubtedly. Poor fellow, I would gladly dry his tears.—I always feel compaſſion for perſons in a ſtate of ſervitude and dependence, Mr. Maitland.

Charles. You are perfectly right, Sir.

Col. M. Your ſervant, Mr. Maitland, has an added claim to my attention; old age, and grief, are powerful recommendations to that heart, which hath been long a proficient in the ſchool of affliction.

Charles. I have often been fearful that your boſom harboured ſome latent cauſe of grief; and our laſt converſation, without explaining the nature of your misfortunes, has confirmed my ſuſpicions, given me a very important intereſt in your happineſs, and originated a wiſh that I could be any how inſtrumental in producing it.

Col. M. You are truly friendly; but, as the knowledge of my misfortunes can be of no immediate import, it may ſuffice to ſay that I am unhappy; that I wander from place to place without diminiſhing my ſorrow, and that I hardly expect a remedy this ſide the grave.

Charles. Pardon me, Sir; I can commiſerate, without being impertinent.

Col. M. Nay, the probability is, that the accuſation of impertinence will devolve upon me; for, I am induced to put a queſtion, which only a long and approved friendſhip can juſtify. I am informed, that you quit this town with a declaration that you will never return to it again! and that you are driven hence by unſucceſsful love! Can this be true?

Charles. It is, Sir.

Col. M. Methinks, Mr. Maitland, the lady muſt have made an erroneous calculation, who refuſes to exchange her vows with your's.

Charles. You are very polite, Sir; but mine is no uncommon caſe. Fortune, blind to the perfections of

the

the moſt charming and accompliſhed of women, ſat her down in her book of diſtributions, pennyleſs.

Col. M. Does your father approve of your attachment?

Charles. By no means; he condemns it as the groſſeſt abſurdity.

Col. M. But how happens it that he has no eyes for merit ſo conſpicuous?

Charles. My father has never yet ſeen Miſs Clairville. An exceſs of delicacy leading her to conceive that viſiting in promiſcuous company, and frequenting public places, would ill accord with her humble fortune—ſhe is only to be met in the circle of a few intimate friends, with whom my father is not converſant.

Col. M. This is unfortunate—if you could, by any means, procure an interview, youth, beauty and innocence might become very powerful pleaders.

Charles. Alas! Sir, my father will not ſee my Eliza; and, if he could even be brought to conſent to our union, it is more than probable Miſs Clairville would reject our united ſupplications; for, while ſhe has, in the moſt unequivocal terms, avowed her preference, ſhe has, *with the ſame breath, declared that ſhe will never meet me at the altar, but on equal ground.*

Col. M. This is noble, it muſt be confeſſed; but it is eaſier to *form reſolutions than to perſiſt in them;* indeed, the capability of ſuch a determination, is, in itſelf, a prodigious effort, eſpecially in a young woman. She, doubtleſs, has her adviſers—are any of her friends within my knowledge?

Charles. I think you mixed in the ſame circles with Miſs Dorinda Scornwell, while in New-York; her intimacy with the Bloomville family, gives her frequent opportunities with my Eliza.

Col. M. This may be a happy circumſtance. I will requeſt the honour of her private ear. I have often known female influence acquire an aſcendency, which demanded the utmoſt addreſs to ſurmount.

Charles. Ah! Sir, you are about to engage in a very untoward affair.

Col.

Col. M. Perhaps not. I have ſome knowledge of the character of your father—if I could converſe with him on your ſubject, I have a pre-ſentiment that I could inſpire him with a degree of complacency for my opinion.

Charles. You would find it an Herculean labour; but I will ſtep to the library, where, at this hour, he is commonly to be found, and I dare ſay he will be with you in a moment. [*Exit Charles.*

Col. M. Written in the irreverſible decrees of fate, the ſon of ſorrow! I would extract a balm for my lacerated boſom from every fair occaſion, in the which I can mitigate the ills, that ſeem allotted for a fellow creature: Indeed, the power to ſoothe the woe-fraught mind, partakes eſſentially the nature of divinity. O Howard! Howard! illuſtrious philanthropiſt! thou wert the verieſt mental epicure that ever *mere humanity embodied.*

[*Enter Mr. Maitland ſenior, and Charles.*]

Charles. Give me leave, Sir, to introduce to you my very worthy friend, Col. Mellfont.

Maitl. Servant, Sir—ſervant.

Col. M. I am, Sir, happy in an opportunity of paying my reſpects to the parent of a young perſon, to whom my heart hath, for a conſiderable time, been not a little attached.

Maitl. I am obliged to you, Sir; but, as to happineſs, Sir, it is an *extreme* which may do well enough as a Utopian plant, but which has never yet been found to take a very deep root in America.

Col. M. We accuſtom ourſelves, Sir, to a language, which, although perhaps, ſtrictly ſpeaking, is not chaſte; yet, as it is generally underſtood, receives, nevertheleſs, a current acceptation.

Maitl. Ah, very likely, very likely—this world is given to ſee things through a falſe *medium.*

Col. M. I am perfectly of your opinion, Sir; the world is, indeed, given to error; it is only a ſelect few who ſee things as they are; while the blinded multitude,

borne

borne in the vortex of folly, will continue their idle whirl on the very brink of deſtruction.

Maitl. That is a ſtriking ſentiment, Sir—"*the blinded multitude, borne in the vortex of folly, will continue their idle whirl upon the very brink of deſtruction.*" I congratulate thee, Charles, on having attained ſo valuable a friend.

Charles. Sir, I have long been deeply impreſſed with a very high ſenſe of the worth of Col. Mellfont.

Col. M. You are very obliging, gentlemen. [*Bowing.*

Maitl. Sir, you deſerve it; you have ſpoken rationally. I have always been a cool, deliberate man, Sir, a lover of reaſon, and a friend of equality: Some of my countrymen hate Frenchmen—ſome hate Engliſhmen—theſe are both extremes, Sir; but, for my part, I love a man of worth, let him be the growth of what clime he will. *I am a true brother of the Royal Arch—my motto is equality, and I embrace the brotherhood with my whole heart, Sir.*

Col. M. Admirable, Mr. Maitland—truly admirable! I have often wondered at the early virtues of my friend Charles; but, as his youth has been formed under the genial influence of an example ſo tranſcendently excellent, I ſhall henceforward ceaſe to wonder.

Maitl. Why, ah! Charles is well enough for a young man, as young men go—he has, perhaps, a few youthful follies that ſtand in need of pruning, and he may make a tolerable figure.

Col. M. I cannot but regret, Sir, whatever pleaſure I may anticipate from the tour, that he is ſo ſoon to be removed from your guardian obſervation.

Maitl. It is his own choice, Sir.

Col. M. Perhaps, Sir, this choice may be influenced by circumſtances. I ſuppoſe, my friend, that you would prefer a father's wing, to a ſtate of wandering, amid that world of which you, at preſent, know ſo little?

Charles. Certainly, Sir; but, ſuch is my unhappy ſituation, that thoſe ſcenes which have heretofore contributed to my felicity, now ſtand forth, mementos of the ſeverity of my deſtiny!

Maitl.

Maitl. Ah! let him make the experiment, Colonel—let him make the experiment—he talks of never returning; but, this is all mere romance: we ſhall ſoon ſee him again, like the prodigal ſon, cap in hand; and he will then know how to diſtinguiſh properly, and to make prudent calculations, Colonel.

Charles. Sir, you are my father; I therefore owe you reverence, and I will be patient.

Maitl. Patience! ah, there is not a better ingredient in life, Charles, than patience; it is the very eſſence of Moderation—cultivate patience, boy, and thou ſhalt have my bleſſing with all my heart.

Col. M. Spoken like a father! I dare ſay, Sir, it is your wiſh that your ſon ſhould proſecute buſineſs under your own eye.

Maitl. Yes, Sir; but, if he, not having received a ſufficient quantum of *centripetal force*, is thus neglectful of the laws of *gravitation*, thus *centrifugally* inclined, and *chooſes to fly off in a tangent, I ſhall not conſtitute his antipodes—I ſhall not weep myſelf into a Niobe*; I can tell him that, Sir.

Col. M. Will you permit me, Sir, as the friend of your ſon, and the admirer of yourſelf, to ſpeak with freedom?

Maitl. O Sir, I have all ſuitable regard to freedom; and it is my wiſh to ſupport liberty of ſpeech, by all means.

Col. M. In perfect confidence then, that I ſhall not offend, and with all due deference to your ſuperior judgment, I will ſay, that I do not know any event that can have a more probable tendency to eſtabliſh a young man in life, with the faireſt proſpects of tranquility, than an early connexion with a diſcreet and deſerving young woman.

Maitl. Yes, Sir, provided always, that the choice of the ſaid young woman be diſcreetly made, Colonel.

Col. M. And what, Sir, in your opinion, conſtitutes a diſcreet choice?

Maitl. *Equality, Sir*; by all means, *equality*. If I have got ten thouſand pound, the caſe is clear, ſhe

muſt lay down ten thouſand pound; and thus it will appear a connexion of cool, deliberate prudence, and not the impaſſioned, high flying reſult of romantic folly.

Col. M. But, Sir, are there not qualities infinitely more valuable than riches?

Maitl. Undoubtedly, Sir; and if it were a law as irrevocable as that of the Medes and Perſians, that no one, who poſſeſſed money, ſhould ſuperadd merit, I would aſſuredly give my voice in favour of merit.

Col. M. You would, certainly, Mr. Maitland, find an exquiſite pleaſure in tranſplanting virtue into the moſt friendly ſoil.

Maitl. Give me leave to tell you, Colonel, once for all, that I am not fond of your *exquiſites*—moderation is my deſideratum; and my plan is, to abide by its dictates.

Col. M. Moderation is certainly highly eſtimable, Sir.

Maitl. Why, now, Col. Mellfont, in things of leſs conſequence, you would be in the exerciſe of prudence—you would not ſtake a thouſand pound, in a game of whiſt or quadrille, againſt ſix-pence, Colonel. My name is Ralph Maitland, Sir; and I am determined to act for myſelf—I have not yet got into my dotage, Sir.

Col. M. You ought, undoubtedly, Sir, to be your own maſter; and you are right, in ſuppoſing I would not hazard a thouſand pound againſt ſix-pence; and yet, Sir, I ſhould conceive, that a thouſand pound was well laid out, in purchaſing a virtue, in communicating felicity, or, in placing a fellow-creature in the rank, for which nature ſeems to have deſigned her.

Maitl. Ah! ah! all this is very fine talking; but *virtue* is not to be *bought* and *ſold*, nor, do I pretend to write notes, critical and explanatory, on the deſigns of nature; and, moreover, Colonel, you are quite wide in your calculations, for I am not ignorant of the purpoſe for which you have given yourſelf all this unneceſſary trouble; but, I ſay, you are quite wide of the matter;

matter; it is not in my power to communicate felicity, for the young woman, being a rational young woman, is herſelf perfectly convinced, that her connexion with my ſon would, in the nature of things, be highly prepoſterous.

Col. M. This conviction muſt have proceeded from a ſweet and amiable diſpoſition; it has made me a lover of her character; did ſhe aſſure you of this herſelf, Sir?

Maitl. O, no Sir, I never ſaw her in my life.

Col. M. And do you not think it would be proper you ſhould pay her a viſit of acknowledgment on this occaſion?

Maitl. Perhaps it may, Sir; and in order to convince Charles that I will comply with him in all that is reaſonable, I do not much care if I call upon the girl on *this buſineſs*.

[*Enter Robert.*]

Robert. Did you call, maſter Charles?

Charles. No, good Robert; and I would thank you to ſee that we are not broken in upon.

Robert. I will, Sir, I will. Heaven bleſs him; I have not ſeen him look ſo happy this many a day; who knows what may happen after all! [*Aſide.*

[*Exit Robert.*

Maitl. We ſhall be ſubject to continual interruptions here, Charles, I will therefore invite you both to my library, and we will there adjuſt the neceſſary preliminaries to *this viſit of acknowledgment*.

Col. M. I will attend you with pleaſure, Sir.

Charles. Sir, you have bound me to you by yet added ties. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—The Veſtibule of Mr. Maitland's Houſe.

[*Enter Captain Flaſhet, who rings vehemently.*]

[*Enter Robert.*]

Capt. F. Here you, Mr. Grey Hairs, where is my friend Charles?

Robert. My maſter, Sir, is very buſy, and can't be interrupted at preſent.

Capt.

Capt. F. Can't be interrupted, raſcal?

Robert. Raſcal, Sir! that is a name which I never yet received from either of my maſters!

Capt. F. Don't prate, old fellow, don't prate, I ſay; or, as I am a ſoldier, I will lend thee a blow that ſhall lay thee as ſtiff as was *Julius Ceſar, when he was beheaded by Oliver Cromwell.* Sir, I am your maſter's friend; tell him Captain Flaſhet waits for him, and you will ſee he will preſent himſelf immediately, Sir.

Robert. [*Aſide.*] Bleſs me! what a fiery blade it is; I had beſt decamp, I believe! [*Exit Robert.*

Capt. F. If we men of the ſword do not exert ourſelves, and be ſeen in our places, we ſhall be treated with as little reſpect as a *dead Carthagenian*, and as our employment is undoubtedly honourable, even as honourable as was that of the great *Charles* of *Conſtantinople, when he ſwore eternal enmity to the Ruſſian Scipio's*, ſo I think proper to behave with dignity, and to ſhow, on all occaſions, a becoming ſpirit. [*Rings.*

[*Enter a Servant,*]

Send that grey headed old fellow to me.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exit Servant.*

Capt. F. Why *Tantalus*, when he was *broil'd on the gridiron by old Father Gregory*, was never worſe treated.

[*Enter Robert.*]

Well ſirrah, where is your maſter—ha?

Robert. Good Sir, be not angry with an old man! My maſter Sir, bid me to make his excuſes, and to tell you that being engaged in buſineſs of importance, he could not wait on you at this time.

Capt. F. You lie, ſirrah.

Robert. Indeed Sir, I—

Capt. F. Hold your tongue, you old ſcoundrel—I'll teach you what it is to affront an officer of my rank.

[*Collars and ſhakes him furiouſly—Robert roars out.*]

[*Enter Charles Maitland.*]

Charles. For ſhame, for ſhame, Captain! lift your hand againſt a feeble, grey headed old man!

Capt.

Capt. F. Yes Sir, an old ſcoundrel who has uſed me ill.

Charles. Sir, he is not a ſcoundrel; he has acted entirely by my direction.

Capt. F. Acted by your direction, Sir?

Charles. Yes Sir, and what have you to ſay to that, Sir?

Capt. F. That I am not treated like a gentleman, Sir.

Charles. Robert, you may go.

Robert. Now pray, dear maſter—

Charles. Away—you know I will be obeyed. [*Exit Robert, agitated and alarmed.*] If you conceive yourſelf injured, Captain Flaſhet, I will not deny you redreſs. I do not mean to violate the laws of hoſpitality in this manſion; but you will know how to call on me, Sir.

Capt. F. O! not in the leaſt, my dear friend, not in the leaſt! no, I perfectly coincide in opinion with the brave *Tacitus, in his reply to Pope Clement—If Clement is tired of his life, he ſhall not find death on the point of my ſword:* So, my very dear friend, I wiſh you a very good day. [*Exit Captain Flaſhet.*

Charles. Ha, ha, ha—this is truly ridiculous—ha, ha, ha. [*Exit.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

No. LXXIV.

Virtue Triumphant, continued.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE—An Apartment in Major Bloomville's Houſe.

[*Enter Miſs Clairville—looks at her watch.*]

Eliza. HEIGH ho! Time wears but ſlowly; and yet, when I think on to-morrow's ſun, it hath an eagle's wing! Farewel! a laſt farewel!

What deep-felt pangs doth that heart-affecting word involve ! ! !

[*Enter William.*]

Will. Miſs Eliza, there is a gentleman, Mr. Maitland, who wiſhes to ſee you.

Eliza. Hah ! I had thought his viſit would have been delayed until evening. [*Aſide.*] Be ſo good as to deſire Mr. Maitland to walk in. [*Exit William.*

And now, aſſiſt me, each incentive which can render firm a feeble maiden—ſhed over me thy invigorating influence, divine fortitude—ſupport me through this laſt interview ! and to tender regret, a comfortleſs victim, I thenceforward devote me !

[*Enter Mr. Maitland, ſenior.*]

Maitl. An aſſemblage of all that is lovely in woman ! [*Aſide.*] I hope I do not intrude, young lady ?

Eliza. In the name of wretchedneſs, who can this be ? [*Aſide.*] Have you any commands for me, Sir ?

[*Courteſying modeſtly.*

Maitl. For thee, Madam ! Thou lookeſt as if thou wert formed to give, rather than receive commands ! O the rogues ! they knew what a trial they were preparing for me. [*Aſide.*

Eliza. Perhaps, Sir, you wiſh to ſee Major Bloomville, or his lady ?

Maitl. No, ſweet lady ; if thou art Miſs Clairville, my buſineſs is with thee : Canſt thou lend me thine ear for half an hour ?

Eliza. Will you have the goodneſs to let me know from whom I receive a requeſt ſo uncommon ?

Maitl. And is there no one ſtriking lineament, by which thou canſt recognize the father, from his reſemblance to the ſon ?

Eliza. Hah ! Sir ?

Maitl. It were a ſin, young lady, to keep thee in a moment's painful ſuſpenſe : My name is Ralph Maitland, Miſs Clairville, and I am very much at thy ſervice, I aſſure thee.

Eliza. Amazement !

Maitl.

Maitl. Yes, Madam, I am the father of a headſtrong boy, who has given thee much uneaſineſs; and I have to thank thee for the exerciſe of a degree of moderation, which is very ſeldom found among the catalogue of a woman's virtues.

Eliza. Can I believe my ears?

Maitl. Give them full credit, my dear; thou ſhalt hear nothing but truth from Ralph Maitland.

Eliza. [*Trembling exceedingly.*] This is a very unexpected viſit, Sir.

Maitl. Be compoſed, Miſs Eliza: We have, perhaps, hitherto been a mutual terror to each other; but henceforward I requeſt thee to know me for thy friend.

Eliza. My friend, Sir! O how ſoothing is that tender appellation! how balmy to the wounded boſom of the orphan Eliza!

Maitl. And haſt thou been ſo deeply wounded, Eliza?

Eliza. Indeed, Sir, you ſee before you the daughter of misfortune and of ſufferance; alas! I know no other parents. [*Weeps.*

Maitl. Young lady, I adviſe thee to take comfort; I confeſs obligations to thee; and I aſſure thee, that I would willingly go *almoſt any lengths to ſerve* thee.

Eliza. Your countenance, Sir, is a pleaſing index of the goodneſs of your mind.

Maitl. Be aſſured, Miſs Clairville, that I lament every circumſtance that oppoſes my ſtyling myſelf thy *father.*

Eliza. Alas! Sir, to hail the venerable name of Father, was not reſerved for the poor Eliza; my infant tongue was never taught to liſp it; and in no moment has my maturer years, with unauthorized preſumption, aſpired to ſo vaſt an acquiſition.

Maitl. Intereſting woman! henceforward I acquit my ſon!

Eliza. Alas! Sir, I ſhould reckon your cenſure of that good young man as a ſerious calamity.

Maitl. Then he ſhall not have my cenſure, Madam; for I will never contribute to thy inquietude.

Eliza.

Eliza. You are unexpectedly kind, Sir; but for me, accuſtomed to misfortunes, I have learned to bear them; my life has been a life of humiliation, and my moſt arduous ſtruggles to ſubmit to that neceſſity which deſtiny hath impoſed.

Maitl. By my ſerenity, a faſcinating girl! [*Aſide.*

Eliza. Yet I have had friends, Sir; with gratitude I make this confeſſion; and the privilege of ranking Mr. Maitland in the number, is a circumſtance which furniſhes a relief, that is, *on the preſent occaſion, truly neceſſary.*

Maitl. If I have ever, Miſs Clairville, given thee a moment's pain, I repent it from my ſoul.

Eliza. And I, Sir, take leave to make the ſame acknowledgment: An interference with your plans has ever been foreign from my intention.

Maitl. I doubt it not, Madam. Wilt thou permit one queſtion? Has my ſon's departure thy approbation?

Eliza. Perhaps, Sir, I have no right to give an opinion reſpecting his movements.

Maitl. Yes, Madam; friendſhip alone will authorize thee; and, as I reſpect thy judgment, I take the liberty to ſolicit thy ſentiments on a ſtep ſo important as his contemplated tour.

Eliza. You do me too much honour, Sir; but, as I feel a degree of confidence in your indulgence, I will ſay, that I think young men of obſervation cannot fail of reaping advantage from a knowledge of the world.

Maitl. Unexampled prudence! But perhaps, Miſs Eliza, thou doſt not love, or, as young ladies phraſe it, thou haſt no preference for my ſon?

Eliza. [*Greatly agitated.*] Hah! Sir?

Maitl. Canſt thou, Miſs Clairville, riſe ſo far ſuperior to the forms and faſhions of thy ſex, as to tell me plainly, how thy heart ſtands in regard to my ſon?

Eliza. Circumſtanced as I am, Sir, your queſtion, it muſt be owned, is a little ſingular.

Maitl. It is ſo, Madam; but my freedom is a proof of my eſteem.

Eliza.

Eliza. To be diſtinguiſhed by you, Sir, muſt unqueſtionably be highly gratifying to me.

Maitl. Conſider me as an *old man*, and do not heſitate.

Eliza. I have ever reverenced years, Sir.

Maitl. Do not evade my queſtion, Madam.

Eliza. I will not make a merit with you, Sir, for an avowal which will be entitled to no praiſe. From the firſt dawn of my reaſon, I have been accuſtomed to admire virtue, even to a degree of enthuſiaſm; and I have been taught to feel a ſtrong predilection in favour of every genteel and graceful accompliſhment.

Maitl. Well, Miſs Clairville.

Eliza. And I do not wiſh to conceal, that I have not felt my attachment to the virtues and the graces diminiſh, becauſe they happen to be perſonified by Charles Maitland.

Maitl. And this ingenuous declaration thou doſt not wiſh to conceal?

Eliza. No, Sir; for, not chooſing to preſent myſelf as a candidate for matrimonial life, I care not who knows, that I have no heart to give.

Maitl. But it is very natural for a young woman to contemplate an eſtabliſhment by wedlock.

Eliza. Undoubtedly, Sir; but, as I believe there are *joys* and *ſorrows* peculiar to every ſituation in life, and, as I have conceived that it is not ſo much the *part, as the acting well that part*, which entitles *the performer to reſpectability*, ſo I am *determined to reſt ſatisfied* with that character in the Drama, in which the *great Manager* ſeems to have caſt me my lot.

Maitl. Admirable young woman!

Eliza. Your approbation, Sir, is truly ſoothing.

Maitl. Thou haſt thought very deeply, Madam, and made uncommon proficiency.

Eliza. Adverſity, Sir, is an excellent ſchool.

Maitl. [*Walks about irreſolute, and appears much moved, after which he ſays:*] I have conceived, Miſs Clairville, that there was a natural beauty in propriety, *an unalterable rule of right, and an eternal fitneſs of things*;

things; nor will I yet relinquish my principles. Opposition to thee, enchanting maid, must constitute the extreme of obstinacy; while, in thy lovely bosom, every virtue hath found a calm and happy asylum.

Eliza. [*Weeping.*] Alas! Sir, you little know the imbecility of that heart which you would thus exalt.

Maitl. Thou shalt weep no more, my love—Know me henceforth as thy protecting father—the wishes of my son have now the fullest sanction.

Eliza. Amazement!

Maitl. Wilt thou not accept me as thy paternal friend?

Eliza. [*Kneels.*] On my knees, Sir, I supplicate eternal sunshine on that dear paternal bosom—but know, Sir, *that my sacred, my irrevocable vow is registered in heaven*—I can never wear the envied title of your daughter, except a miracle should render me the equal of your son; nor can even the wishes of Mr. Maitland recal the solemn hour which witnessed a transaction, that renders his unexampled condescension forever ineffectual.

Maitl. Astonishing! What hast thou done, Eliza?

Eliza. Forgive me, Sir; but, fearing that my tenderness would one day betray my resolution, I bound myself by ties indissoluble.

Maitl. My persevering obstinacy has undone my son! Rise, Eliza, dear, rash, heroic, and uncommon girl! What step remaineth to be taken?

Eliza. [*Rising.*] To submit to destiny, Mr. Maitland; and remember that this life is but a passage to a better scene of things.

Maitl. It is a hard necessity.

Eliza. You accuse me of rashness, Sir: You behold in me an orphan, friendless, poor, and claiming no natural protector! nor did I ever yet behold the being, whom I could challenge as relation! Consider, Sir, is such a female a fit companion for your son? Subordination, rank and degree, are of divine original; the lines are justly drawn; and he who breaks the rank assigned him by his Creator, is surely an aggressor.

Maitl.

Maitl. Dear, uncommon girl! never were my own ſentiments ſo well expreſſed before—it were a crime of no inferior dye, to urge thee further—I cannot even wiſh thee to relinquiſh ideas, originating in divine propriety. But what, Miſs Clairville, are thy plans? Wilt thou permit me to regard thee as the daughter of my affection?

Eliza. My utmoſt gratitude is due to Mr. Maitland—But, although orphanaged with my firſt breath, I have received from ſtrangers that kind of education which ſecures my independence.

Maitl. High-ſoul'd girl! it is impoſſible to faſten on thee the ſhadow of an obligation! Doſt thou expect to ſee my ſon before his departure?

Eliza. I do, Sir: As if in love with anguiſh, we have appointed this evening to exchange the laſt farewel!

Maitl. Charming frankneſs! Admirable young lady! I tear myſelf from thee. Thou haſt made large inroads on that calm equality of diſpoſition, which it hath been the ſtudy of my whole life to cultivate; and I haſten from thee, to recover that firmneſs of which I ſtand ſo much in need. Accept, Miſs Clairville, my cordial benediction.

Eliza. May Heaven grant you peace, Sir. [*Exit Mr. Maitland precipitately, and much diſordered.*] My ſoul has been too highly wrought, and the retirement of my chamber is neceſſary to reſtore me to the power of *aſſuming a calm which I ſhall never feel.* [*Exit Eliza.*

SCENE—An Apartment in Miſs Dorinda Scornwell's Lodgings.

[*Enter Miſs Scornwell and Jenny.*]

Miſs Sc. And ſo, Jenny, you ſay that Mr. Charles Maitland is really going to flee his country?

Jenny. O yes, Ma'am, *ſartingly.*

Miſs Sc. But where didſt thou get thy knowledge, Jenny?

Jenny. Why, you know, Ma'am, you ſent me to Mrs. Lacewell's for a new head—and ſo, ſeeing a crowd

crowd of people about Maſter Maitland's houſe, what does I do but pop my head in for a few moments, and there I found the whole houſe in tears, Ma'am.

Miſs Sc. And pray, could your ingenuity deviſe no cauſe why the whole houſe ſhould be in tears, except the departure of the young gentleman?

Jenny. You ſhall hear, Ma'am. Maſter Robert was in a piteous taking—and ſo, ſays I, what is the matter? ſays I. Why, ſays they, Maſter Charles is going to leave us, ſays they; and we ſhall all break our hearts, Miſs Jenny, ſays they.

Miſs Sc. A mighty important matter to break hearts, indeed!

Jenny. Why, ſo I thought, Ma'am; but it didn't become a ſervant, as I was, to ſay ſo.

Miſs Sc. And pray, did not your curioſity inquire the reaſon of his departure?

Jenny. O yes, Ma'am; and they ſays, Ma'am, how that it is all for the love of Miſs Clairville.

Miſs Sc. Nonſenſe—that creature!

Jenny. Why, ſo I thought, Ma'am.

Miſs Sc. It is really intolerable, that ſervants ſhould give themſelves ſuch liberties; but thus it is, they are eternally fabricating motives for the conduct of their betters.

Jenny. Why, ſo I thought, Ma'am—'Tis quite *intolerant*, ſays I, and impoſſible beſides—But they ſays, that old Mr. Maitland will never conſent to the match, and that he is willing young Mr. Maitland ſhould go to the wars, in hopes that it will break the neck of it.

Miſs Sc. To the wars, Jenny?

Jenny. Yes, Ma'am; for they ſays, as how that nobody goes over the ſeas, in theſe *trepidation* times, without fighting, Ma'am—ſo young Mr. Maitland may ſtand a chance of getting a wooden leg, or, may be, have his head chopped off by the *Gluttoner*, who, they ſays, is ſo greedy as to ſwallow a thouſand heads for a breakfaſt—and then, I thinks, Ma'am, he will pay very dear for the love of Miſs Clairville.

Miſs Sc. Ridiculous!

Jenny.

Jenny. Why, ſo I ſaid, Ma'am—It is the *hyperdiſtic* of folly, ſays I.

Miſs Sc. Flee his country, indeed! Let me hear no more of it, I charge you, Jenny.

Jenny. No, truly, Ma'am—and I told them all this—Says I, Mr. Charles, ſays I, knows better than all that there; and if he might have Miſs Dorinda Scornwell, I am ſure ſhe is better than ſhe, every day ſhe riſes, ſays I; and a *more richer, and a more prettier, and a more handſomer* lady into the bargain—and, ſays I, if ſhe is a *little older, what of that, ſays I, we cannot be always babies.*

Miſs Sc. Amazing!

Jenny. Yes, Ma'am, I did not ſpare them—not I—and I told them it was all as *falſity as falſity could be*; for that you were never deſirous to marry Maſter Charles in all your born days.

Miſs Sc. Aſtoniſhing! Where will your impertinence end? [*outer bell rings.*] Take yourſelf to the door, Miſs Impudence, and ſee if there is no meſſage for me. [*Exit Jenny, muttering.*

The ignorance of this wench is intolerable; yet I cannot ſay that I feel perfectly indifferent with regard to this extraordinary decampment: Maitland was once my favourite; and, were it not for the attention paid me by the irreſiſtible Colonel, I ſhould ſtill think it worth while to throw ſome impediments in his way—But what a captivating ſucceſſor is Colonel Mellfont; deſcended from a noble family, and of princely fortunes—it is true, he is my ſenior; but maturity hath its advantages—there can be no doubt entertained of my conqueſt of the Colonel's heart; his being here is a ſtrong evidence, and his mark'd politeneſs at the aſſembly laſt evening, is proof poſitive.

[*Enter Jenny, who preſents a billet.*]

Leave the room, Impertinence. [*Exit Jenny.*

[*Miſs Sc. reads.*] "Colonel Mellfont will not approach Miſs Dorinda Scornwell with compliments; preſuming on former acquaintance, he offers his reſpectful

ſpectful regards, and being extremely impatient to preſent himſelf before her, *having a very tender intereſt to plead*, he takes leave to requeſt the honour of a private conference. If Colonel M—— is fortunate enough to obtain Miſs Scornwell's permiſſion, he will wait on her, previous to the appointment for the afternoon."

O the dear, dear paper!

[*Preſſes it to her lips, and rings clamorouſly.*

[*Enter Jenny.*]

Is the man who brought this billet, gone, Jenny?

Jenny. He waits for an anſwer, Ma'am. [*ſullenly.*]

Miſs Sc. Return my beſt compliments—No—ſtop—I will write—but that will look too forward—let me ſee—Yes, it muſt be a verbal meſſage—Do you hear?—My beſt compliments to Colonel Mellfont, and I ſhall be at home to receive him. [*Exit Jenny.*

Now ſhall I be the envy of the whole town—the ladies will ſo rail—the gentlemen will ſo ogle—and at plays, balls, and card parties, I ſhall aſſume ſuch a well bred indifference, ſtare ſo confidently, and inſult my inferiors with an air ſo genteel, ſo careleſs, and ſo delectably imperious, that it will be divinely charming! —*Bloomville will abſolutely break her heart*—ha, ha, ha! *Poor thing! her fortunes have long been on the decline*—— But I will trip to my dreſſing-room, conſult my glaſs, and ſet my features in the beſt imaginable order.

[*Exit.*

SCENE—Another Apartment in Miſs Scornwell's Lodgings—Room highly decorated.

[*Enter Captain Flaſhet.*]

Capt. F. Heigh-day! the houſe alone here—but I'll ſoon make myſelf heard. [*Rings.*

[*Enter Jenny.*]

By Jupiter, a pretty wench. Hark'ye, ſweetheart, will you tell your lady, that her faithful ſoldier petitions for an interview?

Jenny. O yes, Sir, [*Exit Jenny.*

Capt.

Capt. F. There is nothing like doing things genteelly—Why, *Doctor Johnſon* would never have figured ſo wonderfully, *if he had not ſtudied the graces.* Let me ſee—ſhould I become a favourite with Miſs Scornwell, my fortune is made forever! and—and—I will live—O! how I will live!—Why, not even *Dean Swift himſelf, was ever a politer man, or a fonder lover,* than I will be. But here ſhe comes—here ſhe comes.

[*Enter Miſs Scornwell.*]

Miſs Scornwell, your moſt obedient.

Miſs Sc. O the malice of fortune! What ſent that coxcomb here? [*Aſide.*] Captain Flaſhet, this viſit is immenſely kind.

Capt. F. Learning, Madam, that you were engaged to viſit Mrs. Bloomville this afternoon, I have taken the liberty to call in, propoſing to myſelf the felicity of being accepted as the eſcort of the divine Miſs Scornwell.

Miſs Sc. O Sir! you are very polite; but I have ſome buſineſs of importance, which claims my previous attention.

Capt. F. Buſineſs! *O mores! O temporal'!* a lady of Miſs Scornwell's rank and fortune, attend to buſineſs! Now, by my ſoldierſhip, it is beneath you, Madam.

Miſs Sc. Why, as to that, Sir, the word *buſineſs* admits of various ſignifications—there are domeſtic affairs, there are commercial affairs, and a multiplicity of affairs—all of which come under the deſcription of buſineſs, and all of which, I do aſſure you, Captain Flaſhet, I moſt truly deteſt.

Capt. F. Certainly, Madam—certainly—I ſhould conceive, a lady of your good ſenſe would deteſt all theſe.

Miſs Sc. But then, Captain Flaſhet, you know there are other *people's affairs,* and there are affairs of the heart, [*looking archly*] both of which kinds of buſineſs may very properly help a fine lady to kill time.

Capt.

Capt. F. Very wiſely ſaid, Miſs Scornwell; the wiſe *Nero* himſelf could not have expreſſed it better.

Miſs Sc. Nero, Sir! if I miſtake not, Nero was a *Roman pontiff.*

Capt. F. He was, Madam, and very remarkable for his pithy ſayings.

Miſs Sc. You are diſpoſed to compliment, Sir; and indeed I am ſufficiently inclined to hear you; for I have always known how to ſet a proper value on the approbation of a ſoldier.

Capt. F. [*Bows to the ground.*] Madam, you are ſuperlatively good, and you are ſuperlatively fair, too; and, upon the faith of a ſoldier, Madam, I pronounce you to be as beautiful as a *full blown ſun-flower.*

Miſs Sc. As a full blown ſun-flower! I do not underſtand you, Sir.

Capt. F. Nay, be not offended—you are the quinteſſence of all lovelineſs, and your beauty exceeds even that of *Meduſa!*—that head becomes you infinitely—and, if I *believed* in *fairies*, I ſhould conceive you to be the divine *Erebus*, whom the *fiddler Jaſon*, with his *golden bow*, redeemed from the *lower regions*, *whither ſhe had ſailed with King Agamemnon, after his conqueſt of Bohemia.*

Miſs Sc. I am no reader, Sir; and, of courſe, theſe are names which are not familiar to me—Were they Engliſh, French, or Spaniſh, Sir?

Capt. F. O Lord! Madam, neither—it would have been groſsly impolite, to have compared the charms of Miſs Scornwell to any thing earthly—they were *heathen gods and goddeſſes*, Madam—But now I think of it, you mention the approbation of a *ſoldier*—Are you fond of muſic, Madam?

Miſs Sc. Immenſely ſo, Captain.

Capt. F. Well then, I will give you a ſong, which was compoſed by the *great Voltaire, in praiſe of ſoldierſhip, ſet to muſic by the Roman Hannibal, and ſung by James I. of England, when he was on the point of mounting a breach in one of thoſe victorious battles for which he was ſo celebrated.*

Miſs

Miſs Sc. I ſhould like it of all things, Captain Flaſhet.

Capt. F. [*Sings affectedly.*]

Say, is there aught which can compare
With the laurels ſoldiers wear?
Inglorious peace, what can'ſt thou give?
With thee no martial worth can live.
How we tread the enſanguin'd field!
The miſſive ſhafts well ſkill'd to wield;
Inglorious peace, what canſt thou give?
With thee no martial worth can live.
Hark, hark, through the air the cannon reſounds,
The ranks, how they thin; deſtruction abounds.
Our enemies flee,
Victorious we,
How bravely we preſs,
The foe ſhall confeſs
That undaunted we are,
While the ſtandard we rear,
And haſten loud pæans to raiſe,
And haſten loud pæans to raiſe.

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Serv. Colonel Mellfont, Ma'am.

Miſs Sc. Deſire the Colonel to walk in.

Serv. Yes, Madam. [*Exit Servant.*

Capt. F. O the devil! he here? [*Aſide.*

Miſs Sc. I am immeaſurably delighted with your ſong; but, I proteſt, you ſeem thoughtful, Captain.

Capt. F. The ſlave of your beauty, Madam—the approach of Colonel Mellfont has thrown me into the horrors.

[*Enter Colonel Mellfont.*]

Col. M. Miſs Scornwell, your moſt obedient. Captain, your ſervant.

Miſs Sc. [*Courteſying affectedly.*] Pray ſeat yourſelf, Colonel.

Capt. F. Sir, I am happy to ſee you—very happy, upon my honour.

Col. M. Sir, you are ſufficiently obliging; there are very few moments, when I do not receive pleaſure from the ſociety of my friends; but, having ſolicited the

honour of a private conference with Miſs Scornwell, I preſume that Captain Flaſhet is too gallant a man, to expect either compliment or preference.

Miſs Sc. Charmingly ſaid, upon my word—he is a divine man. [*Aſide.*]

Capt. F. Sir, you are a gentleman; and as *Achilles ſays, in Young's Paradiſe Loſt, let nor foot impertinent, nor eye obtruſive, invade the ſanctity of private ſentiment.* Sir, I am your moſt obedient humble ſervant. Miſs Scornwell, adieu. I wiſh I had not thrown away ſo many compliments on the fright. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit Flaſhet.*

Col. M. Captain Flaſhet is really a curioſity, Madam.

Miſs Sc. Yes, Sir, quite a curioſity. [*mincingly.*]

Col. M. Miſs Scornwell, I have taken the liberty to ſolicit this interview, on an affair of tender importance.

Miſs Sc. [*confuſed and looking down.*] S--i--r, you are—I never was at ſuch a loſs for words in my life. [*Aſide.*

Col. M. I have, Madam, a requeſt of a very delicate nature to make to you; and I flatter myſelf, in a boſom ſo compaſſionate, I ſhall not want an advocate.

Miſs Sc. Sir, I hardly think Colonel Mellfont can requeſt, what Miſs Scornwell ought not to grant.

Col. M. You are truly polite, Madam; I am aware that I have not been long enough in the liſt of your friends, to authorize my becoming your petitioner—but I throw myſelf entirely on your mercy, well knowing that in an ingenuous female mind this *celeſtial* virtue bears extenſive ſway.

Miſs Sc. Sir, I muſt own—I--I--I think, Sir, as you ſay, that our acquaintance is not of very long ſtanding; but I believe I may truſt to the honour of Colonel Mellfont—a ſoldier, Sir, will not betray a woman's confidence.

Col. M. No man of virtue, Madam, will ever betray a truſt.

Miſs Sc. I am perfectly of your opinion, Sir.

Col. M. I am a plain man, Madam, and rather advanced in years; a tale of love will come but awk-

wardly

wardly from my tongue; and it is ſo long ſince I have practiſed the language of ſupplication, that I am really at a loſs for proper terms, in which to clothe my addreſs.

Miſs Sc. Sir, I can diſpenſe with forms.

Col. M. Thank you, Madam; I have known much of ſorrow, and hence, perhaps it is that my feelings vibrate, even to agony, at a tale of woe.

Miſs Sc. Probably, Sir.

Col. M. If the tender boſom of my amiable friend has ever been intereſted by the perturbed ſenſations of an impaſſioned attachment; if ſhe can *experimentally* decide on the tyranny of the deſpot Love, *even when ſucceſs awaits his progreſs*, ſhe will be able to form an idea of the ſenſations of that heart in which hope is almoſt extinct, and her fair hand will be lent to extricate an unhappy man whom deſpair hath nearly engulphed.

Miſs Sc. S—i—r, however little I may know of love, were it conſiſtent with delicacy, I could own—I could acknowledge that my heart is far from being inſenſible.

Col. M. What can ſhe mean? [*Aſide.*] It would be impertinent, Madam, to preſs you further; and I will proceed to urge my ſuit with that energy with which deep feeling naturally inſpires a man who is *grown old in misfortune.*

Miſs Sc. Colonel Mellfont can never plead in vain; and, I muſt ſay that it will be a diſtant day before *his years will be conſidered as impeding his hopes.*

Col. M. Thank you, Madam—again I thank you; and, thus confirmed, I will proceed to ſay, that my yound friend, Charles Maitland—

Miſs Sc. Charles Maitland, Sir!

Col. M. Yes, Madam, Charles Maitland.

Miſs Sc. And what of Charles Maitland, Sir?

Col. M. Charles Maitland is the moſt deſpairing and impaſſioned of men!

Miſs Sc. Lord, Sir, I—I—I thought—I ſuppoſed —I—I—I—

Col. M. What, Madam, did you ſuppoſe?

Miſs

Miſs Sc. That you had been ſpeaking of yourſelf, Sir.

Col. M. No, Madam; certainly not; I have not the happineſs of knowing the lady.

Miſs Sc. What lady, Sir.

Col. M. Miſs Clairville.

Miſs Sc. Miſs Clairville, Sir! and is this the mighty matter that has occaſioned all this fuſs?

Col. M. Fuſs! Madam.

Miſs Sc. Do you mean to inſult me, Sir?

Col. M. God forbid!

Miſs Sc. Well then, Sir, what is Miſs Clairville, or Charles Maitland to me?

Col. M. Will you, Madam, condeſcend to hear me?

Miſs Sc. [*angrily.*] O by all means, Sir.

Col. M. I was told you were intimate with Miſs Clairville.

Miſs Sc. *I* intimate with Miſs Clairville!

Col. M. I was told ſo, Madam; *and, judging by my own feelings,* that you muſt have acquired an aſcendency over her mind; I took the liberty of ſoliciting this interview, for the purpoſe of ſupplicating for your intereſt in the boſom of this young lady in favour of my friend.

Miſs Sc. Lady indeed!

Col. M. If I have offended, Madam, I beg pardon.

Miſs Sc. It may be as well not to loſe him, however. [*Aſide.*] Pray, Sir, of what uſe was it ſuppoſed I could be in this buſineſs?

Col. M. We have ſome hope, Madam, that the attractions of Miſs Clairville may ſoften the oppoſition of the elder Mr. Maitland; and we entertained an idea, that the ſecuring the aid of Miſs Scornwell, would be one principal ſtep toward propitiating the mind of the young lady.

Miſs Sc. [*haughtily.*] Sir, you are deceived; Eliza Clairville is not of the number of my acquaintance.

Col. M. Is not Miſs Clairville a reſident in the family of Major Bloomville?

Miſs Sc. Yes, Sir: She is a *low bred girl,* with a tolerable face; a kind of upper ſervant, whom the childiſh

childiſh good nature of Mrs. Bloomville ſometimes permits to make one of the mutes in her private parties.

Col. M. I was informed ſhe was a young perſon of ſuperior worth and accompliſhments.

Miſs Sc. It is a groſs miſrepreſentation, Sir; however, I dare ſay, if you obtain the father's approbation, and if the ſon is in earneſt, (which, I aſſure you, I very much doubt) you will find little difficulty in obtaining the young woman.

Col. M. I begin to think, Miſs Scornwell, that it is poſſible you yourſelf may be deceived.

Miſs Sc. You will find the girl preciſely ſuch as I have deſcribed her.

Col. M. Then, Madam, I ſhall deeply lament the infatuation of my young friend.

Miſs Sc. She may pleaſe the eye, Sir; but, believe me, her power over Colonel Mellſont will extend no further.

Col. M. Your ſentiments, Madam, are a perfect contraſt to thoſe of Charles Maitland; and you will forgive me, if, in a point ſo nice, I ſuſpend my judgment.

Miſs Sc. O Sir, you are undoubtedly at liberty to decide for yourſelf; and I, Sir, ſhall take the liberty to decline all interference in this prepoſterous buſineſs.

Col. M. [*riſing.*] Well, Madam, I have only to beg pardon for this ill fated application. I ſhall have the pleaſure of meeting you at Major Bloomville's anon. Your moſt obedient, Madam.

Miſs Sc. [*courteſying ceremoniouſly.*] Your moſt obedient, Sir. [*Exit Colonel Mellſont, profoundly bowing.*

Audacious, ill-mannered fellow! But this ſame dirt-ſprung Eliza of their's ſhall pay for all. Yes; I will be revenged, if it is in the power of a woman's tongue to ſpeak thoſe daggers, the wounds of which are mortal! [*Runs off precipitately.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

No. LXXV.

No. LXXV.

Virtue Triumphant, concluded.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE—An Apartment in Major Bloomville's Houſe.

[*Enter Matronia and Mrs. Bloomville.*]

Mrs. B. WELL, really, my dear aunt, this early viſit makes me very happy.

Matr. I flatter myſelf, my love, that you do not now need to be told, my chief buſineſs in life hath long been to contribute to your happineſs.

Mrs. B. Certainly not—but why ſo ſerious, Madam?

Matr. Are you not my niece, my very niece, Auguſta?

Mrs. B. Dear Madam!

Matr. Did not theſe hands convey you from the breathleſs remains of your fainted mother, to that loved retirement, where it became my only conſolation to inform and to ſoothe your infant mind?

Mrs. B. My obligations to you, Madam, are immeaſurable.

Matr. Say, Auguſta, in thoſe intereſting moments, did you not ſweetly promiſe you would transfer to me all that vaſt ſtock of duty, which, had ſhe lived, would have been the unqueſtioned right of my angel ſiſter?

Mrs. B. Certainly, Madam; but you terrify me beyond expreſſion!

Matr. And tell me, dear Auguſta, have I not merited your confidence?

Mrs. B. You have merited my confidence, my gratitude, my every thing—but whither does all this tend?

Matr. Ah! Auguſta, I weep for you: How happens it that I have been the laſt to learn your unfortunate ſituation?

Mrs. B.

Mrs. B. Unfortunate ſituation, Madam?

Matr. Yes, Auguſta! the whole town is loud in its comments—you are ſcarce ever in your own houſe. Did happineſs dwell at home, Auguſta would meet her there!

Mrs. B. Dear Madam, I am not to be accountable for the cenſorious malice of an invidious world!

Matr. Your huſband, your family—I bluſh while I make the confeſſion, are entirely neglected!

Mrs. B. Has Mr. Bloomville given himſelf airs?

Matr. Airs, Auguſta! your huſband is too indulgent!

Mrs. B. Ah! Madam, as you were never married, you do not know what theſe men—the beſt of them, are!

Matr. Had my Edward lived, Auguſta, and had Hymen ſanctioned our plighted vows, it ſhould have been my ſtudy to have made him happy—I would have wept, when he wept—I would have rejoiced in his ſmiles; and my convivial hours ſhould all have been his.

Mrs. B. Dear Madam! a very trite adage is at my tongue's end, which I am half mad to utter.

Matr. What is it, Auguſta?

Mrs. B. Bachelor's wives, and old maid's children, are finely governed.

Matr. Strange, ſtrange levity! In the name of Heaven, from whence proceeds this change of character? I remember when you would weep at a tale of woe, and utter ſentiments that would have become a ſaint.

Mrs. B. Dear Madam, you are too ſerious—indeed you are!

Matr. Never ſhall I forget the divine morality that paſſed thoſe beauteous lips, when thou wert reſcued from impending death by the very man whom thy well-timed charity had ſaved from ruin. Ah! Auguſta, why hath not thy wedded days preſented the ripened fruit which thy early virtues promiſed? [*weeps.*]

Mrs. B. Would, I could dry thoſe tears, Madam.

Matr.

Matr. You can, Auguſta—My early ſufferings devolved my every hope on you; and, in your happier lot, I fondly calculated all thoſe virtuous pleaſures, and that tender glowing friendſhip, which, but for Edward's death, had bleſt my lengthening years.

Mrs. B. But, Madam, you lov'd, you fondly lov'd your Edward.

Matr. What ſays Auguſta?

Mrs. B. Shall I confeſs a truth?

Matr. I ſeek not for diſguiſes.

Mrs. B. Then know, my dear maternal friend, though much too late the ſad confeſſion, that I have never loved!

Matr. Aſtoniſhing! Can this be Auguſta Bloomville?

Mrs. B. Yea, verily—and hence ſhe ſeeks, in varied diſſipation, to ſuppreſs that chagrin, ſo dangerous if indulged!

Matr. In the name of Heaven, Auguſta, why did you marry?

Mrs. B. Becauſe—becauſe—becauſe it was the faſhion, Madam.

Matr. I charge you, on your obedience, that you be more explicit.

Mrs. B. You have a right to my moſt humble duty, Madam. Major Bloomville was a ſoldier of rank, of family, and of fortune—of unqueſtioned bravery, and gentle manners.

Matr. Well, very well, Auguſta.

Mrs. B. Yet, Madam, he did not particularly pleaſe me; I experienced not thoſe ſtrong ſenſations which I have heard deſcribed; and my unconſcious heart was as light as the party-coloured wing that ſkims the blue expanſe.

Matr. Proceed in your narrative.

Mrs. B. To admire Major Bloomville, became the faſhion—rival maidens contended for the military hero; and my vanity was agreeably flattered by bearing off a prize on which ſo many bright eyes had been fixed.

Matr.

Matr. But with what ſentiments did you marry Major Bloomville?

Mrs. B. Long before that ſolemn hour, which made us oſtenſibly one, I was fully ſenſible of the ſituation of my heart.

Matr. And why did you not deal frankly with your lover?

Mrs. B. I wanted reſolution, Madam.

Matr. Why did you not confide in me?

Mrs. B. Ah! Madam, I feared the comments of an invidious world, and trembled at its cenſures.

Matr. But I, Auguſta, could have borne you guiltleſs, becoming myſelf reſponſible for your imaginary errors.

Mrs. B. I never doubted your indulgence; but—

Matr. But what, Auguſta?

Mrs. B. But my coward heart, eſteeming Major Bloomville, and avowing no tender preference for any individual, ſhrunk from the various inferences, which receding would have furniſhed—and met him at the altar.

Matr. [*deeply ſighing.*] Alas! Auguſta; the ſolemn hour which witneſſed the perjured vow, hath regiſtered the guilty deed in heaven!

Mrs. B. *Guilty*, Madam!

Matr. Yes, Auguſta—for in the preſence of angels and of men, you made profeſſions which were foreign to your heart! on us too ſurely you impoſed, while bright celeſtials bluſhed at the tranſaction!

Mrs. B. [*Weeping.*] Wretched, wretched Auguſta!

Matr. You betrayed the tender confidence and fond attachment of a worthy man!—implanted mid his faireſt hopes the bitter ſeeds of anguiſh, and did him a moſt heinous injury.

Mrs. B. Tell me, revered woman, thou who formed my youth to virtue, is there no way by which I may yet recover the path of honour?

Matr. Yes, Auguſta; forgiveneſs dwells in heaven! let your huſband's wiſhes become your future ſtudy, and rectitude ſhall once more crown your hours.

Mrs. B. Shape thou my courſe, guardian of ſacred virtue, and I will ne'er recede.

Matr. Reflection, my beloved Auguſta, doth not ſhow you ſo very faulty, as your frankneſs, delicately ſuſceptible, hath repreſented.

Mrs. B. Bleſt indulgence! O ſpeak, and ſoothe my ſoul to harmony.

Matr. You eſteemed the man to whom you gave your vows—loved no one elſe—and your fidelity remains inviolate.

Mrs. B. It ſurely does.

Matr. Perhaps your gentle boſom was never formed to combat the ungovernable ardours of imperious love; all are not fated to ſubmit to its tyrannic ſway: Love is an impaſſioned flame which oft conſumes the nobleſt principles—it is a fierce monopolizer; and, truſt me, deareſt, at beſt an evaneſcent fire, which ſtorms its little hour, uſurping every thought, and then in air evaporates.

Mrs. B. Your words poſſeſs an honied influence, that ſteals into my ſoul with healing power.

Matr. Friendſhip is ſtill the *ne plus ultra* of every married pair—Friendſhip eternal is; it dwells in heaven, crown'd with immortal beauty.

Mrs. B. But what remains for thy Auguſta?

Matr. Reſpect your huſband's virtues—dwell on each ſplendid trait that marks his character; if he has faults, extend the ready mantle; let them not harbour in your boſom; but, far as you may, eraſe them from remembrance.

Mrs. B. Bleſt caſuiſt! a path ſo ſtrewed with flowers ſhould ſeem the great reward of peerleſs virtue.

Matr. Virtue is always pleaſant, and her rewards are with her!

Mrs. B. Already, Madam, my heart acknowledges that ſweet complacency, from which, alas! it long hath been eſtranged.

Matr. 'Tis a bleſt omen; and indeed, Auguſta, in every view your huſband merits much; he is at this moment ſtruggling with embarraſſments, which his tenderneſs

tenderneſs for your peace conſtrains him ſtudiouſly to conceal from you.

Mrs. B. I truſt, Madam, that in this inſtance your information may be erroneous; for it was but yeſterday that Mr. Bloomville ſent me home a rich emboſſed tea urn; and as I did not ſtand in need of ſuch an article, I think it could not be the offering of depreſſed circumſtances.

Matr. Auguſta, I have full authority for what I ſay; nay, I have myſelf this very day taken up money as a relief to his preſſing exigencies. The urn but ſerves to prove his fond ſolicitude to pleaſe; and at ſuch a criſis it is indeed an uncommon inſtance.

Mrs. B. [*Weeping.*] How barbarouſly have I requited ſuch unexampled worth!

Matr. Dry up thy tears, girl; thy future happineſs depends in a great degree on thy own conduct; from pecuniary embarraſſments Matronia can extricate thee; mean time, Miſs Clairville needs thy conſolatory ſoothings; haſten to her, deareſt, and I'll prepare to meet thy gueſts.

Mrs. B. Indulgent goodneſs! [*bows on the hand of Matronia.*] Mercy hath choſen thee on earth her venerable agent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—Miſs Clairville's Dreſſing-Room; Miſs Clairville ſeated in a penſive Attitude.

[*Enter Mrs. Bloomville.*]

Mrs. B. I have had, Eliza, a very intereſting converſation; my heart hath yielded up its moſt important ſecrets, confeſſed its faults, and received kind indulgence.

Eliza. Faults! Mrs. Bloomville! they muſt be eagle eye'd who can diſcover your faults!

Mrs. B. You are a ſweet flatterer; but my aunt is all kindneſs, and I her grateful penitent.

Eliza. Your aunt is indeed the firſt of women.

Mrs. B. True, Eliza; and thou, her charming copieſt, ſhall be my youthful monitreſs; why there is precept in thy eye, and I will learn to watch its dictates.

Eliza.

Eliza. Indeed, dear lady, you tinge the poor Eliza's cheeks with bluſhes; you certainly tax your paſt indulgencies too ſeverely.

Mrs. B. Ha! if you knew all!—but the world never ſaw ſuch a pattern of wifehood as your Auguſta is determined henceforth to exhibit. But enough of ſelf—I would diſperſe thoſe piteous ſighs which tear your gentle boſom.

Eliza. Have I not cauſe to ſigh?

Mrs. B. Undoubtedly; and yet I have a ſtrong pre-ſentiment that every cloud that gathers round your fortune will quickly be illum'd.

Eliza. This, Madam, is your wiſh; but I, who know it is impoſſible, may be allowed to mourn. [*Weeps.*

Mrs. B. Fie! my beloved Eliza; indeed you muſt not thus indulge your grief; your preſence in the drawing room, this evening, will be abſolutely indiſpenſable; in the new career on which I joyful enter, I ſhall have need of your ſupport.

Eliza. To convince you, Madam, how much I'd ſacrifice, did fortune lend the power, I will devote me to your wiſhes.

Mrs. B. Thou art a good girl, and we will put the beſt face on each misfortune, and thus convince the world that *evils of a moment poſſeſs no mortal arrows.*

[*Exeunt, arm under arm.*

SCENE—A handſome Drawing Room.

[*Enter Matronia.*]

Matr. I cannot but congratulate myſelf on my preſent proſpects; the recollection of my ſufferings begins to ſet more lightly on my memory, and I truſt my life will yet cloſe in tranquillity.

[*Enter Mrs. Bloomville and Eliza.*]

Mrs. B. Dear Madam, if we could reſtore peace to the boſom of this lovely girl, what a happy trio we might reckon ourſelves.

Matr. Time, Auguſta, with a due exerciſe of that fortitude which our dear Eliza ſo eminently poſſeſſes, will,

will, undoubtedly, beſtow on her the rich bleſſings of ſerenity.

Eliza. To that time, my commiſerating friends, I muſt refer my hopes.

Matr. Thou art a dear heroic girl, and virtue owns thy lineage.

[*Enter Major Bloomville.*]

Mrs. B. [*tenderly.*] My dear, your vacant ſeat at dinner reproached me very keenly.

Major B. [*with a countenance expreſſive of aſtoniſhment.*] What ſays my angel?

Mrs. B. That, having learned my duty and your uncommon worth, your abſence will, henceforth, be matter of regret.

Major B. Neceſſity, my love, can only tear me from you. [*Bows on her hand.*] But do I hear aright?

Matr. You do, George: Receive Auguſta, now fully worthy of all your tenderneſs.

Major B. [*kneeling.*] Thus on my knees, then, I receive the bleſſing; nor was the nuptial hour replete with half the joys that bounteous fate, in this glad moment, is laviſhing upon me!

Mrs. B. [*kneels.*] 'Tis I who ought to kneel and aſk forgiveneſs.

Major B. Forgiveneſs! Gracious Heaven!

Matr. Riſe, my children, and may the tranquil pleaſures of ſweet complacency attend your future hours. [*They riſe.*]

[*Enter William.*]

Will. Captain Flaſhet, Sir.

Major B. Let him come in, good William.

[*Exit William.*

Flaſhet is a harmleſs flutterer, whoſe ſingular frivolities will hardly check our pleaſures.

[*Enter Captain Flaſhet.*]

Capt. F. Ladies, your moſt obſequious—Major, your ſervant—Now, by Jove, I queſtion whether the *god Pan, when ſeated on the very pinnacle of the Alps, had three ſuch immaculate beauties to chooſe a wife from.*

Matr. When was the god Pan thus exalted, Captain?

Capt. F. Hiſtory, Madam, will inform you; I have forgotten my *Geography*.

Mrs. B. I fancy you mean *Chronology*, Captain.

Capt. F. Ah! it makes no odds, Madam.

Major B. Captain Flaſhet, ladies, knowing that, although Pan was god of the ſhepherds, he was not abſolutely confined to the vallies, but ſometimes ſkipped on the mountains, has thought proper to endow him with the prerogative of the Trojan youth, and having converted Mount Ida into the Alps, it is eaſy for him to change a deciſion of taſte into an hymeneal election.

Capt. F. You have hit it, Major, clearly; it is the very thing I deſigned.

[*Enter William.*]

Will. Miſs Dorinda Scornwell, Madam.

Mrs. B. Deſire Miſs Scornwell to walk in.

[*Exit William.*

Capt. F. Now ſhall we have an addition to our blazing ſtars.

Major B. You are quite gallant, Captain.

[*Enter Miſs Scornwell, courteſying all round—ſhe looks contemptuouſly at Eliza.*]

Mrs. B. Miſs Scornwell, we are happy to ſee you.

Miſs Sc. You are politely obliging, Bloomville.

Mrs. B. I expected you would have been accompanied by your friend.

Miſs Sc. Thank you, Auguſta, he will be here anon. Dear Bloomville, ſurely, you do not mean to act ſo ridiculouſly, as to let that upſtart Eliza make one of this evening's party? [*Apart to Mrs. Bloomville.*

Mrs. B. [*Aloud.*] Miſs Clairville is one of my moſt eſteemed friends, and as ſuch, Dorinda, I would thank thoſe who regard *me*, to reſpect *her*—I never wiſh to make one of any party which ſhe does not grace.

[*Miſs Scornwell fans herſelf haughtily—Eliza courteſies gratefully.*]

[*Enter*

[*Enter Charles Maitland.*]

Charles. [*Bowing to Major Bloomville.*] Accuſtomed to indulgence from you, Sir, I waited not to be announced.

Major B. The preſence of Mr. Maitland will always confer a favour.

Charles. Thank you, Sir. [*Talks apart with Eliza.*

[*Enter William.*]

Will. Mr. Maitland, ſenior, Sir.

Major B. Deſire Mr. Maitland to walk in.

[*Exit William.*

The ſociety of men of genuine worth, ſhould be always courted.

[*Enter Mr. Maitland.*]

Maitl. Major Bloomville, the centre of every virtue being ſtationary in your houſe, it will naturally attract the votaries of goodneſs.

Major B. Whatever may attract you, Sir, it is we who ſhall reap the benefit; and the friends of Miſs Clairville are always entitled to our preferable eſteem.

Miſs Sc. So, ſo—the mania is ſpreading, I find. [*Aſide.*

Maitl. Sir, you have ſpoken politely and properly. My good young lady, [*taking the hand of Eliza*] you muſt pardon this intruſion; it is natural for the planets to hover round their central orb.

Eliza. Mr. Maitland is entitled to my utmoſt veneration.

[*Enter William.*]

Will. A gentleman wiſhes to ſee Mr. Charles Maitland. [*Exit Charles and William.*

[*Re-enter Charles Maitland, introducing Col. Mellfont.*]

Charles. [*To Major Bloomville.*] Colonel Mellfont, Sir.

Col. M. Heavens and earth! What do I ſee? [*Eliza utters an agonized ſhriek, and ſinks fainting into the arms of Matronia—the ladies furniſh ſalts, &c. &c. —Colonel Mellfont graſps her hand.*] Oh my Eliza! my long loſt, long mourned, and ever loved Eliza! look up, my treaſure, and bleſs the man who lives but to ſhield and cheriſh thee. *Eliza.*

Eliza. [*Recovering, haſtily withdraws her hand.*] O ladies! bleſſed benefactors! guardians ever honoured, ever good!—protect me—ſave me from the *man who ſeeks my ruin!*

Col. M. You are deceived, Eliza; and when you fled from my paternal guardianſhip, you then abandoned the only *near relation* whom fate had left you.

[*All the company ſtand as if wrapt in mute aſtoniſhment.*

Eliza. My relation, Sir?

Col. M. Yes, Eliza—your maternal uncle—the only ſurviving brother of her who bore you.

Eliza. [*Weeping.*] Oh! do not ſeek to impoſe on the vain credulity of an unfortunate, who has taſted much of ſorrow!

Col. M. Hear me, my Eliza—I will call the Deity, and all the miniſtring ſpirits which circle round his throne, to witneſs my veracity.

Eliza. My parents were obſcure, and in the lowly grade of *honeſt poor humanity, obtained their bread.*

Col. M. So thou believed, Eliza; but liſten to an eclairciſſement, which, but for crimes atrocious, would long ere this have reached thy ear.

Eliza. Good Heaven, ſupport me!

Col. M. Thy mother was my eldeſt ſiſter, and only two revolving months witneſſed her wedded life. Thy father, Colonel Seymour's death, plunged her into a fixed melancholy, deeply impreſſing on her mind, that ſhe ſhould not ſurvive her infant's birth. Some circumſtances of her life had induced her to conceive; that perſons, bred to an expectation of affluence, could not ſo eaſily be formed to virtue, as thoſe who ſaw themſelves the offspring of poverty; and, thus conceiving, ſhe bound her family by engagements truly ſolemn, that, in caſe ſhe bore a daughter, the ſecret of her birth ſhould never be diſcloſed to her, until ſhe had completed her ſixteenth year. The event too well juſtified the prediction of thy mother; in giving thee exiſtence, ſhe yielded up her own; and her family conſidered her injunctions as ſacred.

Eliza.

Eliza. But did my uncle know of this affinity, while penning certain letters?

Col. M. Dear Eliza! thy uncle never penned thoſe letters—No, he deteſts the wretched ſcrolls—they were *forged*, my love; and forged by that execrable female in whom thou placed thy confidence.

Eliza. Gracious God! By Olivia?

Col. M. Yes, thou ſoul of beauty! Her wayward fancy fixing on thy uncle, and judging by appearances that *we meditated marriage*, contrived that horrid plot to bar our union! You recollect the jaunt which I propoſed, hinting at certain intereſting communications that I ſhould make—it was the very day on which you diſappeared—you had then reached the era appointed by your mother—the reſt you know.

Eliza. [*Kneeling.*] Father of infinite perfection! and do I graſp the dear paternal hand of a protecting uncle?

Col. M. Indulgent God, I thank thee! It is enough, enough, my dear Eliza—I aſk not how thou fled—ſome calmer moment ſhall tell me all. Mean time, come to my fond encircling arms, my lov'd, my long loſt child! [*Raiſes and embraces her.*] Yet thou muſt ſay, Eliza, how it happens that, rejecting the name of Seymour, thou weareſt that of Clairville?

Eliza. Olivia bid me wear it, as I valued life or honour.

Col. M. Her reaſon is moſt obvious—but ſhe no more exiſts.

Eliza. Hah! Is ſhe gone, my uncle?

Col. M. Yes, dear Eliza; and among her papers were found the fatal ſcrolls that urged thy flight: But alas! they furniſhed no friendly clue, by which to trace thy wandering footſteps out——But we forget, my love; wholly abſorbed in ſelf, we little heed our friends—yet will their kind indulgence, in ſuch a moment, diſpenſe with cold apologies. Haſt thou a heart to give, Eliza?

Eliza. Sir, your paternal wiſhes ſhall ever govern mine.

Col. M.

Col. M. Well, my beſt love, thy uncle knows the hiſtory of thy paſſion—he knows, and he approves. Thou art a noble girl—and know, thy mother's patrimony, with intereſt carefully improved, awaits thy order, and mine is in reverſion. Now yield thy willing hand—Maitland, approach.

Eliza. [*Giving her hand to Charles Maitland.*] Nor ever virgin felt ſincerer joy, than ſwells my gladdened heart at this beſtowment.

Charles. [*Kneeling.*] Exalted generoſity! Matchleſs goodneſs! [*Bows on her hand.*] Thus, on my knees, let me receive the heavenly inveſtiture—thus pay my vows, and grateful worſhip at the bleſt ſhrine of bright TRIUMPHANT VIRTUE.

Eliza. Riſe, my beloved friend! to trace thy ſplendid footſteps will be my great ambition.

[*Charles riſes.*

Maitl. Oh! I ſhall weep myſelf as blind as fortune. Why, who would ever have thought Ralph Maitland could be brought to this! Why, ſon—daughter—Colonel—but words are vain—*they are the extremes of folly; and ſilence only, the Medium of wiſdom!*

Matr. Till this bleſt hour, Eliza, my heart ne'er taſted a joy ſo unalloyed!

Mrs. B. My bounding ſpirit with difficulty preſſes down its big emotions!

Major B. Congratulations ſwim in every eye.

Eliza. Friends in adverſity, proſperity ſhall tell how well thy orphan charge deſerved thy bounty.

Miſs Sc. [*awkwardly.*] Can Miſs Seymour forget paſt diſobligations, for which the contrite author bluſhes with deep confuſion?

Eliza. In ſuch an hour as this, Eliza Seymour can find within her grateful boſom no place for dark remembrance.

Capt. F. Ah, I always thought that Miſs Clairville was the *Queen of Sheba in diſguiſe; and I expected ſome youthful Neſtor to bear her to her palace.*

[*Enter William with a face of glee.*]

Will. Mr. Weſton, Sir. *Major B.*

Major B. Admit the honeſt man, by all means.

[*Exit William.*

To ſuch a party, virtue carries its own credentials.

[*Enter Weſton.*]

Charles. Weſton, look there—how bleſt is the tranſition—Why, thy deſpairing friend now ſpeeds upon the fleeteſt wings of joy, and blooming hope deviſes arts yet unthought of, to enhance his pleaſures!

Weſton. The tale of tranſport met me in the outer court, my friend; Miſs Clairville's fainting diffuſed it through the houſe; and never man tendered congratulations with ſincerer joy.

Charles. I doubt it not, good Weſton; for mild benevolence is natal in thy boſom.

Weſton. It was with pleaſing haſte I ſped me hither; for, ſtanding at the water's edge, ten minutes ſince, I ſaw the ſhip Narciſſa, which we ſuppoſed had foundered, the property of Major Bloomville, full deeply laden, with ſails well trimmed, and ſtreamers flying, almoſt in port.

Major B. Thanks to indulgent Providence; and thanks to thee, friend Weſton. Then my affairs are all retrieved; not one regret remains. [*Preſſing the hand of Mrs. Bloomville, and regarding her with a look of enraptured tenderneſs.*]

Mrs. B. Why, 'tis a day of joy, my love, and it ſhall ne'er return, but we will deck it out with never dying garlands.

Col. M. [*to Eliza.*] Two hours ſince, I thought I plead the cauſe of a defenceleſs orphan; nor knew that happineſs awaited me in the ſweet perſon of her whoſe intereſt I eſpouſed. [*To the Audience.*]

And thus it ever is; VIRTUE is ſtill TRIUMPHANT, *and rectitude its own reward;* for, although her juſt arrangements are not always ſo conſpicuous, yet, pointed by conviction, truth brightens to the eye, and the obſerving mind will trace her lineaments in every proper action, nor heſitate to own the bleſt complacency that ſtill attends on VIRTUE.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

No. LXXVI.

The hero's ſoul, by dauntleſs valour nerv'd,
From honour's radiant path hath never ſwerv'd;
Brave though he is, yet judgment points his way,
And peaceful counſels in his boſom ſway.

PERHAPS there is not, in the whole catalogue of maſculine virtues, a more deſirable attainment, than that *ſyſtematic bravery*, which is the reſult of principles, deduced from a *rational* and *philoſophical view of the propriety of thoſe arrangements, conſequent on the agency of a preſcient and all-wiſe Firſt Cauſe.*

The true hero enters the field of battle with intrepid valour—his innate ſerenity of mind is produced by a regular and well digeſted train of reflections—with a degree of tranquillity, beyond the reach of accident, he mounts the breach, and, with manly firmneſs, he leads on the martial band—the alacrity of his movements are obvious; and, with fortitude unappalled, he prepares to meet the foe—innumerable deaths ſurround, yet he continues uniformly ſedate—he deviates not to the right, nor to the left; but, to more than probable deſtruction, he marches on, and the language of his conduct ſeems to be: "To die is not an evil; when found in the bed of honour, it is even eligible. As death is a *natural*, it is, *therefore, a beneficial event*: If I am under the guidance of a *ſupreme, all-wiſe, and all-gracious Being*, his regulations in regard to me, muſt be replete with judgment, rectitude and mercy. To die is the lot of humanity; the preſent mode of exiſtence muſt terminate; and every man, at ſome period or other, muſt inevitably ſubmit to the pangs of diſſolution. Let me, then, meet the angel of death, while engaged in a laudable purſuit; I ſhall only be removed from one ſcene of things to another; the curtain will ariſe upon a higher order of beings; and I ſhall ſtill continue under the cognizance of a paternal Creator. Honour demands my attendance in hoſtile

tile fields; let me, then, cheerfully obey: The voice of my country hath called me forth; the career is meritorious; glory beams its moſt tranſcendent rays; and, at the deſtined goal, I ſhall receive my laurel crown. Avaunt! then, every ghaſtly ſpectre; nor preſume to pervade, by the chaotic influence of diſorganizing heſitation, the region of my imagination. Length of days are not *principally* to be deſired—let me rather devote my life to the ſervice of thoſe with whom I ſtand connected—let me rather dignify the term of my probation, by achievements which deſerve to be immortalized! In a righteous cauſe I have drawn my ſword—if I fall, my exit is both expected and honorary, and I am prepared to meet my fate—if I eſcape, it ſhall be my care to aſcertain the juſtice of my claim to the warrior's meed, and Fame's loud clarion ſhall reſound my deeds of arms!"

Thus, come life, come death—tranquillity is the hero's portion; integrity preſides in his boſom, and valour is his birth-right: He goeth forth to the battle, and his countrymen, his friends, and his brethren, fall around!—Humanity drops a tear—but fortitude is ſtill an invulnerable ſhield; while, undiſmayed by danger, and beyond the reach of perſonal apprehenſion, he triumphs in the midſt of ſlaughter; and if, at length, the miſſive weapon urged againſt his life, ſhould tranſfix, by a mortal wound, he ſmiles beneath the icy darts of death—his equanimity is ſtill the ſame; and with placid compoſure he will reſign his breath. Such are the endowments he ought to poſſeſs, who entereth on a military career.

The true hero is alſo a uniform patriot—his ambition is circumſcribed by the public weal; and ſo well doth he love his country, that, although he poſſeſſeth the ſoul of valour, yet, if the councils of peace are dictated by, and conſiſt with honour, he will embrace them as his chief *deſideratum*. He loves, and he will protect his country—her emolument is the *ultimatum* of his wiſhes; but ſtill he is a citizen of the world, and the wounds of humanity tranſfix his ſenſibility.

He is the guardian of the people's rights—but he girdeth not on the ſword, except the manifeſto of their grievances is ſtamped by the broad ſeal of juſtice. A well regulated government is the ſovereign dictator of all his actions—his arrangements are the reſult of order, and his appeal is to the laws which are ordained. He loves his country—but he is not ſolicitous to enlarge her boundaries—he remembers that Rome, when ſhe ſtyled herſelf miſtreſs of the world, was not, in fact, more reſpectable than when her luſt of domination was confined within a narrower circumference. He is not actuated by that wild ambition, which, with maddening influence, urged the baleful progreſs of the Macedonian chief—he feels no Robeſpierian thirſt for human blood—he will never cry havoc, but when hard neceſſity compels—nor will he, but in the laſt extremity, let looſe the dogs of war. Thus, while every circumſtance of his life evinceth the energy of that *amor patriæ* which gloweth in his boſom, the broad philanthropy of his diſpoſition is ſtill proclaiming him the friend of man.

The profeſſion of arms is uſeful and reſpectable. The Patriot Warrior is deſervedly in poſſeſſion of the eſteem of mankind; and, if he acts a conſiſtent part, he is an ornament to human nature. It is in this walk that a WASHINGTON, the illuſtrious Hero of this younger world, hath reaped undying laurels! and his immortal deeds illume, with new-born ſplendors, the brave man's path!

His early virtues authorized the moſt ſplendid predictions; and, although ſequeſtered in his firſt years amid his native ſhades, the neighbourhood of his Vernonian groves contained the only witneſſes of his youthful progreſs; yet, from the ſtudies in which he was engaged, reſulted the moſt ſubſtantial and beſt kind of information, while the uſeful and the pleaſing enriched and adorned his mind. The mountain breeze endowed him with the glow of health; and he procured, from the pleaſurable and ſalutary toils which diverſified the enchanting ſcenes of rural life, a firm robuſt conſtitu-

tion,

tion, expanded limbs, and a graceful, majeſtic, and well proportioned exterior.

His filial piety was early evinced. At that period of ardent expectancy, when the vivid buds of hope began to unfold their tender leaves; when tip-toe imagination aſſumed its richeſt colouring, and the opening proſpect was arrayed in the moſt ſplendid hues; juſt as the intereſting youth had attained his fifteenth year, *although entered, under the moſt favourable auſpices,* on board a ſhip of war, and only not embarked—in a moment ſo critical, he was withheld from the eventful purſuit, by the tender remonſtrances of a mother, who, not availing herſelf of the authority with which nature had inveſted her, condeſcended to employ the language of entreaty. Soon, however, the venerable matron called into action that Grecian firmneſs, which was inherent in her boſom; and the youthful hero, while engaging in the military career, was enriched by the maternal benediction.

How honorary were his firſt onſets! and how ſtrikingly did they evince the unequalled abilities, that gave him an indiſputable claim to thoſe united ſuffrages, which have ſo repeatedly proclaimed him the *Man of the People*—the man who deſerved, and who hath received, both the military and the civic wreath.

Illuſtrious citizen! how faultleſs and how glorious are the ſplendid tranſactions which have marked and dignified thy eventful life! What American but muſt delight to trace the gradual ſteps, by which thou haſt advanced to thy preſent, *perhaps unparalleled, eminence!* Viewed in the aggregate, or in detached inſtances, thy adminiſtration muſt furniſh the boſom of every contemplative Columbian with immeaſurable complacency! A glow of conſcious exultation pervades reflection—thou art our countryman! we claim kindred with thy worth; and we derive a kind of reſpectability from this national affinity! Let us *trace* and *retrace—the theme is rich—its intereſt to an American ear will ſtill accumulate; and revolving ages will confeſs it inexhauſtible!*

It

It was a happy moment, in which our venerable legiſlators hailed a Waſhington, as Commander in Chief of the forces of United America! Armed with the weapons of defence, and girding on the ſword of power, his progreſs was aſtoniſhing, and his achievements truly important! Confuſion fled at his approach; diſcipline ranged itſelf under his banners; order preſided in his arrangements; and ſimple, untrained villagers became a regular army of brave, patient, and effective ſoldiers! The termination of the firſt campaign was worthy of the *philanthropic ſoldier*; and HUMANITY will record thoſe diſpoſitions, which reduced the Britiſh to the *neceſſity* of yielding up the metropolis of the State of Maſſachuſetts, *without the effuſion of a ſingle drop of blood*, among the foremoſt of his deeds of worth. But every thing was to be expected from a Chief ſo amply endowed by nature, and who blended with the *firſt abilities*, that *prudent caution* ſo requiſite in the catalogue of a *ſoldier's virtues*—who, while he was never *arrogant* or *aſſuming*, was, on every great occaſion, *nobly firm* and *becomingly dignified*.

The beſt principles of philoſophy were early implanted in his boſom. His *paſſions, all arranged by reaſon, were kept in uniform ſubjection*. He knew no party; and againſt the inroads of prejudice he erected the ſtrongeſt barriers. He was incapable of illiberal views or concluſions; and his movements, ever dictated by a ſound underſtanding and a well regulated judgment, were invariably marked by propriety. Accuſtomed accurately to inveſtigate, he became familiar with both the *probable* and the *poſſible*. He underſtood the relative concurrence of events, and was, in a good degree, prepared for the conſequences of the meaſures which he adopted. Always contemplative, his faculties were habituated to exerciſe; and hence his mind became invigorated and capacious, while he acquired the power of readily recognizing truth, and of embracing, in the midſt of difficulties, the moſt ſalutary and extricating expedients. To this effect is the ſketch, which thoſe, who are the beſt informed, have given of the *Hero of*

this

this new world; and the ſplendor of his career hath ſurpaſſed the higheſt ſtrains of eulogy!

His reply to the annunciation of his appointment to the conſpicuous and honorary ſtation, to which the combining ſuffrages of his country had elevated him, while it is amiably ingenuous and truly noble, is alſo evincive of unaſſuming worth and intereſting diffidence. Modeſty is a gem, which, advantageouſly diſpoſed, may ſparkle becomingly, even among the aſſemblage of manly virtues; and it frequently diffuſeth a luſtre over the braveſt exploits! Illuſtrious man! admiration is taſked, when ſeeking to clothe, in language adequate to their ſplendor, the matchleſs deeds which have marked a life ſo fraught with uſefulneſs! It is not aſtoniſhing, that his election to office was unanimous—it is not ſurpriſing, that he was received, by all orders of people, with every demonſtration of applauſe, nor, that the army, in particular, evinced their confidence by the moſt unequivocal acclamations of joy.

Our theme is indeed richly copious; and we invite the reader to purſue it through the pages of the next Gleaner.

No. LXXVII.

With gratitude we mark his ſplendid courſe.

HOW prodigious muſt have been thoſe talents, which were capable of conducting and effectuating in a part of the country, to which the hero had been recently introduced, "within muſket-ſhot of twenty Britiſh regiments, the diſbanding of one army, and the enliſtment of another!" But the path of this new ſtar in the military hemiſphere, ſeemeth to have been literally progreſſive.

All eyes were toward him; and every tongue was emboldened to expreſs the various ſentiments of an extenſive and a fluctuating populace, which, ignorant that their army was, in many inſtances, deſtitute of

arms and ammunition, presumptuously dictated measures that, if adopted, would have insured immediate destruction; and they ungratefully ascribed improper motives to the Commander of their forces, (who, from reasons of the soundest policy, concealed the distresses of his soldiers) because he did not rush to an instant, and probably fatal, decision!! But the Patriot Warrior loved his country; and, *more firm* than the Roman Fabius, he disdained to submit, *even for a day*, to the ill-informed impetuosity of an imperious multitude. His reputation was at stake—but his mind was truly noble; and, with inherent magnanimity, while assured of his measures, he *silently* submitted to the petulent reflections of invidious and injudicious men! How indisputably did he merit those testimonials of approbation, which marked his entrance into Boston! The voice of a *rescued* and *gratulating* people—Can strains more enchantingly sweet vibrate on the hero's ear? To be hailed as the DELIVERER of his distressed, and almost despairing fellow-citizens—What *car-borne* victor ever deserved or enjoyed a *triumph* more truly, more affectingly elevating! The general assembly of the Union applauded, and the concentrated voice of Massachusetts thus addressed him: "*May you still go on, approved by Heaven, revered by all good men, and dreaded by those tyrants, who claim their fellow-men as their property.*"

Thus wafted forward, he proceeded on, nobly persevering, amid circumstances of the most depressing aspect. Innumerable were the difficulties and hardships with which he was condemned to struggle; alarming disappointments of many high-raised expectations, general dejection, and an almost total defection of resources! What must have been the feelings of the *Patriot Warrior*, on the repeated desertions, so disgraceful to the American character, which, at some disastrous periods, were the events of every hour! How must he have agonized, while witnessing the universal gloom pourtrayed in the countenances of his reduced troops—"*the militia departing in whole companies,*

nies, and their example infecting the regular regiments," while ſubjected, by the neceſſity of retreating, to the moſt mortifying ſenſations, and forbid by prudence to exonerate himſelf from the defamatory remarks, originating in thoſe inevitable movements! Yet, by that innate probity which ever maintained its regency in his boſom, he was once more rendered greatly ſuperior to the ills that encompaſſed him; and, confident that his line of conduct would beſt conduce to the accompliſhment of that independence, at which America juſtly aimed, he calmly ſubmitted to a momentary envelopment, anticipating the elucidating criſis, which, withdrawing the veil, would preſent cauſes and effects in their true point of view.

Cowardice, alſo, dared to produce among the ranks of freemen, its daſtardly adherents!! O WASHINGTON! what were the conflicts of thy heroic ſpirit, at that portentous era, when all thy rhetoric was employed in vain—when both thy example and thy authority were ineffectual to the rallying thoſe *panic-ſtruck men*, who abandoned thee in thy utmoſt extremity!!! It cannot be matter of ſurpriſe, that, in a moment ſo tremendous, thou wert deſerted by thy wonted ſerenity—that the calm region of thy boſom became unuſually tempeſted, and, that the hurricane within well near proſtrated the barriers of reaſon.

This moſt intereſting period of the American revolution, and the effect of theſe calamitous events on the mind of her hero, is ſtrikingly ſketched by the hiſtorian: "The General having embarked in the American cauſe *from the pureſt principles*, viewed, with infinite concern, a behaviour ſo ſhameful! His ſoul was harrowed up with apprehenſions, that his country would be conquered, her army diſgraced, and her liberties deſtroyed. He anticipated, in imagination, that the Americans would appear to poſterity in the light of high-ſounding boaſters, who bluſtered when danger was at a diſtance, but ſhrunk at the ſhadow of oppoſition. Extenſive confiſcations, and numerous attainders, preſented themſelves in full view to his agitated mind.

mind. He ſaw, in imagination, new formed States, with the means of defence in their hands, and the glorious proſpect of liberty before them, levelled to the duſt. Impreſſed with theſe ideas, he hazarded his perſon, for ſome conſiderable time, in rear of his own men, and in front of the enemy, with his horſe's head toward the latter, as if in expectation, that, by an honourable death, he might eſcape the infamy he dreaded from the daſtardly conduct of troops, on whom he could place no dependence." To this humiliating and diſpiriting 15th of September, 1776, ſucceeded a train of calamities; for, although the diſmayed ſoldiers, in one gallant action, retrieved their military fame, misfortune, with baleful wing, ſtill brooded over the American ſtandard. Unutterable was the diſtreſs of the hero; and his embarraſſments and regrets, when retreating with his few remaining followers, deſtitute and forlorn, without the means of procuring the indiſpenſable neceſſaries of life, muſt have exceeded even the powers of conception! "Scarce an inhabitant of the towns through which he paſſed, could be induced to join his almoſt deſerted ſtandards, while he beheld numbers daily flocking to the royal army, to make their peace and obtain protection. When he contemplated on the one ſide, a numerous, well appointed, and full clad army, dazzling the eyes of the ſoldiers with the elegance of uniformity, and on the other, a few poor fellows meanly cloathed, ſinking under the preſſure of accumulated wants, and flying for their ſafety, what words can deſcribe his *augmented* ſufferings, as he thus witneſſed the American army relinquiſhing its General—the people giving up the cauſe—ſome of the leaders going over to the enemy—and the Britiſh commanders ſucceeding in every enterprize!"

But the Genius of Columbia, and of Waſhington, at length aroſe triumphant! It ſuddenly pierced the denſe clouds which had ſo long obſcured its radiance! Trenton and Princeton firſt experienced its reſuſcitating influence—brilliant was its progreſs—and auguſt the

arrangement,

arrangement, which, in the moſt critical conjuncture, ſtationed the hero betwixt the contending parties! See! he marches on to death or victory! his exhortations and his example are now glorioufly influential! The ſoldiers bravely follow, and incalculable advantages are obtained!—deciſive conſequences enſue—captivated towns are evacuated—the clouds are rapidly diſperſing—and the *ſun of liberty*, with genial influence, once more expands the tender buds of hope!——But, to deſcant upon the merits, the hardſhips, and the ſplendid and ſubſtantial ſervices of a Waſhington, volumes are inſufficient!

Truly arduous was his taſk. "To preſerve order," ſays the narrator of his actions, "and ſubordination, in an army of free republicans, even when well fed, clothed and paid, would have been a work of difficulty—But to retain them in ſervice, and reſtrain them with diſcipline, when deſtitute, not only of the comforts, but often of the neceſſaries, of life, requires addreſs and abilities of ſuch magnitude, as are rarely found in human nature. In this choice of difficulties, General Waſhington not only kept his army together, but conducted with ſo much diſcretion, as to command the approbation, both of the army and of the citizens."

Glorious meed! May the benign rays of gratitude, cheriſhed through theſe emancipated States, ever gild the laurels which it entwines. Every true American, paſſing on from theſe ſucceſs crowned ſcenes, will hail with pious rapture the memorable day which placed the Patriot Warrior at the head of theſe infant republics. Juſt ſuch a Father—juſt ſuch a Leader—juſt ſuch a Guardian of our long conteſted rights, our exigencies required. Grateful and upright retribution! happy unanimity!—thus did the hero merit—well had he earned the righteous tribute—and, in the annals of America, the 30th of April, 1789, muſt ever be conſidered as a prominent epoch; for on that day, her beloved WASHINGTON received the inveſtiture, which cloathed him with all the authority that FREEMEN COULD CONSENT TO DELEGATE.

See where he ſtands! an object of the higheſt veneration to his admiring countrymen—traits of affectionate and reſpectful gratitude are impreſſed on every countenance—thouſands are collected—all ranks and deſcriptions of people demonſtrate the gladneſs of their hearts, by unequivocal marks of hilarity—a general joy is diffuſed—and every tongue proclaims the hero, as the FATHER, the DELIVERER, and the illuſtrious PROTECTOR of his country! And now the oaths of office are adminiſtered—Mark! what fervour of devotion glows in his manly features, as he repeats the ſolemn affirmation!—See! with what inimitably becoming piety, he bends to kiſs the ſacred volume!—Hark! what a burſt of applauſe ſucceeds—loud and repeated acclamations! Oh! may he long live to iterate a triumph ſo auguſt, an elevation ſo unparalleled!

A ſpectator has happily ſketched the uncommonly intereſting ſcene, and expreſſively delineated his conſequent feelings. "It ſeemed," ſays he, "from the number of witneſſes, to be a ſolemn appeal to heaven and earth at once. Upon the ſubject of this great and good man, I may perhaps be an enthuſiaſt; but I confeſs, I was under an awful and religious perſuaſion, that the Gracious Ruler of the univerſe was looking down at that moment, with peculiar complacency, on an act which, to a part of his creatures, was ſo very important. Under this impreſſion, when the Chancellor pronounced, in a very feeling manner, "Long live GEORGE WASHINGTON!" my ſenſibility was wound up to ſuch a pitch, that I could do no more than wave my hat with the reſt, without the power of joining in the repeated acclamations which rent the air!"

From that eventful era, what tranſcendent wiſdom hath marked the regency of this illuſtrious, this *time-honoured man!* How accurately hath he diſtinguiſhed merit! how deliberate are his counſels! how firm and impartial are his deciſions! and how judicious are his rewards! While he is the patron of the good, he regards even the ſons of ſedition with lenity: Their progreſs over the weſtern mountains, was marked by the

the hero with ſuch regrets as became a patriotic chief; yet, amid the impending ſtorm, his equanimity remained unruffled; with placid dignity he aſſumed that power, which, as a ſacred depoſit, he had accepted; while the angel pity preſided at his deliberations, and ſweet mercy pointed all thoſe arguments which the heavenly pleader knew to urge. The poor delinquents were viewed with paternal tenderneſs, and humanity dropped a commiſerating tear! Rectitude, however, aſſerted its prerogative, and the ſword of juſtice was *more than half unſheathed*—This was enough—Diſcord, appalled, and ſhrinking from the awful face of offended government, ſought ſhelter in oblivion; and the golden reign of order was again reſtored.

Thus honourable hath proved the military career! thus ſplendid is the path of the *Patriot Warrior!* Envy ſickens at the view; but her pointed arrows have loſt their murderous powers—the ſlanderous tongue of envenomed faction is either mute or ineffectual—and through thy borders, bleſt Columbia! the healing voice of truth, peace, and unexampled proſperity, auſpiciouſly reverberates.

N°. LXXVIII.

Oft times the mind, where melting pity reign'd,
And gen'rous worth the regency ſuſtain'd
Where all the glowing virtues were impreſs'd,
With philanthropic ardour greatly bleſs'd,
By dire misfortunes finds its feelings ſteel'd,
And apathy becomes the boſom's ſhield!
Gloomy miſanthropy in courſe ſucceeds,
And a long train of hydra miſchiefs leads:
Where ſympathy in hue vermilion glow'd,
And where "*the milk of human kindneſs flow'd*,"
There pale diſguſt purſues its barren walks,
And rancour o'er the mournful ruin ſtalks.

IT is a melancholy truth, that the beſt minds, when outraged by injuries, and rendered callous by a ſeries of unmerited misfortunes, too often become the receptacles

receptacles of inflexible auſterity. The virtuous philanthropiſt, urged by his ardent love of mankind, paints individuals agreeably to his ſenſe of moral rectitude; he hath imaged in his mind a pleaſing model, he delineates the virtues which he conceives attainable, he is ſolicitous for the elevation of the human character; what he wiſhes, he conſiders as practicable; and, adopting an admeaſurement of accompliſhments that rarely ever exiſt, he is continually ſubjected to diſappointment, and that kind of diſguſt, which terminates in a cynical arrangement of thoſe propenſities that were originally replete with the beſt affections of which humanity is ſuſceptible.

The little narrative, ſelected as the ſubject of this Gleaner, is a ſtriking proof that miſanthropy obtains its moſt rampant growth in the ſoil of virtue; that misfortunes are its manure, the impaſſioned ſighs of anguiſh its genial atmoſphere, and the torrents deſcending on the cheek of woe its fertilizing ſhowers.

Octavian was a youth, whoſe dawn of being authorized the higheſt expectations; amid an aſſemblage of the moſt brilliant qualities, he poſſeſſed that endearing benevolence and tenderneſs of diſpoſition, which would become thoſe attendant ſeraphs appointed to hover round the children of mortality. The young philanthropiſt was an enthuſiaſt in his attachment to his ſpecies, and he was fond of believing their virtues inherent, and their vices the reſult of caſualty or foreign agency. His education was truly judicious, and every year ſerved to advance and to ameliorate thoſe rare qualities that enriched his mind. His ſenſibility was extreme; and the ardour of a luxuriant fancy taught him to regard this globe as a paradiſe, and its inhabitants as adminiſtering ſpirits, ordained as aids to each other. Even reaſon ſeemed to quaff the intoxicating draught; and as his fine underſtanding was embelliſhed by a pleaſingly prepoſſeſſing exterior, and the demiſe of his excellent parents had early made him the entire maſter of a very handſome property, perſons were not wanting, who, by the exereiſe of captivating

tivating urbanity, contributed to heighten and to continue the ſweet deluſion.

Thus accompliſhed, and thus circumſtanced, did the young Octavian commence the eventful career of life. Honour, highly wrought, and glowing with the moſt liberal purpoſes, was created the maſter ſpring of every movement; while rich in conſcious worth, and eſtimating perſons and things by his own feelings, he ſeemed to tread enchanted ground, gaily anticipating more happineſs than the calculation of experience would aſſign to a million of mortal lives. He looked around, and the wide extenſive globe, with the blue ſerene of heaven, alike conſpired to ſwell his heart with ineffable rapture; his path was ſtrewed with flowers; pleaſures, laudable in their ſource, were the companions of his days; and from the far diſtant haunts, and ſituations the moſt barren, he induſtriouſly extracted a motive for complacency. Thus enchantingly the lucid viſion ſwam before him; ſuſpicion ſlept in its caverns; friendſhip aſſumed its moſt benign aſpect; and love, garbed in all the captivating allurements of youth and beauty, unveiled before him its bewitching features; the irreſiſtibly commanding paſſions aſſerted their inborn vigour, and every faculty was engaged. Nature, when ſhe attuned his heart to the refinements of amity, rendered him alſo capable of the tender paſſion in its utmoſt extreme, and its ungovernable emotions and delicious tumults ruſhed forcibly on his perception; a viſion of halcyon days ſucceeded; freely he indulged the dream of fancy; and, without a ſingle pauſe of diſcretion, he wedded the young, the gay, the beauteous *Meſſalina*, incautiouſly entwining thoſe bands which were to enſure felicity, or to tinge with the blackeſt hues his future deſtiny!

But Octavian heſitated not to affirm, that he had attained the ſummit of bliſs; and it muſt be confeſſed, the catalogue of his enjoyments was ample; virtuous, rich, ſentimental, enamoured with the world, bleſt with a choſen friend, whom he conceived attached to him by every tie which the moſt cordial amity could

throw about the heart; and, to complete the picture, wedded to a female who had been followed by a crowd of candidates for her favour, who *apparently* returned his tenderneſs with equal ardours, and whoſe movements ſeemed the reſult of diſcretion; was there a good which Octavian poſſeſſed not?—Once more he turned his admiring gaze, and the face of contentment gladdened his eye, while the voice of congratulation vibrated ſweetly on his ear. He had been accuſtomed to embrace *appearances* as *realities*; and while beneficence acquired new energy in his boſom, again he bleſſed the celeſtial countenance of humanity.

In this delirium ſome months rolled away; but the child of proſperity generally becomes a mark for the envenomed ſhafts of the invidious. *Envy ſet on foot her machinations—injurious reports were whiſpered*—the feelings of Octavian were wounded, and the darts were urged by thoſe on whoſe *good offices he had fondly calculated.* Friendſhip, truth and honour, he no longer ſuppoſes them the inmates of every boſom, and ſuſpicion rankled in his breaſt. He traced the tale of ſcandal, and ſome *oblique hints* glanced on the faith of that *early friend*, whom, from the firſt dawn of reaſon, he had cheriſhed as his life's rich treaſure. For a moment he became petrified by the *intimation*, while horror aimed at his peace an icy dart. Alas! from that fatal period the dark paſſions were all unchained: Miſtruſt, aſſuming the aſcendency, commenced its regency, and the obſervations of ſo indefatigable and eagle eyed a ſcrutator produced a conviction of the blackeſt perfidy. The diſcovery was, however, gradual; at firſt, prevarication, equivocal or hollow appearances of kindneſs, a manifeſt declination of wonted attentions, the ardours of attachment indiſputably ſubſiding, the total diſappearance of thoſe honeſt tranſports which had ſwelled each glowing feature, eſtrangement ſucceeding, the ſilken bands of amity, "*ſtring after ſtring*," by cold reſerve, "*were ſevered*," the habits of generous confidence gave place to icy diſtance, and the agonizing era at length preſented, when inſult, contemptu-

ous

ous diſdain, and barbarous ridicule keenly pointed the perfidy, which thus beyond a doubt was demonſtrated. The injuries Octavian had received were moſt atrocious; under the ſacred name of friendſhip, the abandoned wretch whom he had truſted had ſeduced the too credulous Meſſalina! who, becoming an eaſy prey to the deſtroyer, imbibed with avidity his licentious principles; while abundantly more criminal than the well known Ninon de L'Encloſe, (who broke no ſolemn vows) her amours were notoriouſly multifarious, and caprice was ordained diſtributor of her guilty favours!!!

Poor Octavian! who but muſt weep his unmerited fate! *The world, on which he leaned,* has pierced him through with many ſorrows; from what an eminence is he precipitated! how hath his golden dream of happineſs vaniſhed! how agonizing is the void in his boſom! All elſe he might have borne—but to the overwhelming force of a calamity ſo deeply aggravated, what Stoic fortitude could have remained inacceſſible? In that tremendous hour, which gave indubitable conviction of the infidelity of the deluded Meſſalina, what conflicting emotions, what foul harrowing paſſions were concentrated! There, where his confiding heart had fondly truſted, where he had accumulated his beſt and deareſt wiſhes! ſhe, who was the object of his unbounded admiration, who he was poſitive united every thing which he believed of virtue, who was the univerſe to him!!—Suddenly conviction was forced upon him; the ties of love are rudely torn aſunder, and the cup of felicity is daſhed from his lips! Octavian ſaw himſelf alone in the world; an object of truſt exiſted not; thick darkneſs enveloped his mind, and he ſickened at the journey of life! Diveſted of motive, the vigour of exertion expired, and the blandiſhments of hope were at an end. The conſequences were natural; for while retroſpection was replete with all the anguiſh of regret, the pencil of futurity was employed in ſketching viſions the moſt dark and comfortleſs; and the conſtant recurrence of

memory

memory to those gaudy visions, which had so deeply imposed on the confiding morning of his existence, loudly proclaimed in the ear of his understanding, that suspicion, ever on duty, was the only guard he could oppose to the base treachery of deep, designing, artful man.

Thus those sentiments, formerly arranged by mild benignity, taking their hue from the most endearing sweetness of disposition, now arming against each other, produced a chaos in his breast; where bloomed the sweet flowers of complacency, there sprung the poisonous weeds of mistrust and bitterness of spirit; while those rich fervours which nerved the glowing purposes of benevolence, now miserably warped by disappointment, heightened the rancour of the misanthrope, pointed his implacability, and produced him the determined enemy of his species; and thus on the ruins of philanthropy were unfurled the misanthropic banners; gloomy malevolence raised high its ramparts, and war, inveterate war, was declared against humanity! His abhorrence of mankind hourly augmented; nor did he assay to struggle with feelings which procured him a transient and savage relaxation from inquietude; but studiously cultivating the severest austerity of disposition, after procuring a divorce from the perfidious woman who had completed his ruin, he took refuge in the retired recesses of his own apartments, uniformly secluding himself from every inquirer.

It was at this period, that, urged by pity, and wishing to point his views to that futurity, which is to distressed humanity truly consolatory, I often presented myself at his door; but although I petitioned in a supplicating tone for entrance, I could never gain admittance; and, trusting that reason, when time had ameliorated his deep regrets, would resume her salutary guidance in his bosom, I forbore to press upon his sorrows the continuance of a request altogether unavailing, and obviously considered as impertinent.

There were others, however, who, more persevering or more curious, forcibly passed those doors, which

Octavian

Octavian had determined to bar againſt every foot but that of one domeſtic, whoſe ſervices the exigencies ſo intimately inwoven with exiſtence rendered abſolutely neceſſary. The unfortunate man received the intruders with inflexible reſentment; and, accuſing them of an unwarrantable violation of thoſe privileges to which as a citizen he was entitled, he added, that he had looked for ſecurity within his own walls, but that he was fearful the globe could furniſh no place of refuge againſt the inroads of an animal ſo ſavage as the human; and ſternly inſiſting on their immediate departure, he affirmed that if they continued their unwelcome moleſtations, as he ſhould be far from oppoſing himſelf to their united ſtrength, he ſhould be neceſſitated to commence the life of a wanderer, ſeeking ſome remote cavern, where he might hide himſelf from the hated viſage of beings who excited his moſt abhorrent feelings, and from whom his full ſoul revolted!! Our gentlemen, abaſhed by a rebuff ſo uncommon, and ſo determined, haſtily retired. But Octavian, ſuſpecting that he ſhould be ſubjected to their future encroachments, ſuddenly withdrew himſelf from their knowledge; becoming a voluntary exile from fortune, friends, and all thoſe blooming hopes, which, in the gay metropolis where he received a being, had approached him in the moſt faſcinating garb. Immediately on his departure, a man of merit, who was his relation, took poſſeſſion of his eſtates; from which the unhappy and ſtill notoriouſly guilty Meſſalina receives an annual proviſion.

I have frequently converſed with the preſent poſſeſſor of thoſe eſtates; but his ſilence to every queſtion relative to his kinſman, hath been firm and invariable; and I deſpaired of obtaining further information of the loſt Octavian, until proſecuting ſome weeks ſince a journey which I was neceſſitated to make; in conſequence of an unavoidable detention, I was benighted in the midſt of a road that I had ſeldom travelled; and a ſudden and violent ſhower of rain, adding to the inconvenience of my ſituation, I haſtened for

ſhelter to a neighbouring wood, where I had not remained many moments, when a remote glimmering attracting my attention, my curioſity was irreſiſtibly excited; and I determined to follow the clue which the light preſented: Diſmounting, therefore, and ſecuring my horſe, I made the beſt of my way over the rougheſt road I have ever paſſed; when, arriving at a ſmall cottage, almoſt emboſomed by a tall growth of trees, I knocked vehemently at the door; and the pelting rain at that moment ſo ſtrongly enforced the propriety of my demand, that a reluctant entrance was cautiouſly granted: The door was opened by an old man, bent by a weight of years; and the wary heſitancy which marked his movements, contributed not a little to augment my ſurpriſe.

"*It is a man, Sir,*" in faultering accents, ſaid he to a groteſque figure, who, with folded arms, occupied a corner of the hermitage. "*Well, well,*" returned the Recluſe, in a tone of diſpleaſure, "*let him continue during the violence of the ſtorm, but when that ſhall abate he muſt not delay his departure!*" With an addreſs the moſt inſinuating I could aſſume, I approached the ferocious maſter of this myſterious cell, who, catching a glance of my countenance, haſtily endeavoured to conceal himſelf from my obſervation. The expreſſion of anguiſh which ſuddenly pervaded his features, was, however, but too evident; and under an aſſumed acrimony, it was obvious that he harboured the moſt corroding glooms! His ſorrows were contagious; my ſympathetic feelings inſtantly confeſſed their power, and commiſeration impelled an eſſay to alleviate his misfortunes. Summoning therefore all the rhetoric of which I was maſter, I proceeded to urge whatever I imagined might aſſuage the anguiſh of a mind ſtruggling with the ills of life. He heard me with a kind of ſullen diſdain, when, taking advantage of my firſt pauſe, and waving his hand with an emotion of deſpair, to my great aſtoniſhment he replied, "*I know you, Sir—I know you, Mr. Vigillius,* from my boyiſh years I have known you; *you are ſaid to be a man of virtue;*

virtue; but I am not to be deceived; my name is Octavian, Sir—the *ſuffering, the betrayed Octavian; I was betrayed by virtue, Sir; hear this, and learn the neceſſity of your inſtant departure.* I deteſt the affectation of rectitude—it is but a maſk to conceal the blackeſt purpoſes; but if you would ſtill wear the ſemblance of integrity, I charge you to conceal the place where my wretchedneſs hath found an aſylum. No one until now hath penetrated my retreat; my ſecret hath been lodged only in the boſom of this aged man, and the perſon who makes me the neceſſary remittances, *whoſe intereſt it is to be faithful, as his poſſeſſion of my property depends on his ſilence.*"

Had Octavian been fully aware of the alteration he had ſuſtained, his ſecret might have remained in his own boſom: I ſhould never have recognized him; that expreſſion of divine benevolence, which mantled on his cheek, had given place to a deep and hollow countenance, the hue of which was become pallid and unpleaſing; on his ſmooth and well turned forehead, grief had imprinted her furrowing characters; habit had bent his fine figure, while ſorrow, anticipating the hand of time, had bleached his head, every hair was white, and his unrazored beard ſwept venerably on his boſom! If the ſtranger at firſt ſight had ſtrongly intereſted me, the early loved and long lamented Octavian now took full poſſeſſion of every faculty of my ſoul; and, graſping his hand with a ſudden exclamation of pity and admiration, I preſſed it alternately to my lips and to my boſom.

"*No, Sir, I will not leave you;* Providence has conducted me to this cell, and nothing but violence ſhall turn me from the path to which our common Father hath directed me!" A tranſient acknowledgment of ſurpriſe eſcaped Octavian, at the energy of my words and manner; and, in defiance of his impaſſioned remonſtrances, devoting the whole night to him, I laboured to awaken him to thoſe ſympathies, which had ſo long remained proſtrate in his boſom. I confeſſed that he had been the victim of a deep deſigning villain,

lain, aſſociated with a perfidious woman; but his mind, I obſerved, had been too highly wrought, and his confidence in mankind in the aggregate, impoſing on his underſtanding, had blinded him to the neceſſity of inveſtigation. I acknowledged that vice, in its moſt odious practices, was but too prevalent; yet I aſſerted that examples of generous rectitude were frequent in our world; and I held up to his view many inſtances, ſelected from the preſent day. Good and evil, it was notorious, alternately predominated; and it was a duty, highly incumbent on minds faſhioned like his, inſtead of remaining ſequeſtered amid the ſolitary wilds of nature, to occupy their underſtanding and their judgment in deviſing methods for the extirpation of crimes, and for the promoting and eſtabliſhing the intereſts of virtue.

Theſe were the themes on which I largely expatiated; but, alas! my efforts effectuated not the deſired purpoſe: And, while he affirmed that his hatred and deteſtation of his ſpecies were utterly inſurmountable, the *vehemence of his manner enforced a ſtrong conviction of his ſincerity*. Repeatedly he implored me to leave him; but my perſevering ſolicitude was not eaſily overcome; nor did I quit the cottage, until I obtained what I eſteemed a capital conceſſion, permiſſion to repeat my viſits. And ſhould I be the fortunate inſtrument of reſtoring Octavian to the world, with all thoſe ſocial feelings with which the omnipotent hand of his Creator endowed him, I ſhall then poſſeſs at leaſt one claim to the gratitude of mankind; and I ſhall, in ſuch a propitious event, with honeſt exultation, again produce him an object worthy the attention and approbation of the moſt meritorious among my readers.

No. LXXIX.

To all the various grades that mark mankind,
Diſcriminating manners are aſſign'd:
Propriety erects her decent bounds,
And every ſenſe of real worth ſurrounds;
She points her land-marks, deſignates her lines,
Conſorts with order, and with truth combines;
Each juſt diſtinction ſtudiouſly preſerves,
Nor from her radiant courſe one moment ſwerves.

THERE is, undoubtedly, a beauty and a conſiſtency in uniform propriety, which is beyond the reach of thoſe irregular flaſhes that are ſometimes the production of caprice or chance; and we may as rationally rank the efforts of the Egyptian magicians in the ſame claſs with the divine miſſion and heaven ſanctioned miracles of the Iſraelitiſh law-giver, as compare an action, however *beneficial in itſelf*, which is merely the reſult of a momentary impulſe, to that ſyſtematic virtue that is founded on the arrangements of reaſon, confirmed by habit, and matured by experience.

Propriety, ſaid a friend of mine, is my deity—and if we muſt commence idolaters, I do not ſee that he could have choſen better: Nay, I will go further, and while I am beyond a doubt with reſpect to the *only true* object of adoration, I will hazard a queſtion whether the *ſelf-exiſting* Firſt Cauſe may not, *in fact*, be worſhipped under the comprehenſive term *propriety*? It is certain that every thing uſeful and becoming muſt proceed from the Author of every good; and, while we render homage to the Parent of the univerſe, it may not be eſſential whether we hail him as "*Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.*"

I am free to own, that I am wonderfully attached to this ſame Propriety; I would careſs her as my boſom friend; ſhe ſhould be an attendant ever on duty; and I would conſtitute her the inſeparable companion

and

and guide of every moment of my exiſtence. I have a ſet of nerves ſo whimſically conſorted, that by a confuſion of characters, unbecoming uſurpations, and a groſs departure from the lines evidently deſignated by nature, I am abſolutely unhinged, plunged into a kind of melancholy, and rendered, for the time being, totally unfit for ſociety. Indeed every violence done to order, is naturally ſucceeded by deformity; and it is undeniably true, that there are no arrangements ſo perfect, but may be eſſentially benefited by regularity.

Many an individual has paſſed a laborious exiſtence in purſuit of an object he hath never obtained, merely becauſe his efforts have been improperly directed. I know a lady, born and educated in one of the ſouthern States, in which ſhe ſtill continues to reſide, who poſſeſſes talents ſufficient to render her reſpectable, and in whoſe boſom a ſolicitude to pleaſe has been from infancy the ruling paſſion: She is now far advanced in life; ſhe is in poſſeſſion of affluence; and ſhe was early wedded to a gentleman who concedes to her full power to conſult, in every reſpect, her own taſte: Her ſons and daughters are all advantageouſly diſpoſed of in wedlock; and ſhe devotes her time and fortune to attempts at conciliating eſteem; yet it is at this moment altogether problematical, whether this well meaning old lady has the good fortune to pleaſe any individual except her huſband! How ſhall we account for a circumſtance ſo adverſe? We anſwer—ſhe is not under the domination of propriety. It is evident ſhe poſſeſſes great goodneſs of heart; her apartments are the reſort of the rich, the young, and the gay; ſhe is free of acceſs to perſons of every deſcription, who can form the ſmalleſt pretenſions to decency; her table is elegantly furniſhed; and her muſic, her wine, and her ſuppers, are the theme of many a tongue. Balls, card-parties, and morning collations—of theſe ſhe is liberal; and, as it is her choice to ſee company at home, ſhe ſeldom ſubjects her gueſts to the expenſe of entertaining her in return. Her benefactions are numerous; ſhe is ambitious of ſupplying even *imaginary wants*;

and

and the ribbons and laces which ornament many of the younger part of her acquaintance, are the production of her undiſtinguiſhing bounty.

Her life has been unoffending; I never learned that ſhe was in any inſtance eſſentially culpable; and yet I have always heard her mentioned with contempt, and that kind of ridicule which has manifeſtly evinced that her whole plan of operations has been radically wrong. To inſtance—ſhe mingles with every deſcription of gueſts; and, although it is long ſince ſhe hath paſſed her grand climacteric, ſhe is ſtill garbed in habiliments ſo fantaſtically gaudy, that, was a girl of ſixteen thus clad, ſhe would inevitably draw upon herſelf the combined cenſures of prudence and of elegance. But it is not enough that ſhe is reprehenſible in the choice of her apparel; her perſon, thus prepoſterouſly arrayed, is now ſeated at the card-table, and now placed at the head of the dancing party, grouped with girls and boys, who, while they ſoothe her by the moſt flattering encomiums, impatiently wait the opportunity of turning her into deriſion; ſhe *walks down the ranks*; and, having unfortunately *no ear for muſic*, ſhe is commonly out of time and place; and, in the ſame moment that ſhe is thus ridiculous, ſhe fancies herſelf the object of univerſal admiration!

Poor deluded lady, ſhould thy eye ever glance over this page, let not its ſincerity offend; truſt me it is penned by one who is ſuitably impreſſed by a due reſpect for thy virtues, and who has repeatedly combated in thy behalf. It is beyond a doubt, that thy ſolicitude to pleaſe is not only juſtifiable, but laudable; and the prime error in thy arrangements, hath been the neglecting to engage that *propriety* which is a guide every way adequate to the conducting us through the moſt intricate paths. That thou haſt miſſed thy goal, circumſtanced as thou art, cannot be matter of wonder: We regret thy diſappointment, and as we are in poſſeſſion of ſuch documents concerning thee, as convince us that thy ruling paſſion is ſtill ſtrongly operative in thy boſom, we are happy that it is not yet too late to

ſketch

ſketch for thee a plan, which, if adopted, will infallibly inveſt thee with that deſideratum at which thou haſt ſo long ineffectually aimed.

We will be careful to abridge thy pleaſures as little as poſſible; and, as ſociety may be requiſite to cheer the winter of age, we will agree that thy extenſive acquaintance ſhall be the coevals of thy convenience. Of parties of pleaſure, under the direction of amity and corrected hilarity, we decidedly approve. Muſic has been ſtyled intellectual food; and dancing combines the advantages of exerciſe, with convivial enjoyment. But, although we unheſitatingly allow thy frequent aſſemblies, we cannot admire thy *individual wanderings*; thy ſmiles and thy preſence may ſanction youthful glee, while no *antique movements abſurdly point the venerable appearance thou haſt received from the hand of impreſſive time.* Doſt thou want exerciſe, thy convenient carriages wait but thy command to waft thee to the charming receſſes of the village groves; and all the rural pleaſures of which the peaceful hamlet is productive, are at thy command. A celebrated writer informs us that the poliſhed ſons and daughters of France always refuſe to mingle in the dance, after they have paſſed the age of thirty. *French etiquette* has long been diſtinguiſhed and obſerved; and I am free to own, that I admire the *propriety* of this reſolution.

There is, unqueſtionably, a period when the manners of the human being ought to aſſume a dignity of character, when they cannot conſiſtently nor gracefully deſcend to frivolity; and we ſhould be careful that we do not forfeit that reſpectability, which is the prerogative of years. Obſerve the time-honoured matron who hath enliſted under the banners of *propriety*; her brow is not contracted by ſeverity—ſhe preſides in the circles of gaiety, without caſting a cloud on their enjoyments—ſhe mingles in the parties of the youthful candidates for pleaſure; and thoſe remarks which ſhe is occaſionally induced to make, drawn from the treaſury of wiſdom, are calculated both to delight and inform.

form. Her ſentiments are the growth of a good underſtanding, enriched by experience, and they are pointed by candour; ſhe is regarded as a model, and beloved as a friend; her language is never adulatory; and yet ſhe haſtens to render that juſt tribute of praiſe which ſhould be conſidered as the unalienable reward of merit. When ſhe is under the neceſſity of pointing out a fault, the perſuaſive energy and conviction of her remarks, combine that kind of mildneſs, which is always ſure to ſoothe, while they effectuate the reformation they are deſigned to procure; her looks, her movements, her every arrangement, is deſcriptive of *propriety*; condeſcending dignity is inſcribed on the features of her finely expreſſive countenance, and all who behold her are conſtrained to admire and to venerate the truly *conſiſtent matron*. By the benedictions of the young people of both ſexes, ſhe is conſtantly followed—they court her ſociety with avidity, and retire from her preſence cheerful, grateful, and comparatively happy. In her gratuities ſhe judiciouſly *diſcriminates*, and ſhe uniformly prefers aiding the efforts of the deſerving orphan, who, by the aſſiſtance of her needle, is ſtruggling to obtain a decent ſupport, to the pleaſure of adding a few yards of lace to the ornaments of her greateſt favourites. Once I knew ſuch a female; but alas! ſhe is now no more—the big ſtream of unavailing ſorrow marked her exit; the virtues clad in ſables joined the funereal proceſſion; *propriety* mourned the deceaſe of the moſt unoffending of her votaries, while the regrets of all ranks of people were productive of a general lamentation. Sweet is the recollection of her life; and her memory, embalmed by her worth, will endure until the powers of retention ſhall be conſigned to oblivion.

If thoſe in whoſe boſoms a deſire to pleaſe irreſiſtibly predominates, gave themſelves time to reflect—if they would eſtabliſh the regency of *propriety*, conviction would unavoidably follow, and they would then know that a regular and perſevering conformity to her dic-

tates, is the only career, the unclouded ſplendor of which can effectually ſilence the clamours of rancour and the hootings of envy. The confounding different periods of time and deſtroying thoſe diſcriminating marks which are calculated to deſignate characters, muſt always diſguſt; the man who would mount the breach, cloathed in canonicals, would be alike prepoſterous with him who ſhould aſcend the pulpit, arrayed in a ſuit of full trimed regimentals! and the giggling Miſs who has juſt completed her tenth year, habited in the gravely fancied garb, deſigned to enrobe the decent limbs of the venerable matron, is not more ridiculous than the woman of ſixty, whoſe ill choſen ornaments anſwer no other purpoſe than to render her an object of deriſion! The truth is, ſhe thus excites attention to the years ſhe hath numbered, forcibly pointing her longevity by the very method ſhe hath taken to conceal it! her gay apparel ſeems to multiply the furrows on her face, every unbecoming article apparently deepens her wrinkles, and renders ſtill more hollow the hollow of her cheeks.

Cuſtom has judiciouſly affixed to the various ranks in ſociety its aſcertaining marks, and we cannot ſee her barriers thrown down, or the ruſhing together of the different claſſes of mankind, without regret. Had I been born a female, it is very poſſible I mght have conducted as females do; but however this might have been, I think I could not have denied that the fantaſtical trappings of dreſs are *always* indicative of a frivolous mind. It muſt be confeſſed that plainneſs of apparel is much more deſcriptive of dignity of character than embroidered veſtments, furbelowed robes, or full dreſſed caps. Singularity of dreſs is a peculiar trait in the principles of quakeriſm, and the garb of this ſect is calculated to give a rational impreſſion of their tenets. The plain quaker-coloured ſattin, neatly ſewed together, the milk white muſlin or lawn, faſhioned into the becoming handkerchief and well ſet coif—in ſhort, the *tout enſemble* of the modeſt quaker's attire hath gene-

rally

rally extorted the moſt unequivocal teſtimonies of approbation. A maiden thus clad prefers at firſt ſight her claim to our eſteem—we are not impelled to an appreciation of the value of that time ſhe hath murdered at her toilette—we have no uſeleſs appendages to calculate, and we indulge a pleaſing hope that ſhe has devoted her hours to the cultivation of her underſtanding.

I do not recollect ever to have heard a ſingle gentleman expreſſing his ſentiments on dreſs, who has not been deciſive in his preference of the quaker habit. I know ſome men who are mute on almoſt every other ſubject, who, whenever this is introduced on the tapis, are even eloquent in the avowal of their admiration—and ladies of the beſt underſtanding have regularly given their voices on the ſame ſide of the queſtion. How then does it happen that every deſcription of women among us, quakers excepted, are ambitious of exhibiting as much of ſhow in their apparel, and of making as glittering an appearance as their ideas of the rules impoſed by elegance and propriety will admit? This is an enigma reſerved for THE SEX to explain; and in the mean time it may be preſumed, that when the period arrives which ſhall render it *faſhionable* to accuſtom females to an early attention to *uſeful ſtudies*, which ſhall teach them to reaſon, inveſtigate, and compare, and to invigorate their underſtandings by a comprehenſion, and a conſequent adoption of thoſe arguments which reſult from ſound ſenſe, and are recognized by truth—when, I ſay, in the hiſtory of human nature, this period ſhall have diſplaced the adminiſtration of frivolity, I will pledge my reputation that their dreſs will become an object of leſs importance, that it will be remarkable for its ſimplicity, and that every abſurdity will be baniſhed from the toilette.

No. LXXX.

No. LXXX.

Perhaps 'tis well with lenient eye to view
Thoſe errors that from inexper'ence grew—
To ſhield the germ that may perchance expand,
If by the airs of ſoft indulgence fann'd.

To the AUTHOR *of the* GLEANER.

SIR,

YOUR prompt attention to "*Virtue Triumphant*" induces me to forward you *The Traveller Returned.* It is the ſecond Dramatic production of the ſame Author, and is, perhaps, as worthy to ſupply a few numbers for the Gleaner as the firſt. I am, Sir, with due reſpect, your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

PHILO AMERICANUS.

THE TRAVELLER RETURNED.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

MEN.	*WOMEN.*
Mr. RAMBLETON	Mrs. MONTAGUE
Major CAMDEN	HARRIOT MONTAGUE
Mr. STANHOPE	EMILY LOVEGROVE
ALBERTO STANHOPE	Mrs. VANSITTART
Mr. VANSITTART	BRIDGET.
PATRICK O'NEAL	
OBADIAH.	

Members of the Committee of Public Safety—Officer, Soldiers, Sailors, and Servants.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE—A Parade—Sea Proſpect—Ship diſcovered at a Diſtance.

[*Enter Mr. Rambleton.*]

Rambleton. 'TIS well—auſpicious morn, I hail thy gladſome rays—once more I breathe again my native air—

air—once more I tread that earth, now doubly dear, for having given birth to ſuch a race of heroes, as Rome, in all her pride of greatneſs, could never boaſt.

[*Hallooing without.*]

[*Enter Patrick, with Sailors bearing Trunks.*]

Patrick. Ow, may I never ſee my own ſweet country again, if I did not think this *land* of America had been all *ſalt water*, d'ye ſee, we were ſo long in finding it. Arrah now, *while we are ſtanding here*, by my ſoul we may as as *well be looking after a place to reſt our-ſhelves* in, ſo we may.

Ramb. Here, friends depoſit your burdens in this niche. Your ſhip is under ſail; it will be prudent for you to get on board as ſoon as poſſible. Farewell, comrades. [*Gives them money.*]

Sailors. [*all vociferate*] God bleſs your honour; you are a gentleman. God bleſs your honour!

[*Exeunt Sailors.*

Ramb. Now, Patrick, you muſt keep guard here, while I proceed to reconnoitre.

Patr. Ow, that I ſhall maſter; but did you not ſay now, that you ſhould be after taking your land tacks on board?

Ramb. I did, Patrick; twelve miles from this city, nineteen years ſince, I left my family.

Patr. Twelve miles, do you ſay? Ow then, that is but a trifle, my dear: It is only *ſix miles a-piece*, maſter; and who would grudge that, I wonder, for the ſake of ſeeing the ſweet faces of wife and children. But did not you ſay now, how that you had *written them word you was dead, or the like of that?*

Ramb. I ſaid, Patrick, that they probably ſuppoſed me dead, for they have not heard from me ſince I left them. A friend whom I commiſſioned for that purpoſe has informed me in general terms of their welfare; I forbad particulars.

Patr. Arrah, is not that ſtrange, now?

Ramb. I have very powerful reaſons for my conduct; and remember, Patrick, you muſt be ſecret.

Patr. Ow, never fear Patrick O'Neal, Sir; an Iriſhman ſhall hang, drown, and quarter for you, Sir, and afterwards ſerve you every bit as well as if *nothing at all at all* had happened.

Ramb. I had an eſtate in this city. I am not ſure that I ſhall not find my family here; but my preſent purpoſe is to take lodgings.

Patr. Arrah, get out with that, now. If Patrick O'Neal was *three thouſand miles ſeparated* from his bit of an Iriſh girl, he ſhall ſwing his hammock *cloſe along ſide of her for all that, Honey.* Give me *lave* to ſay, Sir, would it not be better if you went right home to your own wife, now?

Ramb. All in good time, Patrick. But hiſt! who have we here? Stand a one ſide.

[*Enter Major Camden.*]

Major C. This ſea breeze is very refreſhing during this ſultry ſeaſon; I will enjoy it a little. Hah! a ſhip under ſail, and without colours, too! this looks ſuſpicious. Bleſs me! a ſtranger of dignified mien and prepoſſeſſing aſpect; I will accoſt him——It is a divine morning, Sir.

Ramb. It is ſo, young man; and I feel enough intereſted in you to wiſh you may enjoy it.

Major C. Thank you, Sir. Can you tell from whence came yonder ſhip, that now crowds every ſail to quit our coaſt?

Ramb. I can, Sir. You wear your country's uniform, and it is a fair preſumption that you will emulate her virtues. That ſhip, Sir, is Britiſh property, hired by me to tranſport myſelf, my baggage, and my ſervant, acroſs the vaſt Atlantic.

Major C. But are you not apprized that our guardian legiſlators have recommended to the good people of the United States a ſuſpenſion of all intercourſe with the ſubjects of his Britannic majeſty, during the war?

Ramb. Yes, Sir; but I preſume they have not proſcribed the true-born ſons of America?

Major

Major C. Certainly not, Sir.

Ramb. Well, Sir, in this land of liberty I commenced my being. Some years previous to the preſent ſtruggle, private motives induced me to quit it; and, perhaps, I ſhould not yet have returned, had not fame's ſhrill clarion ſo loudly ſounding my country's honours, have given to ambition the fleeteſt wings, and thus accelerated my ſuſpended purpoſe.

Major C. Your words involve conviction: And yet, perhaps, I ſhould not truſt.

Ramb. The morn of life is ſeldom found ſuſpicious—I come prepared to aid a ſtruggling people—My purſe, my counſel, they ſhall both be their's; and, if need be, my ſword ſhall fight their battles.

Major C. [*pauſing.*] What is the line of conduct which Camden ſhould purſue?

Ramb. *Camden!—hah! that name awakens in my ſoul the ſtrongeſt paſſions.* [*Aſide.*] If you have doubts, examine well my baggage—my perſon—I dare the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny.

Major C. Pſhaw! I diſdain ſuſpicion, and venerate your frankneſs.

Ramb. Only direct me for a ſingle night to ſome convenient lodging.

Major C. I am at preſent here on duty; will you accept apartments under the ſame roof with me?

Ramb. Moſt gladly.

Major C. Then, Sir I will conduct you.

Ramb. I will ſpeak to my ſervant, and accompany you immediately. Here, Patrick—

[*Patrick comes forward.*

Patr. Sir.

Ramb. I ſhall ſend perſons, who will aſſiſt in conveying my trunks to my lodgings.

Patr. So do then—and, by the body of St. Patrick, my *ſhelf* ſhall be able to carry them like nothing *at all at all.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to an Apartment in an Inn.

[*Mr. and Mrs. Vanſittart at breakfaſt.*]

Mrs. V. Why huſband, at this rate we ſhall certainly ſtarve! *Vanſ.*

Vanſ. Vife, vife! I *to viſh* you *woult* eat your *preat ant putter*, and let that content you at *this preſent time.*

Mrs. V. Content me! Lord, how can I be contented? no *jonteel* people are contented: Beſides, are we not over head and ears in debt, and not a ſingle dollar to help ourſelves? I thought, when I married a Dutchman, who, they ſay, can make land out of water, that I ſhould at leaſt have been above ſo low a thing as poverty.

Vanſ. Lort, Lort! Mrs. Vanſittart, you are quite *unreaſonaple* now—Have not I *tolt* you a *thouſant* times, that I *coult* not *vork* without tools? Suppoſe I *pe* a *Tutchman—vhy* my *creat* anceſtor, Van Tromp himſelf, *coult* never fleet his ſhips *vithout vater.* You are as *pat* as the Egyptian taſk-maſters; for you are *alvays* expecting *preak vithout ſhtraw.*

Mrs. V. I ſay, huſband, there is ſtraw enough; and you miſs many a *jonteel* opportunity. Major Camden for inſtance—he could not appear ſo *alegunt* without a power of money. I warrant you, his trunks contain many a good pound; and, as he is in ſuch haſte to get rid of his caſh, as to part with it to every ſhameleſs beggar, no one could ſay, it would not be doing a *perlite* thing, to aſſiſt him in the diſpoſal of it.

Vanſ. Torothy, Torothy! how are we to come at it, *at this preſent time?*

Mrs. V. Get every thing in readineſs, force the trunks, make off before we are diſcovered, and thus give all our creditors the ſlip at once.

[*They riſe from table.*

Vanſ. Mercy on us! mercy on us!

Mrs. V. In the general confuſion into which the great people are thrown, it would be eaſy to retire *indignantly* with our money, and nobody would be the wiſer.

Vanſ. Torothy, Torothy! toſt thou never reflect? [*Screams in her ear.*] *Toſt* never think of the *callows, chilt? Cot a'* mercy! it *voult* make my very *ploot* chill, to ſee my poor *tear Torothy* ſwinging in the air!

[*Affects to weep ludicrouſly.*

Mrs.

Mrs. V. Lord! Mr. Vanſittart, how could you fright a body ſo? [*Knocking at the door.*] I ſha'n't get the odious figure out of my head to-day—you are as *unperlite* as a *Heartentot*. [*Knocking at the door repeated.*] Do ſee who is at the door; for pity's ſake, how came it faſtened? [*Vanſittart opens the door.*

[*Enter Major Camden, introducing Mr. Rambleton.*]

Major C. Landlord, I have brought you a new lodger, and I recommend him to your beſt attention.

Vanſ. [*Bowing.*] *Ve ſhalt pe prout* to *vait* on the *ſhentleman, at this preſent time.*

Major C. Mrs. Vanſittart, be ſo obliging as to order breakfaſt in your little parlour.

Mrs. V. You ſhall be obeyed, Sir. [*affectedly.*

Major C. I will ſhow you into the parlour, Mr. Rambleton.

[*Exeunt Major Camden and Mr. Rambleton.*

Mrs. V. Rambleton—Rambleton—Who can this ſame Rambleton be?

Vanſ. Rampleton, Rampleton—and *vat* the plague is that to you?—Now, *vhy ton't* you ſet *apout* getting *preakfaſt* for the *ſhentlemen*, I ſay?

Mrs. V. Lord! man, it is already got; I have only to order it in. [*Exit Mrs. Vanſittart.*

Vanſ. Vicket jate! vicket jate! it *vill pe* a *vonter* if ſhe *toes* not *prink* me to ſhame; *ant* yet, *Cot* knows, I have *creat* occaſions. If I *coult* ſafely come at a *coot hantſome rount* ſum, I *pelieves* I *ſhoult* not ſtick at pocketing it, any more than poor *Torothy*.

[*Loud knocking at the door.*

[*Mrs. Vanſittart paſſes haſtily over the ſtage, and throws open the door.*]

[*Enter Patrick, with Porters bearing trunks.*]

Patr. Arrah now, good people, can you tell me if one Mr. Rambleton has caſt anchor hereabouts?

Mrs. V. O yes, Sir; and he is now at breakfaſt in the parlour.

Patr. Arrah, then, Patrick O'Neal did not care if my *ſhelf* had a little of that ſame breakfaſt, *after Maſter*

ter Rambleton has eaten it, Honey. By my ſoul, I am quite *wary*—ſo I am; and if you ſhall *be after* ſhowing me where I will ſtow this rich cargo, I will be for ſtepping into your cabin a bit, and *trating* myſelf with *breakfaſt, dinner and ſupper, all at one meal*—ſo I ſhall.

Mrs. V. Here, Mr. Patrick—this way, this way, if you pleaſe; I will ſhow you Mr. Rambleton's chamber.

Patr. Mr. Patrick! How the *jeuce* could the ſweet *crature* find out my name, now?

[*Patrick and the Porters follow Mrs. Vanſittart with the baggage.*]

Vanſ. So, ſo—Mrs. Vanſittart is likely to get into *buſineſs*, I *fint, at this preſent time.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—A Parlour in the Inn.

[*Mr. Rambleton and Major Camden juſt riſing from the breakfaſt table.*]

Ramb. Well—I would travel many a rood to ſee this wonder of a man: I have never doubted his intrepid valour and inborn patriotiſm; but, are his military talents ſo great as you deſcribe?

Major C. I hold them to be unequalled, Sir. Having the happineſs to be born in the neighbourhood of Mount Vernon, I have enjoyed the patronage of the General, and I have been an eye-witneſs of the moſt glorious achievements.

Ramb. Cannot you furniſh me with ſome examples? I ſhould dwell with ſingular pleaſure on a recital ſo intereſting.

Major C. Fame early marked the ſteps of the youthful Warrior; and his political addreſs, undaunted bravery, and military talents, were all evinced in his journey from Wincheſter, his defence of Fort Neceſſity, and his judicious arrangements after Braddock's defeat.

Ramb. His conduct would indeed have done honour to a veteran.

Major

Major C. And, Sir, were there no other proofs of his uncommon military abilities, but the victorious actions of Trenton and Princeton, (both of which were the reſult of his ſuperintending genius) they were alone ſufficient to place him on the higheſt ſummit of martial glory!

Ramb. Young man, I admire thy generous warmth.

Major C. O, Sir! had you ſeen him in an hour of the greateſt public depreſſion—his noble boſom torn with apprehenſions for his oppreſſed country—hazarding his perſon in front of the enemy's line—animating his followers by example, as well as precept—and, with intrepid valour, preſſing on *to death or victory!*

Ramb. May eternal bleſſings crown his honoured head!

Major C. Various are the ſcenes which have witneſſed his undaunted bravery; while his unyielding fortitude and equanimity, under the preſſure of complicated evils, authorize the moſt elevated ideas of the firmneſs and magnanimity of his mind.

Ramb. It is hardly poſſible to reverence his virtues too highly; and yet, the ignominious death of Major Andre has taught ſome people to queſtion his ſenſibility.

Major C. Gracious God! Had they witneſſed the ſtruggles, which the fate of that intereſting, brave, and truly accompliſhed man occaſioned in the boſom of the Warrior, they would have learned to venerate the ſorrows of a martial ſpirit. But, Sir, there are periods, when *ſacrifices on the altar of public opinion become abſolutely indiſpenſable.*

Ramb. Undoubtedly there are.

Major C. Queſtion his ſenſibility, Sir! he deeply laments the calamities of the war! and, while his ſoul bleeds for his country, the delicacy of his feelings acknowledges a ſuitable ſympathy with the unfortunate of every deſcription.

Ramb. This finiſhing of his character gives me inexpreſſible ſatisfaction.

Major

Major C. I glory in my country, Sir; and, while I do reverence to Warriors, Philoſophers and Stateſmen, whoſe fame ſhall reach the utmoſt verge of poliſhed humanity, I forget not to eſtimate, as they deſerve, the merits of thoſe matchleſs ſoldiers, whoſe hardſhips have been incredible—who have withſtood the moſt ſplendid offers of the enemy, when, at the ſame moment, their footſteps over the frozen ground were tracked by their blood!

Ramb. Heroic men! they merit more than language can expreſs! How long have you ſerved in this unequalled army, Sir?

Major C. My father had deſigned me for mercantile life; but, on the commencement of hoſtilities, he received letters from a friend abroad, which determined him to arm me in my country's cauſe.

Ramb. Little does he ſuſpect the hand which penned thoſe letters; but, though my bounding heart would leap into his boſom, I will not yet diſcloſe myſelf. [*Aſide.*] To bear arms in defence of the invaded Rights of Man, is truly honourable, Sir.

Major C. It is ſo, Sir; and many brave citizens have lately joined our ſtandards. Some hours hence, the noble volunteers will rendezvous on that parade where firſt we met: Should your curioſity lead you thither, you may obſerve a ſpecimen of that ſpirit which actuates the boſoms of FREE AMERICANS!

Ramb. I will not loſe the opportunity, Sir.

Major C. Engagements unavoidable command me hence.

Ramb. Do not heſitate—we are both at home.

[*Exit Major Camden.*

I will attend to my baggage, and then prepare for obſervation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—A Bed-Chamber in the Inn.

[*Enter Mr. Rambleton, preceded by Patrick.*]

Ramb. Patrick, I have buſineſs abroad, and I wiſh you to tarry within during my abſence.

Patr.

Patr. *Juring* your abſence? Ow! that I ſhall, Sir? and, *although I wander all over the city, I ſhall not ſtir a bit.* Never fear Patrick O'Neal, Sir.

Ramb. Well, good Patrick, leave me for the preſent.

Patr. Ow! that I ſhall now, with the *biggeſt pleaſure in life.* [*Exit Patrick.*

Ramb. So far is well. [*Takes out a box, from which he produces a miniature picture, richly ſet, on which he gazes impaſſioned.*] Angelic lovelineſs! and could ſuch a form become the receptacle of deliberate vice? Yet ſhe was groſsly wanting, both to herſelf and me, if not abſolutely guilty; and this day muſt decide, whether the portrait or the original ſhall ever again reſume their ſeat in my boſom. [*Puts up the miniature in the box, and places it on the toilette.*] My agitation, ſo near the ſcene of action, is extreme. Perhaps—But I'll think no more—It is full time that I commence my operations. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

No. LXXXI.

THE TRAVELLER RETURNED, continued.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE—An Apartment in Mrs. Montague's Houſe.

[*Emily Lovegrove is ſeated in a contemplative attitude—ſhe riſes and advances forward.*]

Emily. MISFORTUNE upon misfortune! The loſs of my dear and tender parents! my patrimony, reduced by the ruinous paper currency almoſt to nothing; and, as if theſe repeated ſtrokes were not ſufficient, I am no ſooner adopted by the ſiſter of my mother, from whom I receive even maternal tenderneſs, than my wayward heart becomes ungratefully attached to the very man who is on the point of mar-

riage with her daughter! Gracious Heaven! was ever unfortunate girl ſo cruelly circumſtanced! But here comes my unſuſpecting couſin, as happy as youth, innocence and vivacity can render her.

[*Enter Harriot Montague.*]

Harriot. Dear Emily, where have you hid yourſelf; why I have had the moſt divine ramble imaginable, and have been ſearching the houſe over to make you a partaker of my felicity; but tell me, dear, has not this ſtraw hat and lilach ribbons a moſt faſcinating effect? O I have been ſo enchantingly flattered—But I proteſt you look as if you had been in tears! you are melancholy, my dear.

Emily. No, Harriot, not melancholy, only tranquil; but where have you been, my love?

Harriot. Been! why, you ſhall hear: I juſt looked in on Mrs. Fallacy, and found her exerciſing her talents at ridicule, by deſcribing to neighbour Chitchat in a manner truly ludicrous, the party ſhe laſt night entertained, in ſuch a high ſtyle of elegance, and with ſuch apparent affection—Ha, ha, ha.

Emily. And could this give you pleaſure, Harriot? it has, I aſſure you, a contrary effect on me; *I ſhall henceforth, never enjoy myſelf in her ſociety.*

Harriot. Never enjoy yourſelf in her ſociety, Emily? why ſhe is the moſt *ſprightly and agreeable woman in the world.*

Emily. It may be ſo; *but I ſhould be confident that I, in my turn, ſhould be ſerved up as the ſubject of her unwarrantable mirth:* And, indeed, Harriot it is an eternal truth, *that whoever will divert you at the expenſe of any one with whom they are apparently in the habits of friendſhip, will not heſitate to ſacrifice you, whenever occaſion offers.*

Harriot. Ah, this may do well enough for you plodding, ſentimental girls; but I, who reſolve to enjoy the preſent moment, am determined to laugh where I can, and not be ſo groſsly abſurd as to throw myſelf into the horrors by anticipated evil—ha, ha, ha! laughing, my dear, is abſolutely neceſſary to my exiſtence—ha, ha, ha.

Emily.

Emily. You are a happy girl, couſin.

Harriot. Why, ſo I think, Emily; for who ſhould I meet at Mrs. Fallacy's but Miſs Worthy, Arrabella Clermont, and Eliza Meanwell; ſo, gallanted by Alberto Stanhope, away we ſcampered, and had the moſt delectably romantic promenade that can be conceived of.

Emily. Had *Major Camden* been of the party, the pleaſure you ſeem to have derived therefrom, might have been accounted for.

Harriot. For pity's ſake, Emily, be quiet, or you will abſolutely make me as melancholy as yourſelf.

Emily. Will the name of Major Camden make you melancholy, couſin?

Harriot. O yes, it is a perfect antidote to every mirthful idea.

Emily. Amazing! I had thought you regarded him as your future huſband.

Harriot. So mamma would have me, Emily; but if ever I do marry, child, it will be a diſtant day; and I pray Heaven that Major Camden may not be the man.

Emily. What can be your objection to Major Camden? he is young, rich, handſome, gay, generous, informed, and poliſhed.

Harriot. Bleſs me! Emily—why, you have given him qualities enough for a line of high ſounding Alexandrine meaſure; and, if you had but arranged them muſically, I ſhould have ſet you down as a moſt excellent poet: Could you not tranſpoſe them, my dear?

Emily. How agreeably a heart at eaſe can trifle.

Harriot. Well then, my dear girl, ſeriouſly, and in your own way, I allow Major Camden every attribute which you have ſo liberally beſtowed upon him: I ſincerely eſteem him; but for love, [*courteſying humourouſly*] I muſt beg your pardon for that, my dear.

Emily. Is my aunt acquainted with your ſentiments?

Harriot. Why, child, I do not *often* keep *ſecrets* from my mother; ſhe has the moſt contemptible idea of love—but *entre nous*—I believe ſhe has been cruelly

wounded

wounded by the little archer; this, however, is conjecture; for there is a myſtery in the ſtory of my good mother, which, although my curioſity is wound up to the higheſt pitch, I could never yet unravel.

Emily. But it is ſtrange ſhe ſhould wiſh you to enter into engagements at which your heart reluctſ.

Harriot. It is not more ſtrange than true, Emily. Major Camden commenced his acquaintance with my mother by ſaving her from imminent danger: She was taking an airing on a very rough road—her horſes took fright—the driver was thrown from his ſeat—a precipice was in view—and her deſtruction had been inevitable, had not Providence ſent Camden to her aſſiſtance, who ſaved her life at the riſque of his own!

Emily. I ſhudder at her danger! It was indeed an heroic action.

Harriot. The gratitude of my mother was unbounded; mine alſo was powerfully engaged—for a time it deceived me: Camden declared himſelf my lover; but although I have long ſince underſtood the ſituation of my own heart, I am not permitted to deal explicitly with Major Camden.

Emily. But on what principle can my aunt proceed?

Harriot. She has a moſt exalted opinion of Major Camden—tenderly loves her daughter—and thinks the paſſions ſhould always be under the government of reaſon.

Emily. Heigh ho!

Harriot. And heigh ho! ſay I—but, hang it, your glooms are contagious, I believe: I'll never ſtir a ſingle ſtep in purſuit of croſs accidents, I'm reſolv'd: [*hums a tune.*] "The world, my dear Mira, is full of deceit." [*Swims gracefully in a minuet; ſtrikes ſuddenly into a cotillion ſtep; and warbles a gay air.*]

Emily. Amiable vivacity!

Harriot. I proteſt, Emily, you ſhall not be ſo grave; I have half perſuaded my mother to conſent to our *hop* this evening; and if you will join me, I ſhall be ſure of ſucceſs. Come, let us renew our petition in concert. [*She chants a ſprightly air, and runs off with Emily.*]

[*Enter*

[*Enter Obadiah, followed by Bridget—Obadiah making a clamourous out-cry.*]

Ob. Ouns! blood and thunder! what will become of poor Obadiah!

Bridget. What's the matter, Obadiah?

Ob. Oh! the maple log, the maple log was in me! Oh, oh, oh! what ſhall I do? what ſhall I do?

Bridget. What is the matter, I ſay, Obadiah?

Ob. Oh! tarnation, tarnation, tarnation!

Bridget. Are you mad? [*ſhaking him violently.*] Tell me what ails you, I ſay?

Ob. Oh! I have broke—I have broke—I can't ſpeak it—

Bridget. Broke what?

Ob. I have broke—I have broke th–th–the—what d'ye call it—I have broke th–th–the—what d'ye call it.

Bridget. Th–th–the—what d'ye call it—Now what the plague do you mean, Obadiah?

Ob. Why that there glaſs thing, Bridget, by which folks finds out *when we ſhould be cold and when we ſhould be warm.*

Bridget. I'll be hang'd, Obadiah, if you don't mean the thermometer.

Ob. Yes, Bridget, it is the *mormeter*, the *mormeter*; the worſe luck mine! yes, yes, it is the *mormeter* ſure enough—oh, oh, oh!

Bridget. Why, don't take on ſo, man; my miſtreſs is a good kind lady, and never faults people for trifles and accidents, and the like of that.

Ob. Does not ſhe, Bridget? ha, ha, ha! [*jumps about upon the ſtage.*] ha, ha, ha! Well—but, Bridget, I'll tell you a ſtory, Bridget; I once lived with a lady—ſhe looked as mild as a lamb, and ſhe was not bigger than a good ſtout yearling; but, for all that, ſhe had *ſpurits* to the back bone, as a body may *zay*; and ſo, as I was *zaying*, I lived with ſhe, and I only broke a China tea-cup—it is true it belonged to a *zet*; but my little miſtreſs was in ſuch a bloody paſſion, that ſhe flew at me, tooth and nail, as a body may *zay*; and I ſwamp it, if ſhe did not fetch blood of me, Bridget.

Bridget. Well, well, we are no boxers here; and ſo do you go along about your buſineſs, and aſk your miſtreſs what we ſhall get for dinner.

[*Exeunt Bridget and Obadiah.*

SCENE—A Library—Table covered with Books—Mrs. Montague making Extracts—She riſes and comes forward.

Mrs. M. I often think in this life of ſolitude, to which my errors have condemned me, it is a very fortunate circumſtance that I am able to turn my attention to purſuits which are at once replete with amuſement and inſtruction; but what ſays my extracts? [*reads a paper on which ſhe has been writing.*] "*Some modern philoſophers are of opinion, that the ſun is the great fountain from which the earth and other planets derive all the phlogiſton—*"

[*Enter Miſs Montague and Miſs Lovegrove.*]

Harriot. Do, dear mamma, conſent to the violin and dancing this evening, and I will be the beſt girl in the world.

Mrs. M. Daughter, my commands were, that I would not be interrupted; let me ſee—where did I leave off? O, here it is; [*reads*] "*which they poſſeſs, and that this is formed from the combination of the ſolar rays—*"

Harriot. O, mamma, what a combination of reaſons I ſhall have to love and honour you, if you will but oblige me; it will amuſe my couſin Emily too.

Mrs. M. Peace, Harriot; your couſin has not expreſſed a wiſh of this kind. [*reads*] "*with all the opaque bodies, but particularly with the leaves of vegetables, which they ſuppoſe to be organs adapted to abſorb them, and that as animals receive their nouriſhment from vegetables, they alſo obtain in a ſecondary manner their phlogiſton from the ſun.*"

Harriot. Dear mamma, exerciſe is as neceſſary for girls, as phlogiſton is for vegetables: you are our ſun, mamma, and pray now beam forth thy ſweet conſenting

ing

ing rays, and we ſhall become the moſt grateful creatures in the univerſe.

Mrs. M. [*Smiling*] Why do'nt you ſpeak, Emily?

Emily. Madam, my wiſhes are in uniſon with thoſe of my couſin.

Mrs. M. You know, girls, that I am not fond of theſe convivial parties; my time of life and ſituation render them improper for me; but for this once I will indulge you.

Harriot, [*courteſying low.*] Dear mamma, we thank you—Emily we will be as gay as—as—but hang it, I'll not ſtudy for a ſimile.

Emily. You are perfectly right, couſin, we will expreſs our gratitude by our hilarity rather than our wit. [*Harriot and Emily ſeem to conſer apart.*]

Mrs. M. [*reſumes her reading*] "*And laſtly, as great maſſes of the mineral kingdom, which have been found in the cruſt of the earth, which human nature has penetrated, has evidently been formed from the recrements of animal and vegetable bodies.*"

Harriot. May I ſend to Mrs. Shapely to put the ſilver trimmings upon my white ſattin, mamma?

Mrs. M. Yes, child—[*reads*] "*Theſe alſo are ſuppoſed thus to have derived their phlogiſton from the ſun.*"

[*Enter Obadiah.*]

Ob. There's Mr. Major Camden *zays* how that he wants Miſs Montague.

Mrs. M. Go, my dear.

Harriot. Heigh ho! Will you go, couſin?

Emily. I will join you preſently, my dear.

[*Exit Harriot.*]

Mrs. M. [*reads*] "*Another opinion concerning the ſun's rays, is, that they are not luminous till they arrive at our atmoſphere, and that there uniting with ſome part of the air, they produce combuſtion.*" Be ſo good, my dear Miſs Lovegrove, to ſtep and deſire Major Camden to tarry and dine with us.

Emily. I obey you with pleaſure, Madam.

[*Exit Miſs Lovegrove.*

Mrs. M. [*reads.*] "*And light is emitted, and that an etherial acid, yet undiſcovered, is formed from this combuſtion.*

tion. The more probable opinion perhaps is, that the ſun is a phlogiſtic maſs of matter, whoſe ſurface is in a ſtate of combuſtion, which, like other burning bodies, emits light—"

[*Enter Obadiah.*]

Ob. Bridget wants to know as how, Madam, would you have the partridges roaſted, with the pudding?

Mrs. M. Yes, Obadiah. [*Exit Obadiah.*]

[*Reads.*] "*With immenſe velocity in all directions; that theſe rays of light act upon all opaque bodies; and, combining with them, either diſplace or produce their elementary heat, and become chemically combined with the phlogiſtic part of them; for light is given out when phlogiſtic bodies unite with the oxygenous principle of the air. As in combuſtion or in the reduction of metallic calxes: Thus in preſenting to the flame of a candle, a letter wafer, if it be coloured with red lead, at the time the red lead becomes a metallic drop, a flaſh of light is perceived. Doctor Alexander Wilſon—*"

[*Enter Obadiah.*]

Ob. There is a dreadful accident come to paſs, Madam! [*Looks ruefully.*]

Mrs. M. For pity's ſake, what is it?

Ob. Fraid to *zay*, Ma'am.

Mrs. M. I command you to ſpeak.

Ob. Won't you be angry, tho'?

Mrs. M. You will make me more angry if you diſobey me.

Ob. Well, then—adds rat me if I can ſpeak.

Mrs. M. I order you, as you value my favour, to tell what is the matter.

Ob. Well, then, if I muſt ſpeak, matter enow' of conſcience—why, I *thinks* every thing is going to ruin—*Wauns!* I *does* not think you'll ſtand it long; but, *ods bodikins*, I was not to blame for this neither, for the matter of that, as a body may *zay*.

Mrs. M. You would weary even patience itſelf, Obadiah—come to the point immediately.

Ob. Well, well—point enough, in conſcience. Why, you muſt know, Ma'am, that the cook has left open the

the door of the larder, and the grey cat has helped herzelf to the partridges—There, Ma'am, there is point enough, zaving your preſence.

Mrs. M. Is that all, Obadiah?—well, I rejoice that it is no worſe—here, take this bill, and ſee what diſpatch you can make in furniſhing more.

Ob. Yes, that I will, Miſtreſs—ho, ho, ho! I ſwamp it, a good milk's cow this. [*Aſide.*

[*Exit Obadiah.*

Mrs. M. [*reads.*] "*Doctor Alexander Wilſon ingeniouſly endeavours to prove, that the ſun is only in a ſtate of combuſtion on its ſurface, and that the dark ſpots ſeen on its diſk, are excavations, or caverns, through the luminous cruſt, ſome of which are four thouſand miles in diameter.*" [*Throws the paper on the table.*] One is really loſt in the immenſity of theſe ſpeculations—perhaps, books engroſs too much of my time. I thought my daughter ſighed deeply at the name of Camden; indeed, ſhe has lately given me to underſtand, that ſhe can never be his! If I cannot reward the deſerving Camden by her hand, I ſhall regard the diſappointment as the ſeal of my misfortunes. [*Exit.*

SCENE—A Parlour.

[*Major Camden and Miſs Montague ſeated.*]

Harriot. Why, Major, you always make me grave; you are too ſerious, a great deal too ſerious for me.

Major C. I have long, Madam, been fully convinced, that it is out of my power to render myſelf agreeable to you.

Harriot. Ha, ha, ha! That collected countenance becomes you infinitely, I proteſt; look always thus captivating, and I ſhall be half mad with love.

Major C. If you knew my heart, Miſs Montague—

Harriot. O! for heaven's ſake, Camden, throw aſide that lullaby tone, or I ſhall abſolutely, [*yawns*] or I ſhall abſolutely fall aſleep.

Major C. Madam, Madam, you do not uſe me well: [*riſing*] You would not uſe Stanhope thus.

Harriot.

Harriot. How well he reads my heart. [*Aſide.*] Stanhope is as gay as a butterfly; we have laughed in concert a full hour; I proteſt, I think we were made for each other—But here comes my ſentimental couſin; *ſhe is always to your taſte, Major.*

[*Enter Miſs Lovegrove.*]

Emily. My aunt, Sir, requeſts you would dine with her to-day.

Major C. She does me honour, Miſs Lovegrove; and I am infinitely obliged to her charming meſſenger.

Harriot. Well, I ſee, by your features, you are diſpoſed to be charming company; and ſo I'll take the opportunity of giving orders to Shapely, reſpecting my dreſs for the evening. [*Exit Harriot.*

Major C. Say, Miſs Lovegrove, is not extreme gaiety, and uninterrupted frivolity, ſtrong marks of indifference?

Emily. My couſin has a fund of vivacity, Sir; but, as it never tranſgreſſes the bounds of diſcretion, it would be criminal even to wiſh it leſſened.

Major C. Would, that ſhe could combine thoſe rational and ſentimental charms, which ſo eminently diſtinguiſh Miſs Lovegrove.

Emily. Sir, Miſs Montague is amiable and good; and innocence and gaiety are frequently aſſociates.

Major C. Would, I had known Miſs Lovegrove ſooner!

Emily. [*heſitating and alarmed.*] Sir, you may aſſure yourſelf, that my intereſt in the heart of Miſs Montague ſhall be wholly employed in your favour.

Major C. In the heart of Miſs Montague! [*takes her hand.*] Charming Emily!—But what am I about!—I ſtand on a precipice, down which a ſingle movement may plunge me! Oh, Miſs Lovegrove! could you witneſs the conflict in this devoted boſom, your heavenly ſenſibility, enchanting woman! would extort from your mild eye the tear of gentle pity.

Emily. [*bluſhing and trembling.*] Sir, you are in full poſſeſſion of all my commiſeration; my moſt arduous

duous efforts ſhall be wholly your's! and I will this moment ſeek my couſin, and endeavour to perſuade her to become every thing a man of honour can deſire. [*Exit precipitately.*

Major C. She either affects ignorance, or ſhe does not underſtand me—Were I more explicit, I ſhould be a villain. I eſteem Harriot Montague; but Emily Lovegrove enchants my reaſon, and triumphs over my deareſt ſentiments! Yet, the accuſation of broken faith ſhall not entwine a ſoldier's laurels—Indeed, theſe ſtruggles do not well ſuit with my profeſſion! America, now weeping over her deſolated plains and warriors ſlain in battle, ſhould be my ſovereign lady. It is not thus her heroes—it is not thus that WASHINGTON inglorious waſtes his hours! Well, well—I'll haſte to yon parade, and there forget my weakneſs. [*Exit.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

N°. LXXXII.

THE TRAVELLER RETURNED, continued.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE—The Parade—Sea Proſpect.

[*Mr. Rambleton diſcovered at a corner of the ſtage, in a convenient poſition for viewing the recruits—Major Camden enters, followed by Soldiers, clad in the American uniform, drums beating, fifes playing, and colours flying—they perform military evolutions, marching and countermarching—after which Major Camden addreſſes them:*]

Major C. WELL, my brave fellow-ſoldiers, it is a glorious cauſe in which we have engaged: My glowing ſpirit, with congenial ardours, marks your glad alacrity: Your promptneſs and your order far exceed my utmoſt expectations! but Liberty

can

can animate to deeds that far exceed all common credibility! The Rights of Man, my friends—auſpicious Liberty!—theſe are our objects.

Soldiers. Huzza for Liberty! huzza for Liberty!

Major C. We have a Leader, my brave friends—the Patriot WASHINGTON—who, for the Rights of Freemen, hazards his valued life and all his deareſt hopes, greatly refuſing every compenſation!

Soldiers. Long live the glorious WASHINGTON! Long live our noble General! Huzza for WASHINGTON and Liberty!

Major C. When power oppreſſive ſhall be cruſh'd before him, and Independence on firm baſe eſtabliſh'd, then will our General, like another Quintus, gladly put off the robes of power, and ſeek, amid his lov'd Vernonian haunts, thoſe calm enjoyments which attend on virtue!

Soldiers. Huzza for WASHINGTON and Independence!

Major C. Frenchmen eſpouſe our cauſe—Frenchmen have joined our battles; and, fighting by our ſide, the brave Fayette their leader, they will augment our triumphs!

Soldiers. Long live the gallant French!

Major C. Our guardian Legiſlators iſſue their wiſe decrees—their utmoſt efforts ardently combining, up to their beſt abilities they will reward us. The Congreſs, fellow-ſoldiers, are our protecting Fathers!

Soldiers. [*Throw up their hats.*] God protect the Congreſs! We will fight and die for the Congreſs!

Major C. Laſtly, my friends, remember, though 'tis an arduous ſtruggle, yet your beſt intereſts are all at ſtake—your wives—your children—your liberties—THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA! If we are ſubjugated, we are no more a Nation!

Soldiers. We will defend our Liberties!—we will defend the People! Long live America! Long live our free-born Nation!

[*Drums beat—fifes play Waſhington's March—Soldiers form a proceſſion, and, headed by Major Camden, paſs off the ſtage.*] [*Mr.*

[*Mr. Rambleton comes forward.*]

Ramb. My ſoul is wrought up to a degree of extacy! my brave, brave boy! I glory in my ſon! How regular the movements of the ſoldiers! their evolutions would have done honour to the beſt diſciplined troops in Europe!

Thank Heaven, my inquiries relative to Louiſa have hitherto proved very ſatisfactory, and I haſten to complete my inveſtigation. [*Exit.*

SCENE—A Parlour at Mrs. Montague's.

[*Enter Harriot, followed by Obadiah.*]

Harriot. Well, Obadiah, and how did you manage?

Ob. Odds fleſh! why, I thought as how I ſhould never have found *un*, Miſs.

Harriot. You ſhould have gone directly to Mr. Stanhope's.

Ob. Adds wauns! Miſs Harriot, and *zo* I did; but you *zaid* I muſt *zee un* myſelf; and *zo* I could *na* find *un*—Adds rabit it, if I did not chaſe all over the town.

Harriot. And ſo, then, you have not ſeen Mr. Stanhope?

Ob. O yes, Miſs—yes, yes, I have *zeed un*.

Harriot. And you told him I would comply with his requeſt?

Ob. Yes, Miſs; but a murrain deal of trouble I had firſt, tho'.

Harriot. Well—and come, what did he ſay?

Ob. Wauns! Miſs, he was nation glad.

Harriot. But what did he ſay?

Ob. Why, Miſs, he *zaid*—he *zaid*—*why, he did not zay nothing*, Miſs.

Harriot. Said nothing!

Ob. No, Miſs, nothing—he, he, he!

Harriot. What do you laugh at, Impertinence?

Ob. Do'ont be angry, Miſs Harriot; but I *canna* help laughing; *zee!* he gave me all this money for

my good news, and *ſomething elſe for ſomebody elſe*, beſides all this here.

Harriot. What is it, in the name of goodneſs?

Ob. But won't miſtreſs blame I, now, Miſs Harriot?

Harriot. Fear nothing, Obadiah.

Ob. But I fears mortally.

Harriot. Fiddleſtick! Obadiah, I will take care you ſhall not be blamed; and, if you have any thing further to ſay, pr'ythee let's have it.

Ob. I have nothing to *zay*, Miſs; but, if I was ſure I ſhould not be turned out of doors, [*takes a letter, with geſtures expreſſive of awkward fear, from his pocket*] I would give you this here letter.

Harriot. [*Snatches the paper and reads.*] Um, um, um!

Ob. Addſniggers! Miſs Harriot, you are nation ſtrong.

Harriot. You have acquitted yourſelf admirably, Obadiah—reach me my ſcarf—Do you be ſecret, [*gives him money*] and expect my future favour.

Ob. All this for me, Miſs Harriot? what a power of money it is! Adds rabbit me, if I blab—he, he, he! *Well, I vows, now, I'll zee the Panorama, and the lion,* and all the wild *beaſtes—ay, and I'll zee a play, too.*

Harriot. You may go, Obadiah—remember your word.

Ob. Yes, that I will. [*Looks at the money.*] Why, what a lucky houſe I have got into! Wauns! what a marvellous lucky whelp I be!

[*Exit, bowing and ſcraping his feet.*

Harriot. That I am not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, within the line of diſcretion, I am fully ſenſible—Alberto himſelf will ſet me down as a mad girl, although I do but comply with his preſſing entreaties—But what with mothers and couſins, there is no ſuch thing as getting a moment to one's ſelf, here; and ſo, for this once, I'll e'en ſally forth.

[*Exit Harriot.*

SCENE—

SCENE—The Inn.

[*Mr. and Mrs. Vanſittart—Mrs. Vanſittart diſcovered, holding a miniature picture.*]

Mrs. V. O the dear pretty creature! ſet all round with roſe diamonds of the firſt water! I vow, huſband, it is the *jonteeleſt* thing I ever ſaw.

Vanſ. Roſe *tiamonts* of the firſt *vater!* I ſay, *Torothy*, you *hat petter* put it on the *ſhentleman's* toilette again—you *petter* not *pe mettleing*—I tell you, *Torothy*, you *petter* not *pe mettleing*.

Mrs. V. Why, Mr. Vanſittart, I would not do an *unperlite* thing, any more than another; but this Mr. Rambleton is moſt *pertinaciouſly* a *ſpyington* from the Britiſh. You ſee he has not a paper dollar in the world! nothing but good hard Engliſh crowns and guineas—his Iriſh ſervant has his pockets lined with money; and he ſays that his maſter's trunks are as rich as the mines of *Poteldo*.

Vanſ. *Vel*, and *vat* then?

Mrs. V. Why, as ſure as you are alive, Major Camden is his *accompliſhment*.

Vanſ. *Vel*, and *vat* then?

Mrs. V. Why, then it is juſt ſuch another caſe as Arnold and Andre.

Vanſ. *Vel*, and *vat* then?

Mrs. V. Why, then it would be doing a *jonteel* thing, and a *patrolitical* thing, to inform againſt them to the Committee of Safety.

Vanſ. And *vat ſhoult ve* get *py* that?

Mrs. V. Every thing, huſband; for, while our gentlemen were had before the Committee, we could ply the Iriſhman with his favourite liquor, and, when he was ſecured, break open the locks, ſeize the caſh, and make the beſt of our way to New-York, which is at no great diſtance; and there remain concealed, until opportunity offered to quit this *Freetonian* land altogether.

Vanſ. *Cot a' mercy! I ſmell a rat, at this preſent time.*

Mrs.

Mrs. V. And then no one could ſay, black is the white of our eye; for we have but ſerved ourſelves at the expenſe of *abomination* tories, and thus done a *jonteel* thing for our country.

Vanſ. Why, *Torothy, Torothy!* thou haſt *creat viſtoms, ant* I have *creat* occaſions, *at this preſent time.*

Mrs. V. Well, huſband, do you give information inſtantly; and, as ſoon as his toryſhip is ſecured, you ſhall take this picture to the jeweller's, and pretend that it belonged to one of the rich relations, of which you have ſo often boaſted, and that you are obliged to part with it; and thus we ſhall find money to ſupply ourſelves with cloaks, maſks, &c. &c. in which we ſhall be ſo diſguiſed, that our own natural-born fathers would not know us.

Vanſ. Vel, vel, Torothy—put I *tremple* all over like an aſpin leaf; *ant* I have *creat* fears *ve* ſhall *pring* ourſelves to ſhame!

Mrs. V. What ails you, huſband?—the goods of a tory are free plunder!—why, we are doing the *moſt handſomeſt* thing in the world; and, as we ſhall not break the trunks until the laſt moment, we are perfectly ſecure. Away to the Committee of Safety—away! I ſay. [*puſhing him off.*]

Vanſ. O mercy on us! mercy on us! I *to* think there *pe creat tangers ant creat tifficulties.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—A ſequeſtered Walk, beautifully ſhaded.

[*Alberto Stanhope and Harriot Montague are diſcovered, ſitting on the turfed ſeats, and engaged in cloſe converſation.*]

Harriot. Well, Alberto, I can only repeat, that I do moſt ſincerely regret this clandeſtine intercourſe; in compliance with your importunities, I have given you this meeting. The world conſiders me as a gay, unthinking girl; yet I have my moments of reflection. My preference of you I will not deny; but the, if poſſible, *augmented indulgence* of my mother, hath

rouſed

rouſed to action every proper ſentiment, and the higheſt ſenſe of the duty which I owe her.

Alberto. Perhaps, Harriot, your heart now decides in favour of Camden! but let him take care——

[*They riſe.*

Harriot. Pſhaw, pſhaw! Stanhope, this is exactly in his ſtyle. [*Throws herſelf into a fencing attitude.*] Yet, don't put yourſelf in a paſſion, man; for I proteſt, I begin to think he has abſolutely thrown off his allegiance, and that he is, at this very moment, fomenting a rebellion againſt his ſovereign lady!

Alberto. What means my Harriot?

Harriot. Why, *entre nous*, I ſuſpect he has conceived a moſt violent *penchant* for Emily Lovegrove.

Alberto. Heaven grant it.

Harriot. It would be delectable! they would make the moſt charming ſentimental pair in the world! and I take every opportunity of leaving them together, not doubting but their *private interviews* will wonderfully increaſe their *tendreſſe*.

Alberto. Does my Harriot draw this concluſion from her own experience?

Harriot. [*Striking the powder out of his hair with her fan.*] Yes, villain; and hence ſhe reſolves to make no more aſſignations.

Alberto. Charming vivacity! [*ſeizing her hand.*]

Harriot. Unhand me, wretch!

Alberto. But what are we to do, my angel?

Harriot. Do! why, ſit down, like the babes in the wood, and cry ourſelves to ſleep, and ſee what little robin red-breaſt will prepare our leafy covering.

Alberto. Pr'ythee, do not thus trifle with my feelings—You have forbid my application to your mother.

Harriot. Becauſe I knew it would be ineffectual.

Alberto. [*Again taking her hand.*] In the name of Heaven, how ſhall I proceed? Shall I engage my father to intercede for me?

Harriot. Why, ah! theſe managing people underſtand each other beſt; and it is as well to proceed in the good old faſhion way: [*looks at her watch.*] But it

is time for me to ſcamper. Adieu—you will make one of our dancers this evening?

Alberto. Enchanting girl! I ſhall attend you with rapture! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE—An Apartment at Mrs. Montague's.

[*Enter Mrs. Montague and Emily.*]

Mrs. M. Emily, where is Harriot?

Emily. I cannot tell, Madam; but ſhe is fond of walking, and, I ſuppoſe, is improving this fine day, by indulging in her favourite exerciſe.

Mrs. M. Emily, young people generally underſtand each other. There was a time, when I conceived the heart of my girl entirely devoted to Major Camden; but ſhe has of late given me reaſon to regard her attachment as problematical. Am I to impute this apparent change to caprice, or to a growing diſguſt?

Emily. [*Confuſed and heſitating.*] Why, really, Madam, it is not for me to ſay.

Mrs. M. Your *looks*, Emily, and your *manner*, convince me that you *could* ſay a great deal! I am engaged in gratitude, in honour, to Major Camden—my promiſe is irrevocable. I had the full conſent of Harriot; and the world expects their ſpeedy union. Tell me, Emily, if you know aught which can militate againſt my plans?

Emily. [*Trembling and bluſhing exceſſively.*] Pray, Madam, excuſe me! pray do!

[*Enter Harriot.*]

Emily. What a fortunate relief! [*Aſide.*]

Mrs. M. Harriot, where have you been rambling?

Harriot. Rambling, ſure enough, mamma! why, half the town over; and I am ſo delightfully fatigued—

Mrs. M. Well, my love, take off your ſcarf, and let us have a little ſerious chit-chat.

Emily. Have I your leave to retire, Madam?

Mrs. M. Go, my good girl. [*Exit Emily.*

Tell me, Harriot—Have you ceaſed to love Major Camden?

Harriot.

Harriot. *To love him, mamma!* why, that is a buſineſs I have never yet begun.

Mrs. M. My dear Harriot, I am ſerious.

Harriot. Well then, mamma, ſeriouſly, although I eſteem Major Camden, I can never marry him; for I can never *love him, mamma.*

Mrs. M. If you *eſteem him, my dear, it is ſufficient.*

Harriot. God bleſs you, Madam! you would not ſurely inſiſt that my hand ſhould be a ſolitary gift?

Mrs. M. *Love*, my dear, is a *chimera*, which has undone your mother!

Harriot. Madam!

Mrs. M. For your advantage, Harriot, I will ſketch ſome particulars of my life, which I had intended to keep forever from your knowledge.

Harriot. If you pleaſe, mamma.

Mrs. M. When I married your father, although I regarded him as the firſt of men, yet I felt not for him *what is called, love.*

Harriot. [*archly.*] And was you *very happy* with my father, Madam?

Mrs. M. I underſtand you, Harriot. I engaged in a round of diſſipation—I continued the moſt cenſurable purſuits; and at length *imagined* myſelf tenderly attached to a perſon, who was every way the *inferior of* your father.

Harriot. Well, Madam.

Mrs. M. Your father continued his forbearance, until convinced, by circumſtances, that he had a rival in my affections! when, leaving me at our country ſeat, without a ſingle remonſtrance, and taking with him your brother, then only four years old, he departed for this city, leading me to expect he would return with the coming day! [*weeps.*]

Harriot. Dear Madam, proceed!

Mrs. M. You were then but two months old: The firſt poſt brought me a letter, in which he informed me, that, as he was convinced I was unalterably attached to another, he ſhould bid me an eternal adieu!—

adieu!—that he took with him our ſon, as the only ſolace of his exile—that he left me the uninterrupted poſſeſſion of his town and country houſe, with a ſufficient income to ſupport myſelf and daughter—and he concluded by wiſhing me, with the man of my heart, all that felicity on which he ſuppoſed my fond imagination had calculated.

Harriot. For God's ſake, Madam, proceed!

Mrs. M. I came immediately to town; but he had embarked on board a ſhip, bound to ſome part of Europe! From ſeaſon to ſeaſon, for a long time, I encouraged hope; but, although nineteen years have ſince revolved, not a ſingle ſyllable, either reſpecting himſelf or my ſon, hath ever bleſt my ears!

Harriot. Gracious Heaven! both my father and my brother may be yet alive!

Mrs. M. Alas! No—I feel it is impoſſible! my wounds bleed afreſh at this recital! they have long ſince bid adieu to a world, to which I am chained a miſerable captive! [*weeps agonizedly.*]

Harriot. Forbear! beſt of mothers! forbear theſe tears. Surely, ſurely, your experience does not decide in favour of an Hymen unbleſt by love!

Mrs. M. Obſerve me, girl; although I was indiſcreet, I was never criminal; and the moment of your father's departure convinced me of my error—*the charm was broke—I deteſted the author of my ſufferings—I never after ſaw him;* and, to my great ſatisfaction, I learned that he immediately quitted the continent. I dwelt with unutterable admiration on your father's virtues; and had I poſſeſſed worlds, I would have parted with them all to have purchaſed his return!

Harriot. Ah! Madam, your ſtory is indeed inſtructive: But——

Mrs. M. But what, my love?—I am indebted to Major Camden for my life—you have received him with approbation—he is every way worthy; and, next to yourſelf, Harriot, he is now the deareſt object of my affections!——But alas! my love, you are ill—

my

my woe-fraught narrative has been too oppreſſive! Heaven guard my child! Let me lead you to your chamber.

[*Exit Mrs. Montague, ſupporting Harriot.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

N°. LXXXIII.

THE TRAVELLER RETURNED, continued.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE—An Apartment in the Inn.

[*Enter Patrick.*]

OW, if ever I got into ſuch a place before now—by my ſoul, the Miſtreſs of this ſame tavern, d'ye ſee, is the prettieſt bit of a *cratur*, as a body may ſay, that ever a man ſet eyes on; and, may I never ſee Killmallock again, if ſhe is not better than a ſhip load of *peraters*, juſt landed from the county of Cork—But here comes my maſter, now.

[*Enter Mr. Rambleton.*]

Ramb. Well, Patrick, how wears the day, and what ſort of a houſe have we got into?

Patr. Ow, as to the day, I don't *bodder* myſelf about that, at all, at all; for, d'ye ſee, I don't matter time three ſkips of a graſshopper; but, as for the houſe, Ow, if I was in my own ſweet Killmallock, in the county of Limerick, in dear Ireland *itſhelf*, my own born mother could not be better to me; why, they have already given me *three breakfaſts*, and as many dinners; and, as to drink, my dear honey, ow, let me alone for that, Maſter.

Ramb. Why, I believe, indeed, thou haſt taken a plentiful portion of the good creature; [*loud knocking without*] but ſee if thou canſt open the door.

[*Patrick opens the door, Officer enters and gives Rambleton a letter.*] *Ramb.*

Ramb. Hah! where can I have picked up a ſcribbling acquaintance already? [*Reads.*]

"*Mr. Rambleton,*

"By virtue of the power delegated to us by the people, we ſummon you to appear before us, the Select Committee of Public Safety for the City of ——. Information has been lodged againſt you as a ſpy, employed by the Britiſh government; and we have authorized the bearer of this notification to bring you before us, for the purpoſe of examination.

ARTHUR VIGILANT, *Secretary of the Committee of Public Safety.*"

Ramb. [*appears much agitated.*] Can you inform me from what ſource this officious interference originated?

Officer. Sir, my orders are to attend you to the honourable Committee, without anſwering any queſtions; but, you may depend on receiving every indulgence, that the nature of the caſe, and the circumſtances of our country will admit.

Ramb. Thank you, Sir. Gracious God! If *Harry Camden* is the *informer*, my hopes of happineſs will, indeed, prove the dream of the moment! [*Aſide.*

[*Walks about, agitated and diſtreſſed.*]

Patr. Ow, then, if it is not a ſhame now, to be after boddering *a ſtranger in his own country.* I ſay, now, little Honey, cannot you be taking your *ſhelf* off a bit, my dear, and *lave* my poor maſter *all alone, with his own faithful* Patrick O'Neal, d'ye ſee?

Officer. I do but my duty, friend.

Patr. Your juty, do you call it! Ow, by my ſoul, Mr. Tipſtaff, this is the firſt time I ever heard ſay it was a *juty* to bodder a man in his *own country after he had got into foreign parts!* Hark'ye, little Honey! will I put a remembrance upon you now?—*ſuppoſe you and I ſhould take a bit of a knock for love, my dear?*

Ramb. Patrick, you have nothing to do in this buſineſs. Sir, I attend you.

Patr. Arrah, my dear, now, it will never be ſaid that Patrick O'Neal ſuffered his maſter to get into the limbos

limboes alone, and ſo I will be after going with you, *that, if we will both be taken priſoners, we may reſcue one another.*

Ramb. Patrick, I have nothing to fear—I have valuable articles in this houſe, and I entruſt them to your care.

Patr. Arrah, now, my dear, let them *ſame artieles take care of themſelves*, I ſhall be after going with your worſhip, d'ye ſee.

Ramb. Patrick, I command you not to quit the houſe.

Patr. Arrah, then I ſhall ſtay behind; for, he that is *willian* enough not to *plaſe* a man in diſtreſs, ought to have been *aſſaſſinated twenty years before he was born—ſo he had.* [*Exeunt Officer and Rambleton.*

Ow, if I was but in dear Ireland now, in the borough of Killmallock, in the county of Limerick, may be, I'd ſoon ſee the white boys about me—may be I would; and then my ſhelf would be taking my poor maſter out of jurance—ſo I would; but a wet ſorrow is better than a dry one, as the ſaying is, and ſo I'll be after another little ſip of comfort, ſo I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE—An Apartment in Mrs. Montague's Houſe.

[*Enter Obadiah, picking his teeth.*]

Ob. Well, I'll ſwamp it, now, I have made as good a dinner as if I had eaten baked beans and pudding—Ouns, I could not fare better in Natick.

[*Enter Mr. Stanhope, ſenior.*]

Stanh. Is your miſtreſs at home, Obadiah?

Ob. At hume, Zir! he, he, he, I cant zay, Zir—*I'll ax her if ſhe chooſes to be at hume, Zir.* [*Exit Obadiah.*

Stanh. May I never take the field, but this is a fine *muſical* cuſtom, which our new form'd States have adopted—we are not always in a diſpoſition to ſee our beſt friends, and we have a right to be at home juſt when we pleaſe.

[*Enter Obadiah.*]

Ob. Yes, Zir, you may zee miſtreſs—walk after me, Zir, walk after me.

[*Exit Mr. Stanhope, following Obadiah.*

SCENE—

SCENE—A Parlour—Mrs. Montague ſeated.

[*Enter Obadiah, introducing Mr. Stanhope.*]

[*Exit Obadiah.*

Stanh. Good morrow, fair lady.

Mrs. M. Your moſt obedient Mr. Stanhope, I hope you are in health, Sir?

Stanh. Yes, Madam, partly; and yet I am not as young as I was fifty years ago, neither.

Mrs. M. Time, Sir, imprints its footſteps upon every thing viſible.

Stanh. And yet, Madam, *may I never take the field*, if I do not think you look as young as you did twenty years ago.

Mrs. M. O dear, Sir!

Stanh. Yes you do, yes you do; and if I was twenty years younger, Madam, I do aſſure you I ſhould feel ſtrongly inclined to ſtrike about myſelf.

Mrs. M. Strike about, Sir!

Stanh. Yes, widow, I would make my bow, ſqueeze your ladyſhip's hand, whiſper ſoft things in your ear, hint indirectly at marriage, and publiſh the bans in leſs time than you could finiſh your wedding cap.

Mrs. M. You are diſpoſed to be pleaſant, Sir! but as this is a ſubject on which I never jeſt, I beg leave to ſay, that had you the faculty of renewing your youth, and were to advance with the moſt ſerious propoſals, I ſhould not heſitate in putting my negative thereon.

Stanh. Indeed! Well I profeſs this is ſomewhat ſurpriſing! but mayhap I am not to your taſte; do you not hold matrimony to be a muſical* thing.

Mrs. M. O yes, *muſical* enough; but I am principled againſt *ſecond marriages*, Sir.

Stanh. O, is that all? well, then I hope my ſon may ſucceed.

Mrs. M. Your ſon, Sir?

Stanh.

* *Muſical*, a term uſed in many of the interior parts of the New-England States, to expreſs every thing convenient, excellent or elegant: thus, they ſay a muſical horſe, day, garment, &c. &c.

Stanh. Yes, Madam, my ſon has taken a violent fancy to a good handſome young woman of whom you have the diſpoſal. I perfectly approve his choice, and have waited on you to endeavour to obtain your conſent.

Mrs. M. Can my niece have made a conqueſt of ſuch importance already? [*Aſide.*] Why, Sir, the young woman you mention is calculated, both in mind and perſon, to command affection as well as eſteem; had her father lived, her conſequence would doubtleſs have been augmented; but I ſhall make every effort in my power, which I can ſuppoſe will be for her advantage.

Stanh. Madam, ſhe cannot ſtand in need of proper aid, under your care.

Mrs. M. Sir, it is my wiſh to diſcharge *the duty* of a mother.

Stanh. I never heard any thing more muſical in my life, Madam; may I inform my ſon that he has your approbation?

Mrs. M. Sir, if your ſon can render the young lady propitious, he ſhall have my beſt wiſhes.

Stanh. Madam, I was made to believe that you were not favourably inclined in this affair, but the beſt are liable to miſtakes; you have done me a very particular kindneſs, Madam; Alberto will run mad with joy! and I will make all poſſible diſpatch to inform him of his happineſs. Sweet lady, I take my leave, and ſhall ever be your moſt obedient humble ſervant.

Mrs. M. Sir, your moſt obedient. [*Exit Stanhope.*] Quite a whimſical old gentleman, on my word; his way of thinking, too, is rather ſingular, for Emily's fortune is a mere trifle, and Alberto, accompliſhed as he is, might form the moſt aſpiring expectations. I will take the earlieſt opportunity of ſounding my niece, and govern myſelf by her wiſhes.

SCENE—Another apartment; Harriot and Emily ſeated on a Sofa.

Harriot. Well, Emily, although I have confeſſed to you that this little heart of mine beats only for Alber-

to Stanhope, yet you ſtill remain as profound as a pedant who ſtudies obſcurity, or as cloſe as Olivia in the Good natured Man. Come, child, you had better make a confeſſion.

Emily. Dear Harriot, permit me to be a miſer of my woes! I would ſlide through life, performing my little part without obſervation, and—

Harriot. [*Humorouſly putting her hand on Emily's mouth.*] For heaven's ſake, Emily, be not thus humble! Without obſervation, ſay you! why I would rather be paragraphed in the newſpaper, than not diſtinguiſhed at all.

Emily. Paragraphed in the newſpaper!

Harriot. Yes, my dear, although ſaid paragraph ſhould hold me up in the moſt ridiculous point of view!

Emily. I cannot conceive of this!

Harriot. Why child, a ſingle ſcribbler, ſcratching his malicious noddle, may fabricate his abuſe, and the cynic has only to preface his invidious production by the little comprehenſive monoſyllable *we* think and *we* wiſh, while he thus hands my name to thouſands, who would not otherwiſe have known *that I had an exiſtence.*

Emily. Well, but with the knowledge of *your exiſtence*, they would at the ſame time receive an impreſſion *that would not be to your honour.*

Harriot. Yes, Emily; but their *curioſity* would be called into action—it would impel them to *inquire*; I ſhould come out an *innocent ſufferer*, be allowed *my full ſhare of merit*, and acquire a *prodigious deal of conſequence*; ha! ha! ha! I proteſt the very idea is enchanting.

Emily. Mad girl! but however you may divert yourſelf, I ſtill inſiſt, that were I to be publickly traduced, I ſhould never enjoy peace afterward!

Harriot. Then you would be very irrational, my dear, for envy is a powerful ſtimulus to the miſanthropic mind, and *merit is ever the mark at which it aims its moſt envenomed ſhafts.* But we have ſtrangely wandered from our ſubject—I am poſitive, Emily, that my friend Camden is not indifferent to you.

Emily. Dear Harriot, ſpare me.

[*Enter*

[*Enter Bridget, who preſents a billet to Harriot.*]

[*Exit Bridget.*

Harriot. [*reads.*] Raptures—um, um, um! Eternal obligations—um, um, um! Duty—um, um, um! Reverence—O Emily! I am in a delirium of joy! My mamma has ſanctioned my wiſhes! ſhe conſents to my union with Alberto Stanhope! Camden ſhall be your's. Adored parent! but I will go this inſtant, and on my bended knees I will thank her for her unparalleled goodneſs. [*Exit Harriot, agitated.*

Emily. Well, this is paſſing ſtrange! my aunt is indeed the nobleſt of human beings; yet, that ſhe ſhould thus eaſily relinquiſh the favourite wiſh of her ſoul!—but I will await the iſſue in my chamber.

SCENE—The Library; Mrs. Montague is diſcovered with a Book in her Hand; Harriot ruſhes in, and throws herſelf on her Knees at the Feet of her Mother.

Harriot. O my angelic parent! may ten thouſand bleſſings crown your honoured head! You have indeed made me the happieſt of human beings!

Mrs. M. Gracious Heaven! my poor child has loſt her reaſon!

Harriot. No, Madam, reaſon at this moment imprints on my heart duty, gratitude and love, to the moſt condeſcending parent that ever bore that revered name.

Mrs. M. Riſe then, my daughter, and let me know what has thus diſcompoſed you?

Harriot. [*Riſing.*] Here, Madam, [*preſenting the billet ſhe had received from Stanhope.*] theſe extatic lines, penned by my Alberto, inform me, that foregoing your former wiſhes, you now conſent to crown our youthful hopes by your maternal approbation.

Mrs. M. [*Taking the billet.*] His extacies ſhould have been addreſſed to Emily Lovegrove.

Harriot. To Emily Lovegrove!!! [*Aſide.*

Mrs. M. [*After reading the billet.*] You have, child, acted very reprehenſibly in concealing your inclinations thus long from your mother.

Harriot.

Harriot. I had hoped to have conquered them, Madam, and to have bent me to my duty.

Mrs. M. I am diſpoſed to think the beſt, Harriot. I had thought the father of Alberto ſolicited me for my niece, and I conſented that his ſon ſhould addreſs Miſs Lovegrove. Imagining that you were already regarded as the wife of Camden, I could not expect to receive propoſals for you.

Harriot. [*Weeping.*] Oh Madam, how cruel is my ſituation ! ! !

Mrs. M. To ſay truth, child, I pity you; and I lament my own embarraſſments; I cannot break the heart of Harry Camden! he intereſts me more and more every time I behold him! I have thought, Harriot, that he bears a ſtrong reſemblance to your father! But compoſe yourſelf, my love; enjoy, with your accuſtomed vivacity, your evening's entertainment; with the coming day I will converſe with Camden, and in the mean time hope every thing from the indulgence of your mother. [*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

No. LXXXIV.

THE TRAVELLER RETURNED, concluded.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE—The Inn.

[*Enter Patrick, tipſy, with a mug in his hand—he hickups and ſings:*]

OW! Patrick's *not drunk*, to be ſure,
Although in the liquor *quite drown'd*; [*Drinks.*]
The wine in his ſtomach ſecure,
His head for pure joy it runs round. [*Drinks.*]
Tol de re lol—tol de re lol.

I'll ſtand by my maſter *all night*,
And ſleep in his hammock *all day*;

And

And Patrick, though *dead* in a fright,
Shall *never be running away.* [*Drinks.*]
Tol de re lol—tol de re lol.

My *ſhelf* ſhall be fighting for him;
I'll follow, although I ſtand ſtill:
Ow! if I am drown'd, I can ſwim;
The world it runs round like a mill. [*Drinks.*]
Tol de re lol—tol de re lol.

Well, now, if Miſtreſs Van—Van—*juce* take me, if I have not forgot—If ſhe was to ſee me, ſhe would *be after* taking me off—*Don't they call it taking off?* Well, now, if Maſter Rambleton ſhould get out of the limboes, *himſhelf* would be apt to think I was a little the worſe for the good *cratur*, or ſo; and ſo I'll e'en turn in; and after taking a nap, may be I would be ſober again. Here's good luck to us, Maſter Rambleton. [*Drinks.*] [*Exit, ſtaggering.*

[*Enter Mr. Vanſittart.*]

Vanſ. *Cot a'* mercy! where can *Torothy pe, at this preſent time?* I have *creat occaſions* for *manhoot*—It is a *polt untertaking; ant* I *treamt* all laſt night of coffins, croſs *pones* and the *callows.* O *tear!* I am all over of a *colt* ſweat.

[*Mrs. Vanſittart, having forced the trunks, enters, followed by two ſervants, bearing bags of money—ſhe ſlips her foot, falls head foremoſt into the parlour, and, in her fall, overturns a large ſcreen.*]

Vanſ. [*Roars out.*] *Cot a'* mercy! *Cot a'* mercy!

Mrs. V. [*Riſing.*] Why, huſband, what ails you? I am ſure you are an unmannerly fellow, to leave me ſprawling thus.

Vanſ. [*Trembling exceſſively.*] *Torothy, Torothy! vat* ſhall *ve to, Torothy?*

Mrs. V. Do! why, put on this here maſk, and this cloak. [*She helps him on with the cloak.*

Vanſ. [*Still trembling and terrified.*] Oh! *Torothy, Torothy!* let me *tie teat*, if I have not *creat* occaſions to *tiſlike* this *puſineſs*—it has *creat tangers!*

Mrs. V. Well, well—never mind—Come, let's away. [*They all maſk.*] We will take the road to New-York, through the woods, and over the mountains.

[*Exeunt, bearing the treaſure—Vanſittart ſtill agitated.*

SCENE—A genteel Parlour at Mrs. Montague's.

[*Mrs. Montague, &c. &c. all in full dreſs—Alberto and Harriot dancing a minuet—all the reſt of the company ſitting.—Obadiah enters, and preſents a folded parcel to Mrs. Montague, who reads, and, after unfolding another paper, exclaims:*]

Gracious God! my own picture! the very miniature, which the man I ſo deeply injured was accuſtomed to wear next his heart! Oh! Harriot, Harriot! I am now, indeed, undone! Some villain has murdered your father!

Harriot. For Heaven's ſake, Madam, explain.

Mrs. M. Read that paper, my dear; read it aloud; and adviſe me, my friends, what ſtep I am to take.

Harriot. [*Reads.*]

"Madam,

"Vanſittart the inn-keeper, ſome hours ſince, parted with the incloſed miniature for a ſum of money, by no means adequate to its value. As the picture was ſet by me, I could not but recognize it. If you think it neceſſary to take any ſteps reſpecting it, you muſt be ſpeedy; for I ſhrewdly ſuſpect, Vanſittart is on the point of decamping. I have the honour to be, Madam,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

JEREMY TRUEWORTH."

Major C. Madam, Vanſittart is my landlord—I will fly inſtantly, and force him to confeſs by what means he obtained this picture.

Mrs. M. Do, dear Harry: But before you go, it is neceſſary you ſhould know I am ignorant of the fate of my huſband, and that this picture was in his poſſeſſion when he left me. [*weeps.*]

Alberto. Camden, permit me to be the companion of your enterprize.

Major

Major C. With all my heart, Stanhope.

[*Exeunt Camden and Stanhope.*

Mrs. M. O my children! my very ſoul ſeems to die within me!

Harriot. Dear Emily, aſſiſt me to bear my mother to her apartment.

[*Harriot and Emily bear off Mrs. Montague, and the ſcene cloſes.*]

SCENE—The Inn.

[*Enter Patrick, who is ſuppoſed to have ſlept off the effects of his liquor, and who raves and ſtamps about outrageouſly.*]

Patr. Murder! hanging! drowning and quartering! why, every thing which ever happened in this beggarly, raſcally world; ow! it was every bit of it no more than the ſkip of a flea to this—the trunks are all wide open—there is not a ſoul left in the houſe; *and nobody that I meet can give me a bit of an anſwer!*—my poor maſter clapped up, and Patrick O'Neal in a ſtrange outlandiſh country! May be the Indian ſavages ſhall take my *ſhelf* priſoner too—may be they ſhall. Ow! what had I to do, to be after running ſuch a wild-gooſe chaſe? But here is ſome one coming: I'll give *um* a little bit of a taſte—ſo I will. Oh! murder! robbery! bloodſhed! fire and thunder!

[*Enter Major Camden, Alberto Stanhope, Officer and Soldiers.*]

Major C. Patrick, for Heaven's ſake, what is the matter? Where is Mr. Vanſittart?

Patr. Ow! Maſter Camden, Methuſelah *himſhelf* could not tell that, I believe.

Major C. What do you mean, Patrick? Is he not in the houſe?

Patr. Ow! I have ſearched the houſe from garret to cellar, and the *juce* a bit of a *human ſoul, except the cat,* is there to be found; and what is more, they have broken open all my maſter's trunks, and *bodered* him out of a million guineas *more than he had,* my dear.

Major

Major C. Good God! is it poſſible? Robbed the trunks! Where was you, Patrick?

Patr. Ow! you may ſay that—ſhame burn my cheek! My maſter, d'ye ſee, had gotten into the limboes; and ſo, to make my *ſhelf aſy*, I took a drop, or ſo, and fell faſt aſleep, and then, before I was awake, the deed was done.

Major C. But what do you mean by your maſter's being in the limboes, Patrick?

Patr. Why, Maſter Tipſtaff here—Isn't it Tipſtaff ye call him?—kidnapped him; that's all, Honey.

Officer. Information was given to the Committee of Public Safety againſt Mr. Rambleton, and I had the honour of attending him before them, Sir.

Major C. Good heavens! I muſt haſten to his aſſiſtance. Mr. Stanhope, I may want your aid. The probability is, that the villainous plunderers have taken the road to New-York; and, by the aſſiſtance of theſe ſoldiers, Sir, [*ſpeaking to the Officer*] you may ſurpriſe and bring them back—their booty will retard their flight. Patrick, you will accompany the officer; you can beſt deſignate your maſter's property.

Patr. Ow! that I ſhall, with the biggeſt pleaſure in life, Sir.

Major C. Mr. Stanhope, we muſt away to the Committee.

[*Exeunt ſeverally, in oppoſite directions.*

SCENE—An Apartment in another Public Houſe.

[*Mr. Rambleton and the Members of the Committee of Safety ſeated round the table.*]

Ramb. Gentlemen, you have detained me many hours—I could clear up all your doubts; but I have private reaſons for wiſhing to remain concealed at preſent. Yet, however you may be diſpoſed to call my veracity in queſtion, you have ſo highly obliged me, by aſſuring me that you received no intelligence reſpecting me from Major Camden, that I ſhall not eaſily take offence.

1ſt Memb.

1ſt Memb. Your attachment to Major Camden would almoſt induce us to ſuſpect the fidelity of that young ſoldier.

2d Memb. Major Camden is a brave, a gallant officer; but ſo was General Arnold!

3d Memb. The defection of Arnold has rendered us abundantly more wary; we have every thing at ſtake, Sir.

Ramb. I commend your caution, Gentlemen. I have already narrated my accidental meeting with Major Camden; but perhaps it might be agreeable to ſummon the Major; and we will ſubmit to croſs examination.

1ſt Memb. This, in my opinion, Gentlemen, is a proper motion.

[*Enter a Servant.*]

Serv. Major Camden and Mr. Stanhope crave admittance, Gentlemen.

2d Memb. Let them enter immediately.

[*Exit Servant.*

3d Memb. This looks well.

[*Enter Major Camden and Mr. Stanhope.*]

Major C. May it pleaſe this honourable body, Mr. Stanhope and myſelf wait on you to offer our joint bonds for the releaſe of Mr. Rambleton; his affairs ſtand in immediate need of his preſence.

Ramb. What mean you, Sir?

Major C. The villain Vanſittart, having robbed you of every article of value, hath abſconded!

Members of the Committee. [*all exclaim*] Vanſittart! the very man who lodged the information!

Ramb. The picture of my Louiſa, then, is raviſhed from me!

Major C. The picture, Sir! [*Pauſes.*] Yes—*it is poſſible!*—Vanſittart ſold the picture to a jeweller; and it is now in the hands of Mrs. Montague, whoſe ſoul is harrowed up by agonizing fears for him whoſe property it was.

Ramb. Oh! give me way; and let me fly, the meſſenger of peace!

Major

Major C. Explain yourſelf, Mr. Rambleton.

Ramb. If ſhe can feel ſo deeply, diſguiſes are no longer neceſſary. My real name is Montague! the huſband of the lady whom you mention.

Major C. Good heavens! what a diſcovery!

Ramb. Having reaſon to call in queſtion the tenderneſs of my wife, I meant this very evening to have learned her ſentiments, under a diſguiſe which ſhould have veiled me from her knowledge; and even now, I muſt inſiſt on being myſelf the bearer of the tidings of my return: In her emotions I mean to read my fate.

Major C. Upon the truth and firm affection of Mrs. Montague, I'd ſtake my hopes of happineſs.

Ramb. With the good leave of this moſt honourable Committee, we go to make the experiment.

1ſt Memb. We can no longer doubt.

2d Memb. Or if we do, theſe gentlemen will become reſponſible.

Major C. Moſt certainly. What ſay you, Stanhope?

Alberto. Ah! to the utmoſt farthing I can call my own. [*Committee riſes.*]

[*Exeunt ſeverally, in oppoſite directions.*

SCENE—A Mountain and adjacent Wood.

[*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Vanſittart, with Servants—Mrs. Vanſittart weary.*]

Mrs. V. Oh! I cannot go another ſtep—Was ever woman ſo completely fatigued? This wood will *clandictedly* conceal us. It would not be doing the thing *jonteelly*, to go any further to-night.

Vanſ. Shenteelly! Why, who ever thought of *ſhenteelly, at this preſent time?* Come along, *viſe*—come along, *Torothy*, I ſay. [*He pulls her after him.*

Mrs. V. [*Struggling.*] Dear Mr. Vanſittart, you have no *alegunt idears.*

Vanſ. Elegant *itears! Cot a'* mercy! *Torothy*, you *vould* provoke a ſaint!

Mrs.

Mrs. V. I will not proceed—I inſiſt on ſitting down. [*They lay down their booty, and ſeat themſelves.*

Vanſ. *Vell*, if you muſt *pe opeyt*, you muſt; *put*, *viſe*, *viſe!* I tell you no *coot vill* come of our *expetition.*

[*Enter Patrick, Officer, and Soldiers, in different directions—they all riſe up, ſhriek, and endeavour to make their eſcape; but are ſeverally ſeized by their purſuers—Mr. Vanſittart falls flat on his face, and roars tremendouſly—Patrick raiſes him.*]

Vanſ. O *tear*, *pleſſet* Mr. Patrick! I have *creat occaſions* for mercy, *at this preſent time*; *ant* ſo, if you *vill pe* ſo *coot* as to *parton* me, I *vill* take my *piple* oath, that I *vill* never commit another *roppery*, as long as I *to* live *in this here vorlt.*

Patr. Why, look'ye, my dear, it's none of my affair, d'ye ſee; but, as you are taken priſoner, or the like of that, my *ſhelf* ſhall *be after* making a promiſe, that if ye cry *pecavia*, Maſter Rambleton ſhall never knock your words down your throat—he never *bodders* a poor fellow who can't help *himſhelf*, Honey.

Mrs. V. What's that you ſay, huſband? I deſire you would behave *jonteelly.* I ſay it is an *alegunt* thing, to take the property of a vile tory, and our country will thank us for it.

Vanſ. *Holt* your tongue, *Torothy*—*holt* your *vicket* tongue, I ſay.

Patr. Ow! *lave* off your palavering, woman; you had better *be after* coming along. Ow! I wiſh I had the white boys here, for your ſake; I would have you fairly trounced—ſo I would; and *after that you might be carried before the Juſtice:* But humſomever, d'ye ſee, theſe ſame goods are all Maſter Rambleton's; and ſo, Maſter Tipſtaff, you may do your *juty* again, if you *plaſe.*

[*Exit, with Officer and Soldiers, bearing the booty, and puſhing the delinquents before them.*

SCENE—

SCENE—A Parlour in Mrs. Montague's Houſe.

[*Enter Harriot and Emily.*]

Harriot. My mamma, thank Heaven, has reaſoned herſelf into a degree of compoſure.

[*Enter Mr. Rambleton, Major Camden, Stanhope ſenior, and Alberto.*]

Major C. Miſs Montague, this ſtranger [*Rambleton bows*] has ſome knowledge of the picture, which he will communicate only to your mother.

Harriot. I will inform my mamma immediately, Sir. [*Exit Harriot, accompanied by Emily.*

Ramb. Exquiſite beauty! a perfect tranſcript of her mother! It was with difficulty I could forbear folding her to my boſom.

Alberto. Miſs Montague's mind is a fit accompaniment for her exterior. It is ſtrange, Sir, [*ſpeaking to his father*] that you ſhould ſo immediately recognize Mr. Rambleton.

Stanh. Body on me, why he was my old ſchool-fellow! ah, and a *muſical boy* he was too. Why neighbour Montague, my name is not Stanhope if I do not mightily rejoice to ſee thee.

[*Enter Mrs. Montague, led by Harriot and Emily.*]

Mrs. M. [*She ſtarts back, draws away her hands, claſps them in an extacy of joy, and exclaims,*] Oh all ye ſaints and angels! it is my huſband! my long loſt, highly injured, and dear lamented huſband; [*ruſhing forward, ſhe is on the point of falling, but is ſaved in the arms of Rambleton.*]

Ramb. O my Louiſa, this one luxurious moment is a vaſt, an ample compenſation for every evil which I ever ſuffered!

Mrs. M. [*Kneeling.*] Can you forgive me, Edward? my heart was ne'er in fault; each day, ſince your departure, has been marked by ſuffering; and every paſſing hour hath witneſſed my regrets!

Ramb. [*Raiſing her.*] No more, my love, I have been too ſevere! But rigid honour demanded much,

and

and I was not apprized how deeply you were wounded! [*Mrs. Montague leans on Emily, Harriot comes forward and kneels.*]

Harriot. And is there yet in ſtore for Harriot Montague a father's benediction?

Ramb. [*Claſping her to his boſom.*] Come, my ſweet cherub, thy father's heart is open to receive thee, and thou art far dearer to his ſoul than the life blood which warms him to exiſtence.

Mrs. M. Edward, one fond impatient queſtion yet trembles on my tongue—our ſon—

Ramb. Loved Louiſa, he is doubly your's, by virtue and by nature! Camden, come to my boſom! My love, behold our ſon!

Major C. What ſay you, Sir?

Mrs. M. Harry Camden! Aſtoniſhing!!

Ramb. Yes, my ſoul's treaſure—behold the boy whom you ſo oft have preſſed to that maternal boſom! E're I became a voluntary exile, ſojourning in Virginia, I left our ſon with Mr. Camden, a man in whom my ſoul confided; and 'twas from me, my ſon, that your *ſuppoſed father* received the letters that placed you in the military line.

Major C. I do remember ſomething of myſtery about thoſe letters; and with duteous veneration I kneel to ſuch a father. [*Kneels.*

Ramb. Riſe, my brave boy—Cato himſelf might glory in ſuch a ſon!

Major C. [*Bowing on the hand of Mrs. Montague.*] Madam, I tender *never ending duty!* my elevation ſhall be marked by *filial affection!*

Mrs. M. Harry, no words can ſpeak the ſtrong ſenſations which mingle in my boſom!

Major C. Siſter, [*to Harriot*] *thou art now* every thing a fond tranſported *brother* can deſire.

Harriot. I glory in my *brother*, Sir.

Stanh. A good muſical diſcovery this! and may I never dance at Alberto's wedding, if I do not think it is beſt to ſtrike while the iron is hot. [*Aſide.*] My ſon, neighbour, has, I aſſure you, a very warm heart for

Miſs Harriot; and I cannot but hope that you will not ſtand in the way of the young people.

Ramb. It ſhall be my care to break no tender ties, Sir; if he wins my daughter's love, he ſhall have my approbation.

Alberto. To gain that bliſsful ſummit, my moſt arduous efforts ſhall not be wanting.

Major C. [*introducing Emily Lovegrove.*] Your beauteous niece, Miſs Lovegrove, Sir, to whoſe ſuperior virtues your ſon would fain do juſtice.

Ramb. [*taking the hand of Emily.*] I underſtand you, Harry; but what ſays our daughter Emily?

Emily. That while ſhe bleſſes Heaven for your return, ſhe marks, with glowing admiration, your brave heroic ſon.

Ramb. Well ſaid, my good girl! I congratulate you, Harry! a father's approbation ſhall not be wanting to crown the wiſhes of his children.

Major C. [*bowing impaſſioned on the hand of Emily.*] Now I am truly bleſt!

Harriot. [*addreſſing her mother.*] How is my dear and tender mother?

Mrs. M. Ah! my daughter, I ſhudder at the precipice on which I ſtood! Had the marriage, I ſo ardently deſired, taken place!—Why, my Edward, our children have been on the point of exchanging the nuptial vow!—a brother and a ſiſter wedded!! How wide the evils, which, but for interpoſing Heaven, my fatal indiſcretion might have originated!

Ramb. Forget them, dear Louiſa, and hail thy opening proſpects! Now Rambleton no more—thy Edward Montague—*thy Traveller Returned*, wedded to love and thee.

Mrs. M. My enraptured ſpirit lowly proſtrates to Edward, and to Heaven.

Harriot. This evening, Sir, we had devoted to a private party—lovers of mirth, who dance away the hours—girls, like thy Harriot, and her choſen friends—e'en now they grace the ball-room, glad at thy return; and, ſure convivial joys ſhould mark this happy era!

Ramb.

Ramb. Thank you, ſweet cherub! quick bid the dancers enter.

[*Muſic plays—Scene draws and diſcovers the company, which immediately join in the dance, after which the curtain drops.*]

END OF THE COMEDY.

No. LXXXV.

I love the virtues even of a foe;
Thoſe acts benign from ſympathy that flow;
And gratitude impreſs'd on radiant worth,
Of honour born, and nurs'd by meek ey'd truth,
To my admiring gaze conſpicuous ſtands,
On white cliff'd Albion, though its leaf expands.
Nations their *virtues* have—their *vices* too—
In human ſoil perfection never grew,
(Save when the Branch of Jeſſe ſtood conſeſt,
With all the Deity inherent bleſt!)
I would embrace the good; the bad reject;
Worth ever glowing as my theme ſelect.

I HAVE paſſed one of thoſe days, that, on ſober reflection, I would gladly reiterate. The morning roſe delightfully ſerene; and, having offered at the ſhrine of Deity our early oriſons, I propoſed to Mary a viſit to our children; an enchanting little jaunt produced us at Hamilton Place. Edward met us with cuſtomary expreſſions of kindneſs, and Margaretta with thoſe demonſtrations of affection that have ever marked her conduct. We paſſed ſome delightful moments amid the captivating endearments of the little William and his ſiſters, and their ſociety operated as the ſweeteſt ſolace to our minds. On the entrance of leſs intereſted friends, we were, however, conſtrained to diſmiſs the lovely prattlers; and, beſtowing on them the benediction of affection, we committed them to the care of a faithful woman, to whom Margaretta, when *unavoidably engaged*, is in the habit of entruſting them.

The

The commencement of the converſation, after the children had retired, took a turn extremely adverſe to my wiſhes—*Britiſh enormities*, and *Britiſh ingratitude* was the theme; and I, who ſpontaneouſly ſhrink from inſtances of *human depravity*, naturally turned with diſguſt from the ſubject. It is true I am a Gleaner; but, I am, nevertheleſs, at a world of pains to winnow my multifarious collections; and I muſt be fully convinced of their utility, before I can conſent that the bitter ingredients ſhould obtain the aſcendency even in a ſingle eſſay. Fortunately for me, the courſe of thoſe obſervations, which were iſſuing with a ſufficient quantum of acrimony, was unexpectedly arreſted, and conducted into an oppoſite channel, by the interference of a young gentleman, a Captain L——, whom I have long regarded with no ſmall complacency: The ſeeds of every virtue are implanted in his breaſt; but conceiving an averſion from the *oſtentatious parade* of excellence, he hath, I have imagined, embraced a contrary extreme; and his fine qualities, are, conſequently, veiled by appearances, which the ſuperficial regard as expreſſive of propenſities directly oppoſite to thoſe that are paramount in his boſom. Young as he is, he ſeems preciſely to have eſtimated the value of the human character; the man of *real virtue* will ever find him warmly attached to his intereſt; and he is ſincerely beloved by every one to whom he is *fully known*. All the energies of his ſoul have to-day been called into action; and his fine eyes, ſparkling with even more than their wonted luſtre, while he plead the cauſe of truth, evinced the *kindred virtues* which are inherent in his boſom.

He introduced his teſtimony by obſerving it was very probable the Britons might, in many inſtances, have been offenders, but that his own experience was an exception to clamours, which he imagined were far too general; and he proceeded to inform us, that, having taken the command of a ſhip, he had croſſed the Atlantic with all the prejudices of an American; that, with the pride of a young man enthuſiaſtically

devoted

devoted to his country, he had anchored in the river Thames; that he went on ſhore prepared to repel inſults, and with a high ſenſe of the haughtineſs and ingratitude of the Engliſh nation. Circumſtances, however, ſoon produced a pleaſing revolution in his mind; the diſpoſal of a large and various cargo, introduced him to different deſcriptions of people, all of whom he found eaſy of acceſs, and fair and open in their dealings. The knowledge that he was an American, ſeemed to augment his conſequence; and every one appearing eager to ſerve him, he was led to wonder whither the arrogance and reſerve attributed to thoſe Iſlanders had vaniſhed. Retiring to his ſhip, he was indulging a reverie on this ſubject, when an unknown voice, obſerving to one of the ſhip-mates, who was lighting him into the great cabin, that he had but recently heard the name of the commander, arreſted his attention; he had ſcarce time to form a conjecture, ere the ſtranger preſented himſelf before him.

"Your name, Sir, I am informed, is L——; but information is ſuperfluous; your features have taken too great hold on my mind ever to be eraſed therefrom."—The ſtranger advanced with open arms—The American ſtood collected—"You have the advantage of me, Sir; I have not the pleaſure of knowing you."—"Probably not, Sir; and yet I have often claſped you to my boſom; you uſed to be ambitious of a place on my knee; and your innocent remarks have amuſed me, during ſome very gloomy hours. My name is P——. I was captured by Captain N——, commander of the ſhip S———; a man, *in whoſe boſom true nobility ſeemed inherent.* I have ſaid a thouſand times, that his ſpirit was too big for his body; and when, after my return home, I put to ſea again, one of my leading motives for wiſhing to make a prize of Captain N——, was, that I might be furniſhed with an opportunity of emulating his acts of generoſity. But in your father's houſe, Sir, I found even a paternal home. God bleſs the honoured man—Does he

ſtill live? If he does, the wandering ſufferer may yet obtain a friend and father, who is not only an honour to the American name, but to humanity at large."

Captain L——, it will not be doubted, received a man ſo deeply impreſſed with the virtues of his father, and on whoſe boſom the *laws of gratitude* ſeemed imprinted, with the requiſite attention. The grateful Briton would have conducted him immediately to his houſe; he entreated him to take up his quarters there; and, although pained by a refuſal, his frequent invitations, while he continued on the river, hardly left him an unappropriated day. Captain P—— quitting his employ on the ocean, had entered into a line of buſineſs which empowered him to ſupply the navigator with many articles of which he was in want; and the American commander, with a view of giving him the preference, made continual application to his warehouſe: But occupied, previous to his departure, in cloſing his accounts, he commiſſioned the perſon whom he had employed to diſcharge the debts he had contracted, to wait on his hoſpitable friend for his bill; when, to his great aſtoniſhment, he was informed that he had no pecuniary demands upon him. He immediately haſtened to the compting-houſe of the merchant. —"What can you mean, Sir, by the meſſage I have juſt received? Am I not indebted to you for articles to a conſiderable amount?"

"No, indeed, Sir," returned the *ſea diſciplined veteran*, while an honeſt tear glittered in his eye—"*Your father has rendered it impoſſible for you to become my debtor!!* I wiſh to God the articles to which you refer, were of greater value. Commend me to the good man to whom you are returning; and if you are not diſpoſed to affront a brother Sailor, you will mention this affair no more." This was ſufficient; our young gentleman was neceſſitated to *defer the day of retribution*. They drank together a parting bottle; and he hoiſted ſail with far other ideas of Engliſh men and manners than thoſe with which he had caſt anchor.

While

While Captain L—— was concluding his recital, we were joined by Seymour and his Serafina, who had recently returned from an excurſion into the State of Vermont; and they related a little narrative altogether in point; for the *authenticity of which the Gleaner pledges his veracity.*

Captain A——, a Britiſh officer of family and fortune, was one of the many brave men, who, induced by a ſenſe of duty to their ſovereign, or erroneous ideas of the cauſe in which they engaged, armed and embodied themſelves for the purpoſe of exterminating from this new world all oppoſition to the mandates of a government, uſurping an unwarrantable ſovereignty, and peremptorily inſiſting on the power of binding, in all caſes whatſoever, a people ſeparated from them by the broad Atlantic, and who had never been repreſented in their national or legally conſtituted aſſemblies.

Captain A—— ſhared the fate of many of his aſſociates in the war; and after a number of marches and counter-marches, he was reduced to the neceſſity of ſurrendering to thoſe undiſciplined men, whom he had hardly deigned to conſider as ſoldiers. He was committed to the care of a Major B——, then ſtationed in a metropolis, well known in the commercial world; this officer, from the dawn of the revolution, had glowed with a holy zeal in his country's cauſe; he was foremoſt in thoſe ranks who diſtinguiſhed themſelves in defence of that liberty, for which ſuch countleſs heroes fought and bled; and in addition to the rank of Major, he was inveſted with that of Commiſſary of Priſoners. Captain A—— received every indulgence of which his ſituation was ſuſceptible; the Commiſſary knew how to appreciate his virtues, nor was any effort left unaſſayed, which it was imagined might render his captivity eaſy. Love, all potent love, ſeconded theſe benign arrangements, and the brave, the humane ſoldier was in every view a conquered man; but he was received by the lovely ſubduer of his heart with enchanting lenity; honour was regent in her boſom, frankneſs dwelt on her lips, and

ſhe

ſhe intuitively felt that ſhe might confide. The parental ſanction awarded her election; the holy prieſt received their vows; and to a heart ſo faithfully devoted, the bonds of captivity became indeed ſilken.

Thus bleſt by friendſhip and by love, it cannot be matter of aſtoniſhment, that a ſtrong predilection in favour of America triumphed in his boſom; nor that he was with the foremoſt in offering up his ardent vows for the ſucceſs of her battling chiefs. It is true, when the final adjuſtment of the preliminaries of peace left the priſoner at liberty to return to his native country, that, accompanied by his Honora, he departed with the reſt; but he departed with a determined reſolution to return as ſoon as the poſture of his affairs would permit; and on his arrival in England, he was ſo indefatigable in procuring thoſe arrangements, which were neceſſary to the ſale both of his patrimonial and acquired eſtates, that he very ſpeedily re-embarked for this new world. His voyage was proſperous, and he arrived here, fluſhed with the moſt pleaſing expectations.

Diſpatch neceſſarily attends the tranſactions of an active and an ardent mind, and but a ſhort period elapſed, ere he poſſeſſed himſelf of a large tract of moſt excellent land in the Geneſſee country, where, taking his ſtand, he conceived the laudable reſolution of collecting round him as many induſtrious, well diſpoſed and ſober citizens, as ſhould feel a freedom to embrace plans, which combined as their object, not only his own emolument, but the advancement of the country of his adoption, and of all thoſe individuals who might be diſpoſed to adopt his views. It is hardly poſſible to conceive of a ſituation more pleaſingly elevated than that of beſtowing protection, with the means of competency, and obſerving in return the ſpontaneous fruits of gratitude. Yet Captain A—— was but half bleſt; for his moſt diligent reſearches could diſcover no veſtige of the friend, who in the night of adverſity had illumined, by his beneficent interpoſition, the thick darkneſs by which he was ſurrounded.

Major

Major B——, from the era which diſbanded the American army, had been involved in a ſeries of miſfortunes! Generous, perhaps to an extreme, and eminently humane, the neceſſities of his dependents were, *in effect* his own; he was wedded to a woman, lovely in her perſon, and ſuperior in her mind; his infant train, even in the eſtimation of a diſintereſted obſerver, were highly promiſing, and the care of an ancient and widowed mother devolved ſolely on him. No pecuniary reward awaited his ſervices; his pay had never exceeded his expenditures; and the cloſe of the war conſigned him to penury.

Would that his fate exhibited a ſolitary inſtance! Oh, America, America! where is the harveſt which thou haſt treaſured for thy war-worn chiefs? Is poverty the wreath which thou reſerveſt for the brow of thy ſoldiers? When will my country be fully exonerated from the charge of ingratitude? When will ſhe aſſign to deeds of worth a ſuitable and adequate compenſation?

Major B—— poſſeſſed an undaunted ſpirit, and, with a view of warding off the impending evil, he had taken up ſums of money, expecting that, by ſome propitious adventure, he ſhould be able to extricate himſelf from his embarraſſments. Hope was warm in his boſom, and he was ſanguine enough to imagine he ſhould be able to diſcharge the laſt farthing of his arrearages; but all his enterpriſes failed; the waves of misfortune ſwiftly ſucceeded each other; an arreſt terminated his career, and he was immured within the comfortleſs walls of a priſon. That he ſhould long remain in durance was, however, improbable; every ſentiment of humanity embodied for his releaſe, and his known integrity and irreproachable character procured his enlargement. Yet he was thrown pennyleſs on an unfeeling world; and the conſequent ſituation of thoſe beloved claimants, who poſſeſſed the deareſt right to his aid, produced ſorrows which harrowed up his ſoul; reaſon tottered on her throne, and he was driven to the verge of deſperation.

Reflection,

Reflection, however, at length produced a melancholy calm; the ſtorm of the paſſions ſubſided; and, reſolving to retire far from the knowledge of thoſe with whom he had once aſſociated, he took ſhelter on the extreme verge of a newly located townſhip, in the State of Maſſachuſetts, bordering on that of Vermont. Here, deſpoiled of every other reſource, and ſinking under a weight of calamity, his health impaired and his ſpirits broken, the brave, the benevolent officer, with a wife who would have added new luſtre to a diadem, with a lovely and intereſting family of children, and an aged mother—here, in this deſolate ſpot, renting a ſmall houſe on the country road, and putting up a bill for entertainment, he depended for his ſubſiſtence on the neceſſities and caprices of the paſſing traveller; while the ſcanty pittance he thus obtained, was attended with ſuch a variety of humiliating circumſtances, as to render the burden of life almoſt inſupportable!

It was on a fine evening in June, juſt as the parting rays of the ſun had darted his ſetting beams on the weſtern mountains, that this meritorious ſufferer indulged his corroding melancholy at the door of his cottage. Sorrow had well nigh obliterated from his memory all traces of Captain A——, and he remained in entire ignorance of his return to America. A ſuperb phaeton appeared in the road, and, conſcious of his ſituation, he ſhuddered at its approach. It ſtopped—a ſervant alighted, and a gentleman and lady iſſued from the carriage. Nothing of this kind had ever before made its appearance in that place, or its vicinity, and the ſpirit of the care-worn ſoldier almoſt died within him. He ſurveyed his gueſts; and as he reverted to the inſufficiency of that proviſion which it was within his ability to make, the anguiſh of his mind was more than proportioned to the occaſion. It was too late, however, for the travellers to proceed farther that night; no other public houſe was within many miles; and with an air of ineffable benignity, the gentleman handed the lady into the cottage; but hardly had he paſſed the threſhold, when, glancing the highly honoured Veteran, in a

voice

voice of extacy, inmingled with aſtoniſhment, he exclaimed:

"*Great and good God! who do I ſee?*—Major B——, is it poſſible, or do the viſions of the night once more mock my wiſhes? Tell me, are you indeed my incomparable friend?" He haſtened forward—in a moment they were locked in each others arms; the unfortunate man almoſt gaſped for breath; to reſpond was not immediately in his power. At length, however, he articulated—"*Yes, yes, I am indeed your once happy—now deſolate friend. My proſpects—where are they? fled—gone forever.*" "Cloud not," interrupted Captain A——, (for the feelings of the reader have doubtleſs already recognized the grateful Briton) "cloud not, I charge you, the happineſs of this unexpected meeting, by unavailing reflection; but, embracing henceforward the ſame hopes and fears, let us, on this memorable evening, reciprocate vows of eternal amity, and let us mutually conſent to put it beyond the power of fate again to ſeparate us."

The expreſſions of Mrs. B—— and Mrs. A—— were even more impaſſioned than thoſe of the gentlemen; they had been attached in early life—and the night was ſpent in mutual congratulation, mutual recitals, and reiterated profeſſions of undiminiſhed and unalterable regards, while the travellers failed not repeatedly to bleſs that curioſity, which, leading them to make the tour of the eaſtern States, had thus beſtowed on them the objects whom they had ſo long unavailingly purſued.

To penury, and all its gloomy attendants, Major B—— has now bid adieu. Captain A—— preſented him with a deed of gift, conveying to him, and his heirs for ever, as a patrimonial inheritance, one thouſand acres of the beſt of his land. Two thouſand more are his, at half the price for which they are ſold to original purchaſers; and he is to diſpoſe of theſe to the beſt poſſible advantage. His eldeſt daughter is adopted into the family of his patron, and treated in every reſpect as a child of his houſe; he is furniſhed with

with ſufficient ſums to remove his family; a commodious habitation is erected for him on his own grounds; again he baſks in the full meridian of ſociety and of friendſhip, and the ſun of proſperity gilds the evening of his days. The ſenſations of his ſoul are frequently too big for utterance; he gazes on his matchleſs benefactor, and the tear guſhes in his eye; ardent affection, and grateful admiration are impreſſed on his manly features, while geſtures, abundantly more expreſſive than the moſt emphatic language, pourtray the energies of his ſoul.

His venerable parent lived only to ſee the clouds of adverſity diſperſe; her parting ſpirit bleſt the refulgent beam of light, and haſtened, without a remaining regret, to the paradiſe of its God.

N°. LXXXVI.

Local affections e'en as nature cling;
About the heart their tenfold cords they fling:
A gordian knot with magic ſkill they tie;
While cloſe enwrought the complex fibres lie.

YES, it is poſſible, there may perhaps have been individuals, who, in the moſt extenſive ſenſe of the word, have merited the appellation, *Citizens of the World*—whoſe ſtrong minds, ſtruggling ſucceſsfully againſt every view which hath not received a general contour, and proſtrating at the ſhrine of human nature, in the aggregate, have conducted as if the vaſt globe was their country, the venerable pair of Eden their immediate parents, and every wide-ſpreading collateral branch of the family of man, alike entitled to their good offices.

Yet, I take leave to aſk the reflecting and intelligent reader, if this divine expanſion is not, ſtrictly ſpeaking, the property of Deity? and whether thoſe who affect his attributes are not guilty of arrogant aſſumption? Man is a limited being; his movements are circumſcribed

ſcribed within narrow bounds; his eye can take in, at a ſingle view, but a ſmall portion of our world: If he would tranſport himſelf from place to place, his progreſs, impeded by a variety of incumbrances, muſt be gradual; and if he would traverſe the globe, he muſt devote to the arduous enterprize the revolution of many ſucceeding months. Every individual is neceſſarily deſcended from a particular family; nature implants her attachments, and the hand of violence can alone uproot them.

The Deity views, at a ſingle glance, the univerſe outſpread before him—he is not confined to time, or place: Every created being is the offspring of his commanding *fiat;* and the unbounded diffuſion of his copious and impartial regards, is therefore an effect neceſſarily reſulting from a great and Omnipotent Cauſe. When we are diſencumbered from theſe material machines, and move with the velocity of ſpirit, the probability is, that we ſhall partake more eſſentially the properties of our Divine Original. But different diſpenſations authorize a varied economy; and the difficulty (and, in almoſt every inſtance, the impoſſibility) of ſurmounting inherent and local attachments, may, perhaps, like every other prominent feature of nature, be attended with its coeval advantages.

"I cannot, for my ſoul," ſaid Albinus, as arm under arm he croſſed State-ſtreet with Degeneus—"I cannot, for my ſoul, obliterate my local partialities. Born in London, the name of an Engliſhman operates as a kind of charm; I involuntarily yield him a moiety of my affection; and I am better pleaſed to meet a good character from that country, than from any other part of the globe." I would adviſe Albinus not to attempt the extermination of his local partialities: In other words, I would adviſe him not to enter the liſts as a combatant againſt *parent Nature.* Hath not the preferable love of country, hath not family attachments their advantages? In what period of the world was not the real patriot held in admiration? and is not patriotiſm another word for a zealous de-

votion to the intereſts of our country? It is certainly laudable to cultivate and invigorate a ſpirit of *general philanthropy*; but ſtill, is it not according to the courſe of things, that the ardent glow ſhould embrace "*friends, parents, neighbours, firſt?*" until, in a regular progreſſion, circles thus formed ſucceed each other, while nature views complacent, the order and gradual advances of her children.——Let us pauſe to inveſtigate for a moment.

The fact advanced is, I preſume, ſelf-evident; and I conceive its utility is as clearly demonſtrable. The approbation of thoſe with whom we are connected, frequently furniſhes the moſt powerful incentive to virtue. Every local preference produces a motive to proper and becoming actions; they continually operate as ſo many mentors, ſuggeſting and nerving the purpoſes of virtue. Shall I wound the tender boſom of her to whom I am indebted for my exiſtence? Shall I transfix the paternal feelings of that white-headed man, who, from my firſt dawn of being, has watched over me for good? Shall I outrage the manly tenderneſs which my brothers have cultivated toward me? Shall I call a bluſh into the cheek of my ſiſters? Shall I do violence to the confidence of friendſhip, or cover with confuſion the countenance of my fellow-citizens? Theſe are conſiderations which ſometimes operate on the man, keeping him ſteady to the arrangements of rectitude, even when the agency of the vicegerent in his breaſt is ſuſpended, or becomes ineffectual in its adminiſtration.

Are we removed from that ſpot of earth, where firſt the purple ſtream commenced its vital flow? the report which echoing fame will waft to thoſe dear native haunts, becomes, in our eſtimation, an object of the greateſt magnitude. What ideas will the narration of ſuch and ſuch an action originate? How will my connexions, who ſtill continue there, be affected by ſuch a particular ſtep? and what will they think of my conduct, on any occaſion, on which all the energies of my ſoul may have been called into exerciſe?

Thus

Thus I am induced to think, that a venerating attachment to the opinions, and a ſolicitude for the approbation, of thoſe with whom we were early in the habits of amity, have a tendency to originate and confirm a regular ſyſtem of propriety, to eſtabliſh a ſcrupulous accuracy of conduct, and frequently to operate as the taliſman of every laudable exertion. I am not a friend to the *deſpotiſm* of prejudice; I would diſcountenance *undue* partialities; and I contend only for the utility of *prominent* and *diſtinguiſhing*, not *excluſive*, regards. He, whoſe range is the univerſe, will, too, probably, become alſo an itinerant in virtue; or at leaſt, the diſſipation of his views may gradually conſign his merit to oblivion. I do not aſſert, that my ideas may not be erroneous; I pretend not to fill the chair of infallibility; but it is, perhaps, well to put the beſt face on a *neceſſity*, which ſeems compriſed in the very complexure of our nature.

Local attachments, we have ſaid, (and we believe, with a few exceptions, it will be found true) inſinuate themſelves into, and become interwoven with, the very fibres of our exiſtence; and their invincibility, when it is remembered that we are under the direction of unerring Wiſdom, is a commanding proof of their utility. Much time hath elapſed ſince I bid adieu to my native place; but neither years nor diſtance can obliterate the ſenſations which cluſter round reflection, as I contemplate that, *to me*, intereſting ſpot. It was the ſcene of my early pleaſures; and the recollection of its dear domeſtic haunts are right precious to my ſoul. There, too, were paſſed the moſt agonizing moments I have ever yet endured. The authors of my being have long ſince ſlept in the duſt; but their aſhes hallow that earth, which will ever be entitled to, and which will ſtill poſſeſs, my veneration. Misfortunes clouded my youth—my path was marked by ſorrow. Many painful events have conſpired to throw a gloom over the place of my birth—I would not return to it—I would not again commence a dweller there; but my moſt ardent benedictions will ever reſt upon it;

and

and the affectionate attachment and approbation of its inhabitants will ſtill conſtitute one of the principal ſources of my complacency. I rejoice in its proſperity; and I cannot hear it named with applauſe, but my heart acknowledges an accompanying glow of ſatisfaction.

The love of our country has been deemed a univerſal paſſion; and ſtrong muſt be the intereſt that can ſuperſede its operations. It is obſerved, that the natives of every climate, and the ſubjects of every State and kingdom, are ſo ſtrongly operated on by local attachments, and their conſequent partialities, as to conceive their own ſpot of earth the beſt of all poſſible ſituations. The elegant ſongſtreſs of the Albion world does not paint too highly, when ſhe ſays:

" The *peaſant of the Alps* his cottage forms,
" And builds his humble, happy home.
" Unenvied is the rich domain,
" That far beneath him on the plain
" Waves its wide harveſts, and its olive groves:
" More dear to him his hut, with plaintain thatch'd,
" Where long his unambitious heart attach'd,
" Finds all he wiſhes—all he loves."

Inſtances have been known, where a fondneſs for the ſcenes of infantile life, and the ſportive days of boyhood, have enabled perſons, in an advanced ſtage of their exiſtence, to encounter numerous difficulties, for the purpoſe of viſiting a ſpot, which fancy hath continued to paint in all the vivid colours beſtowed on it by the glowing imagination of youth. It is true, if, urged by tender recollection, they quit their *more* commodious accommodations, the probability is, that, rendered peeviſh and frigid by years, and not allowing for the viciſſitudes of time, the termination of a fatiguing jaunt may generally give them expreſſions and feelings, ſimilar to thoſe of Doctor Johnſon, when, departing from the city of London, he devoted a portion of his time to the pleaſingly remembered haunts of Litchfield. Yet, I conceive, the multiplication of inſtances of this kind will not break the charm: The

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faſcinating influence of juvenile pleaſures will ſtill remain; they will take poſſeſſion of the heart with pleaſing accompaniments; and *memory* will ſtill revert to the native lawns, the native hills, groves, meadows, rocks, and ſtreams, with all thoſe correſponding raptures which thrilled the boſom, when firſt the dawn of admiration awakened every ſenſe to the ſweet enthuſiaſm of new-born rapture.

Yes, the *amor patriæ* is a natural, a beneficial, and a laudable paſſion——May it ever glow with Decian energy in the Columbian boſom—May we continue to regard, with filial veneration, our country's Warriors, her Patriots, and her Stateſmen—and may we enumerate, with fervid exultation, thoſe able proficients in excellence, who daily throng the ſplendid paths of fame!

Naturally and unalterably attached to this New World, I love and revere its Conſtitution, its laws, and its government; and I would obliterate every circumſtance that might either immediately, or eventually, envelop in clouds its dignity, its honour, or that national magnitude, to which it is ſo rapidly advancing. Columbia has been accuſed of ingratitude! and of exerciſing an impolitic and penurious economy, in her pecuniary rewards, to thoſe to whom ſhe has delegated the moſt important truſts! Poſſibly, Uzza like, I may be actuated by undue officiouſneſs, when I would aſſay to put forth my hand to touch the tottering ark; and yet I cannot forbear to mourn the fate of thoſe unrewarded veterans, who are conſigned to all the glooms neceſſarily attendant on blaſted expectations; and who, wounded by ingratitude and neglect, are at this moment ſtruggling with thoſe depreſſing evils, which are the appendages of diſappointment, penury, and conſequent regret. And is that arrangement, I would aſk, which appropriates to *firſt rate abilities*, for exertions that require *every faculty of the mind, and all of life*, only a ſcanty pittance, that will ſcarcely command the articles neceſſary to exiſtence, either honourable or judicious? Are not ſuch meaſures calculated

to drive from the moſt important offices, men who would do honour to their country? Will it not fill the places of government with needy adventurers, who are drove to the laſt extremity for a bare ſubſiſtence? and will not *the people* eventually ſuffer, for the niggardly ſyſtem they may at preſent impoſe?

I am perſonally acquainted with ſome gentlemen, highly meritorious as individuals, whoſe abilities are ſplendid, whoſe integrity is without a blemiſh, and whoſe accurate diſcharge of the truſt repoſed in them hath met with univerſal approbation: Yet theſe gentlemen have been compelled to relinquiſh their employments, merely becauſe the emoluments annexed thereto, were inadequate to the ſupport of their families! Devoted as I am to my country, I will repeat, that I lament the neceſſity which is multiplying inſtances of this deſcription! and with all humility I aſk—Is it not worthy the wiſdom of government to conſider, whether a remedy for this growing evil is not within the limits of its authority?

No. LXXXVII.

[*Written December* 1ſt, 1796, *during the important Conteſt which agitated the Public Mind, relative to a Succeſſor to the immortal* WASHINGTON.]

This party fury harrows up the ſoul!
The whirlwind of the paſſions tears the breaſt!
Let ſovereign Reaſon each debate control,
Of calm inveſtigating powers poſſeſt.

"I LOOKED in on Publicola this morning," ſaid my friend, "and I found, on his reading deſk, the Holy Bible, the Centinel, and Johnſon's quarto dictionary; and, hence I conclude Publicola orthodox in his religious ſentiments, ſound in his politics, and correct in his literature." Theſe were your concluſions, returned I; but another would have been better pleaſed to have obſerved on the reading deſk, Paine's Age

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of Reaſon, Robeſpierre's ſanguinary code, and a treatiſe on the utility of the guillotine—its various *uſes*, and the different *caſes*, in which, by *legal* and *received conſtruction*, it might be put into action.

It will ever remain an incontrovertible fact, that, while the underſtandings of men are diſſimilar, they can never contemplate perſons or things in the ſame point of view; and, if they would learn to diſſent with moderation, and diſcard from their vocabulary a language, for which, madneſs only can apologize, this world of ours would be a much more tolerable place of reſidence, than, in the preſent diſpoſition of party, it is likely to become.

It is true, I cannot regard a *pure unmixed democracy* as that preciſe form of government, which is, in *all its parts*, the moſt friendly to the beſt intereſts of mankind. I cannot think that the *art* of legiſlation is within the knowledge of *every man*. He whoſe mind is *filled* with agricultural or commercial purſuits, whoſe education and ſubſequent occupation has been *principally* directed to a particular buſineſs or profeſſion, cannot, I have conceived, obtain ſufficient leiſure to inveſtigate, with the requiſite attention, the great *art of government*; and, as I have regarded power, in *unſteady* and *unſkilful* hands, as a great evil, ſo I have called that man miſguided, and an invader of the public peace, who, advancing the doctrine of claims, hath inflated the fanciful and ſuperficial with erroneous ideas of retaining prerogatives, which, by their own free ſuffrages, they had voluntarily relinquiſhed. He who violently or inſidiouſly deſtroys the unqueſtionably neceſſary ſeries of ſubordination, who produces the various claſſes of mankind as uſurpers on thoſe orders, which, in the ſcale of being, take rank above them, muſt inevitably throw a nation or a ſtate into ſtrong convulſions; nor, will reaſon authorize ſuch an attempt, ſave in the laſt extremity. When the officers of government are choſen—when they are legally inaugurated, and have, in due form, taken their appropriate places, I am free to confeſs that I adopt, in an unqualified ſenſe, the

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ſentiment which Homer hath put into the mouth of his Pylian ſage; and, at leaſt until a *ſucceeding election*, I would ſay,

"Be ſilent, friends, and think not here allow'd,
"That worſt of tyrants, an *uſurping crowd*."

I confeſs that a *Federal repreſentative Republic* is the government of my election, and under the conſtitution of the United States of Columbia I would chooſe to paſs my days; yet, I poſſeſs no right to impoſe my ſentiments on my brethren; nor can I be juſtified in flaſhing the *lie in his face*, who would maintain oppoſite principles. A paragraph is produced in to-day's paper, which I conceive fundamentally and totally wrong; but, is it not poſſible that the veracity of the writer may, nevertheleſs, remain unimpeachable? may he not have been miſinformed, and under the impreſſion of an error, in which circumſtances, beyond his control, may have involved him? may he not have given preciſely that repreſentation which appeared to him literally true? and, would it not beſt conſiſt with the character of the rational man, to reſpond with mildneſs, and that candour which generally points the luminous rays of conviction?

Every ſenſe of propriety is lacerated by the ungentlemanlike warmth, with which a certain claſs of political writers handle each other; and, for myſelf, when purſuing my vocation, in my accuſtomed routine of duty, I eſſay to *glean*, in thoſe copious fields, the ſcattered grain which may perchance remain, my feelings are too often barbarouſly mangled by the briars and thorns with which they abound. If great national queſtions are to be agitated, why not enliſt under the banners of reaſon, and manage the important propoſition with cool and temperate diſcuſſion? Why not light the torch of inveſtigation, and, after deliberately and minutely ſcanning one by one, circumſtances and poſitions, why not calmly ſubmit the deciſion to the unbiaſſed ſuffrages of a great, an enlightened, and a free people? Why muſt the reputation of *individuals* be blackened, and ſentiments and opinions arraigned,

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altogether foreign from the ſubject in debate? Why is *philoſophy* maligned, and the *caution of wiſdom* contumeliouſly attributed to the moſt unworthy and debaſing of motives? Why is firm, unyielding integrity, warm and glowing in the common cauſe, accuſed of the temerity which marks the ariſtocrat—of abſurdly aſpiring to a monarchical eſtabliſhment, and of thoſe unwarrantable views which the ſoul of rectitude abhors?

If there exiſts reaſons why particular men are not competent or eligible to certain offices of ſtate, would it not be noble, and in the true Horatian ſpirit, to ſacrifice *private feelings to the public weal;* and, heroically appearing even againſt the deareſt of our friends, produce to the public eye, thoſe unpropitious features, or pernicious plans, which, endangering the commonwealth, unqueſtionably render the candidates, embracing ſuch adverſe ſentiments unworthy the confidence of their conſtituents? If the reprehenſible particulars were, with all requiſite decency and honeſt frankneſs, boldly pointed out; if chapter and verſe were cited, and if *the name* of the accuſer was affixed to the impeachment, the matter then properly introduced to the public mind, would be in an honourable train, free inquiry would ſucceed, and truth thus placed within our reach, the creſt fallen culprit would ſink to the oblivion which he merits; while the hero, who, influenced by no other motive than zeal for the public cauſe, riſked the eternal enmity and gave a mortal blow to the reputation, perhaps of a friend, would be crowned with thoſe unfading honours which ſhould ever be reſerved for the real patriot.

It is to be regretted that the *anonymous deſamer*, although adorned with news-paporial diſtinctions, ever obtains the ſmalleſt conſideration. Was the dignity of legiſlation mine, it ſhould ſtand conſpicuous in my code of laws, that every *unclaimed* and *unſupported* allegation, intended as derogatory to a character, ſhould be eſteemed as operating, in all reſpects, to the *building up, elevating* and *confirming ſaid character*; and, did calumny thus *defeat its own purpoſe*, only the diſintereſted,

eſted, and truth taught man of principle, when ſeriouſly and loudly called on by his country's exigencies, would aſſume the invidious taſk of holding up to a nation's view, as circumſtances might require, the diſcriminating glaſs; which, diveſting of every adventitious covering, would diſplay the candidate ſuch as he really was.

Diſorganizers of government, fomenters of confuſion, friends to anarchy.—Diſcarding all theſe irritating epithets of reproach, I would rather denominate that reſpectable claſs of citizens which, at preſent, conſtitute the democratic party, *miſguided ſons of liberty*. It is matter of ſerious mortification, that we cannot exonerate the advocates of the cauſe of our election from the odium of unjuſtifiable and indecent warmth; but, when, as if no human delinquent could furniſh an example ſufficiently atrocious, the arch incendiary, who filled the beautifully tranquil walks of paradiſe with diſobedience, diſorder, and conſequent death, is ſummoned from his Tartarean domains, as the prototype of combinations of men who certainly enrol in their catalogues, names which are an honour to human nature—when, I ſay, ſuch intemperate and inflammatory inſtances of aggravation are notorious, the votaries of reaſon muſt bluſh for the unwarrantable outrage which is thus done to virtue, in the perſons of thoſe whoſe lives have been ſquared by her dictates. We are deſirous of ſeeing virtue and vice, truth and error, delineated in the ſtrongeſt colours: but, let them not be blended with the rage of faction, nor deformed by the frenzy of paſſion; let reaſon hold the pencil; let the ſtyle of painting be that of veracity; let the tints be accurately combined, and meliorated by candour; let the diſpoſition of light and ſhade evince the touches of a maſter—of a maſter thoroughly informed and perfect, as well in execution as deſign; and let the ſtriking exactneſs of the reſemblance ſtand conſpicuous.

We pity the mind which is not ſufficiently expanſive to embrace the man of worth, whatever his political

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er even his religious ſentiments may be; and although the preſent head of the Columbian Union concentrates in his own great and virtuous mind every excellence which can adorn humanity, it yet becomes us to acknowledge the luſtre of thoſe gems which demonſtrably irradiate the boſoms of ſurrounding worthies? We thank God that the ſuperabounding weight of merit abundantly preponderates in the Federal ſcale; but we would be therewith content; and, ceaſing to detract from the virtue of individuals, who *lament what they eſteem ruinous in the adminiſtration of our government, or even of the Conſtitution itſelf*, we would allow them all the applauſe to which they are incontrovertibly entitled. Nor need we have recourſe to unrighteous methods; the deciſion is in proper hands, and the majority will entwine in their inveſtigations that wiſdom which ſhall point out the man of virtue as a ſucceſſor to the auguſt Father of this younger world, which ſhall raiſe to the preſidential chair, him whoſe brave, undaunted ſpirit, unappalled in the midſt of danger, hath riſen ſuperior to every trial. *The oft proved friend of his country's cauſe*, who, unawed by the acrimonious breath of faction, and unbiaſſed by the adulatory ſtrains of intereſted men, will purſue the ſhining path of rectitude.

Let us then ceaſe by unmanly reproaches to corrode the feſtering wounds of diſcontent; we are indeed brethren, and contention is therefore moſt improper! It will never ceaſe to be true, that *divided* we ſhall fall an eaſy prey to an invading foe, and that our bond of union is the taliſman of our proſperity. We would rather hear an enumeration of the virtues of our opponents than attend to a diſquiſition of errors, which *our political ideas render ſelf evident*. And prominent in the liſt of meritorious characters, who have become the victims of malevolence, we diſtinguiſh the reſpectable name of J——s! Ill mannered zeal hath chriſtened him the Demagogue of a faction, but candour ſits enthroned on his brow, and from his tongue iſſues the melliſluous ſtrains of lettered eloquence; he is poſſeſſ-

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ed of extenſive information while native genius uniformly irradiates his theme; with men of conſpicuous and genuine talents he muſt ever take rank; and from the woe-worn bed of languiſhment, gratitude will raiſe to him a ſong of praiſe. Humane phyſician! thy panegyric, penned as we preſume by the hand of one who knew thee well, hath ſounded gratefully on the ear of complacency; and we have bleſſed the ſoothing ſtrains. Yet, ſtrange to tell—the malignant vocabulary of acrimony hath been exhauſted, to ſupply epithets expreſſive of the libellous and unfounded ſlanders, which have doubtleſs wounded the exquiſite ſuſceptibility of a man whoſe abilities and amiable benevolence, would reflect honour on the moſt luminous cauſe: Such are the murderous effects of party rage!!

Yea, verily, inſtances of merit cluſter in the minority; and, if our information is accurate, its principles have ſtrongly attached the elegantly moral poeteſs, and faithful hiſtorian, who at the head of female literature in this new world, undauntedly dares to think, and as undauntedly dares to write, while we cannot but do homage to that *noble independence* which ſeems natal in her boſom.

But if we are diſguſted by the dark hues in which the enthuſiaſts of opinion, paint the intellectual qualities of their opponents, we are both aſtoniſhed and ſhocked, at the impious abſurdity of *ridiculing* the figure, complexion, or particular features of a fellow creature, whoſe ideas do not exactly ſquare with thoſe, which we arbitrarily impoſe, as the very quinteſcence of rectitude. Are theſe fit ſubjects of animadverſion? or are we to be made reſponſible for their ſuppoſed irregular proportions; our intellectual propenſities, our actions of every deſcription, theſe, or at leaſt the government thereof, may be imagined in ſome ſort ſubject to our control; but it muſt be contrary to every rule of juſtice and decency, to arraign a man at the bar of a reſpectable public, or to ſubject him to the licentious grin of invidious ridicule, for arrangements wholly independent of him, and for which, therefore, he cannot be accountable.

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Are we not, we would aſk, the workmanſhip of the Supreme Architect of heaven and earth? And are the productions of the one ſelf-exiſtent being, to be ſubjected to the malevolent criticiſm of thoſe, who are alſo wholly dependent on the all-commanding *fiat* of that God whom they thus irreverently and impiouſly offend? To aſſign particular qualities to a particular ſize, or aſſociation of features; if, by Lavaterian ingenuity, eſtabliſhed as a *general* rule—muſt, nevertheleſs, like moſt other *general* rules, admit its *exceptions*; and, although, even the laughter loving Sterne may expatiate on "*fat contented ignorance*," tacitly rendering extenſion of limbs, ſynonimous with a vacant or uncultivated mind; yet, while the venerable figure of a Johnſon preſſes on our recollection, we cannot admit his unqualified deciſion.

The man who has not muſic in his ſoul (ſays the immortal bard of Avon) is fit for treaſon, for actions of the blackeſt hue—let no ſuch man be truſted. But we have known the milk of human kindneſs, and ſweet benevolence, with firm integrity, flow in the boſom, and indelibly imaged on the ſpirit, of him who could not name a ſingle note of muſic, nor could diſtinguiſh the finiſhed compoſition from the wildeſt ſtrains which float upon the ear of fancy. But let the *licenſed poet enjoy his free domain*, while we, unverſed in that fine frenzy by which from earth to heaven and heaven to earth he glances, leave his unbridled muſe to climb Parnaſſian heights, gladly embracing truth as reaſon ſhall direct us.

We think attempts to reconcile the contending parties, would be an office worthy the acceptance of patient virtue. England and France, 'tis ſaid, divide our politicians; and, admitting this aſſertion, much may be ſaid for either party. On one ſide, *ancient kindred—parental acts of kindneſs—ſimilarity of cuſtoms, of manners, of language and religion*, with combining influence, may have obliterated that keen ſenſe of injuries, and repeated outrages, which once obtained in the American boſom. On the other hand, *aſſiſtance*

nobly granted in the hour of dark oppreſſion and greateſt need, involving ſacred gratitude, apparently connects a nation's honour; but who ſees not, that, diſcarding theſe contending claims, *unerring juſtice* ſhould be created umpire, and inveſted with full power to draw the line.

Let the advocates for theſe claſhing opinions remember, that affinity attenuated through many ſucceeding generations, loſes in energy what it gains in extenſion; and, that from the man and woman once inhabitants of Paradiſe, we all originated. Let the friends of the Gallic intereſt alſo recollect that the generous Frenchmen, whoſe opportune aſſiſtance nerved for deciſive combat our battling heroes, have either thrown off thoſe mortal habiliments in which they joined our warriors, or, by deſpotic rigour deep immured, wear out what remains of life in comfortleſs impriſonment! Was the appeal to me, I would thus determine, or thus preſume to counſel——Americans, aſſert yourſelves—Embrace that independence for which ye fought and bled!—Submit to exigencies which you cannot avert—and truſt to thoſe whoſe better judgment hath been your ſtar of guidance—Give national reliance ample way—Maintain a character, *a national character and preference; and learn to fill the rank by great events aſſigned you*—Diſdain to wear the badge of foreign influence—cultivate an exchange of good offices with every nation who will accept your conſiſtent and dignified advances, but do not puſillanimouſly court their favour—Preſerve inviolate your national honour——Learn to defend yourſelves—*Be neither Frenchmen nor Engliſhmen—be* AMERICANS; and delay not to *embrace* as *brethren*.

Your contentions grate barbarouſly diſſonant on the ear of LIBERTY. The radiant goddeſs is wounded by the hands of her children. Hark! ſhe ſhrieks terrifically! See, her venerable form appears—her cap and ſtaff are thrown unheeded by—arrayed in flowing robes of ſky tinctured blue, ſhe moves majeſtic—her parental boſom, lacerated by thoſe whom ſhe fondly cheriſhed, iſſues a purple ſtream—they have aimed at

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her vitals a fatal blow—her altars are thrown down—and they have ignorantly aſſayed to embrue their hands in the fountain of her exiſtence. "*Go,*" ſhe exclaims, "*Go, direct my erring children:* They are dearer to my ſoul than the light of heaven. But ſubordination, equal laws, ſalutary inſtitutions, firm adherence, and impartial adminiſtration—theſe are the ſtamina of my being; diveſted of theſe indiſpenſably requiſite obſervances, I am muffled in clouds—my ſteps are marked with blood—anarchy, with murderous, fiend-like viſage, is in my train—the flames of diſcord are in my path—*the univerſe expires in my graſp, and the reign of chaos is reſtored!!!* WASHINGTON is my vicegerent on earth—let my ſons obey the Patriot Warrior—let them venerate the unrivalled ſage, and they may yet be happy. Peace, order and good government—theſe are the ſpecifics for my bleeding wounds, and the renewal of unreſerved confidence and harmony among my deſcendants, the only panacea for the injuries inflicted on a denizen of the celeſtial world."

She ſaid, and, enveloping her grief-worn countenance in her ſtarry mantle, ſuddenly ſhe ſunk amid the whelming ſhades of night. And may the wiſdom of our regulations, the order of our movements, and the complete reſtoration of that *fraternity* which ſhould be the glory of FREE AMERICANS, give her ſpeedily to emerge from thence; while, arrayed in new-born ſplendor, ſhe beſtows conſiſtency, union, patriotiſm and dignity on this younger world, thus proclaiming CONFEDERATED COLUMBIA the children of her adoption.

No. LXXXVIII.

No. LXXXVIII.

Amid the blaze of this auſpicious day,
When ſcience points the broad refulgent way,
Her iron ſceptre prejudice reſigns,
And ſov'reign reaſon all reſplendent ſhines.

THE reader is requeſted to conſider the four ſucceeding numbers as ſupplementary to an Eſſay, which made its appearance, ſome years ſince, in a periodical publication of a miſcellaneous nature. The particular paper to which I advert, was entitled, *The Equality of the Sexes*; and, however well I may think of that compoſition, as I do not conceive that the ſubject is exhauſted, I have thought proper, treading in the ſame path, to ſet about collecting a few hints, which may ſerve as additional, illuſtrative, or ornamental.

And, firſt, by way of exordium, I take leave to congratulate my fair country-women, on the happy revolution which the few paſt years has made in their favour; that in theſe infant republics, where, within my remembrance, the uſe of the needle was the principal attainment which was thought *neceſſary* for a woman, the lovely proficient is now permitted to appropriate a moiety of her time to ſtudies of a more elevated and elevating nature. Female academies are every where eſtabliſhing, and right pleaſant is the appellation to my ear.

Yes, in this younger world, "the Rights of Women" begin to be underſtood; we ſeem, at length, determined to do juſtice to THE SEX; and, improving on the opinions of a Wollſtonecraft, we are ready to contend for the *quantity*, as well as *quality*, of mind. The younger part of the female world have now an ineſtimable prize put into their hands; and it depends on the riſing generation to refute a ſentiment, which, ſtill retaining its advocates, grounds its arguments on the incompatibility of the preſent enlarged plan of female education,

education, with thoſe neceſſary occupations, that muſt ever be conſidered as proper to the department and compriſed in the duties of a judiciouſly inſtructed and elegant woman; and, if our daughters will combine their efforts, converts to the new regulations will every day multiply among us. To argue againſt facts, is indeed contending with both wind and tide; and, borne down by accumulating examples, conviction of the utility of the preſent plans will pervade the public mind, and not a diſſenting voice will be heard.

I may be accuſed of enthuſiaſm; but ſuch is my confidence in THE SEX, that I expect to ſee our young women forming a new era in female hiſtory. They will oppoſe themſelves to every trivial and unworthy monopolizer of time; and it will be apparent, that the adorning their perſons is not with them a *primary* object. They will know how to appreciate perſonal advantages; and, conſidering them as beſtowed by Nature, or Nature's God, they will hold them in due eſtimation: Yet, conſcious that they confer no *intrinſic* excellence on the *temporary* poſſeſſor, their admeaſurement of *real virtue* will be entirely diveſted of all thoſe *prepoſſeſſing ideas*, which originate in a beautiful exterior. The noble expanſion conferred by a liberal education will teach them *humility*; for it will give them a glance of thoſe vaſt tracts of knowledge which they can never explore, until they are accommodated with far other powers than thoſe at preſent aſſigned them; and they will contemplate their removal to a higher order of beings, as a deſirable event.

Mild benignity, with all the modeſt virtues, and every ſexual grace—theſe they will carefully cultivate; for they will have *learned*, that in no character they can ſo effectually charm, as in that in which nature deſigned them the *pre-eminence*. They will accuſtom themſelves to reflection; they will inveſtigate accurately, and reaſon will point their concluſions: Yet they will not be aſſuming; the characteriſtic trait will ſtill remain; and retiring ſweetneſs will inſure them that conſideration and reſpect, which they do not pre-

ſume to demand. Thinking juſtly will not only enlarge their minds, and refine their ideas; but it will correct their diſpoſitions, humanize their feelings, and preſent them the *friends of their ſpecies*. *The beauteous boſom will no more become a lurking-place for invidious and rancorous paſſions*; but the mild temperature of the ſoul will be evinced by the benign and equal tenour of their lives. Their manners will be unembarraſſed; and, ſtudious to ſhun even the *ſemblance of pedantry*, they will be careful to give to their moſt ſyſtematic arguments and deductions, an unaffected and natural appearance. They will rather *queſtion* than *aſſert*; and they will make their communications on a ſuppoſition, that the point in diſcuſſion has rather *eſcaped the memory* of thoſe with whom they converſe, *than that it was never imprinted there*.

It is true, that every faculty of their minds will be occaſionally engroſſed by the moſt momentous concerns; but as often as *neceſſity* or *propriety* ſhall render it incumbent on them, they will *cheerfully* accommodate themſelves to the more *humble duties* which their ſituation impoſes. When their ſphere of action is enlarged, when they become wives and mothers, they will fill with honour the parts allotted them. Acquainted, theoretically, with the nature of their ſpecies, and experimentally with themſelves, they will not expect to meet, in wedlock, with thoſe faultleſs beings, who ſo frequently iſſue, armed at all points, from the teeming brain of the noveliſt. They will learn properly to eſtimate; they will look, with pity's ſoſteſt eye, on the natural frailties of thoſe whom they elect partners for life; and they will regard their virtues with that ſweet complacency, which is ever an attendant on a predilection founded on love, and happily combining eſteem. As mothers, they will aſſume with alacrity their arduous employment, and they will cheerfully bend to its various departments. They will be primarily ſolicitous to fulfil, in *every inſtance*, whatever can *juſtly* be denominated *duty*; and thoſe intervals, which have heretofore been devoted to frivolity,

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will be appropriated to purſuits, calculated to inform, enlarge, and ſublime the ſoul—to contemplations, which will ameliorate the heart, unfold and illumine the underſtanding, and gradually render the human being an eligible candidate for the ſociety of angels.

Such, I predict, will be the daughters of Columbia; and my gladdened ſpirit rejoices in the proſpect. A ſenſible and informed woman—companionable and ſerious—poſſeſſing alſo a facility of temper, and united to a congenial mind—bleſt with competency—and rearing to maturity a promiſing family of children—Surely, the wide globe cannot produce a ſcene more truly intereſting. See! the virtues are embodied—the domeſtic duties appear in their place, and they are all fulfilled—morality is ſyſtematized by religion, and ſublimed by devotion—every movement is the offſpring of elegance, and their manners have received the higheſt poliſh. A reciprocation of good offices, and a mutual deſire to pleaſe, uniformly diſtinguiſhes the individuals of this enchanting ſociety—their converſation, refined and elevated, partakes the fire of genius, while it is pointed by information; and they are ambitious of ſelecting ſubjects, which, by throwing around humanity, *in its connexion*, additional luſtre, may implant a new motive for gratitude, and teach them to anticipate the rich fruition of that immortality which they boaſt. Such is the family of reaſon—of reaſon, cultivated and adorned by literature.

The idea of the incapability of women, is, we conceive, in this *enlightened age*, totally *inadmiſſible*; and we have concluded, that eſtabliſhing the *expediency* of admitting them to ſhare the bleſſings of equality, will remove every obſtacle to their advancement. In proportion as nations have progreſſed in the arts of civilization, the value of THE SEX hath been underſtood, their rank in the ſcale of being aſcertained, and their conſequence in ſociety acknowledged. But if prejudice ſtill fortifies itſelf in the boſom of any; if it yet enliſteth its votaries againſt the ſaid deſpot and its followers, we produce, inſtead of arguments, *a number of*

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well attested facts, which the ſtudent of female annals hath carefully compiled.

Women, circumſcribed in their education within very narrow limits, and conſtantly depreſſed by their occupations, have, nevertheleſs, tinged the cheek of manhood with a guilty ſuffuſion, for a puſillanimous capitulation with the enemies of their country. Quitting the loom and the diſtaff, they have beheld, with indignation, their huſbands and their ſons flee in battle: With claſped hands, and determined reſolution, they have placed themſelves in their paths, obſtructing their paſſage, and inſiſting, with heroic firmneſs, on their immediate return to death or conqueſt! They have anxiouſly examined the dead bodies of their ſlaughtered ſons; and if the fatal wounds were received in front, thus evincing that they have bravely faced the foe, the fond recollection of their valour has become a ſource of conſolation, and they have ſung a *requiem* to their ſorrows! Women, in the heat of action, have mounted the rampart with undaunted courage, arreſted the progreſs of the foe, and bravely reſcued their beſieged dwellings! They have ſucceſsfully oppoſed themſelves to tyranny and the galling yoke of oppreſſion! Aſſembling in crowds, they have armed themſelves for the combat—they have mingled amid the battling ranks—they have fought heroically—and their well-timed and well-concerted meaſures have emancipated their country! They have hazarded the ſtroke of death in its moſt frightful form; and they have ſubmitted to bonds and impriſonment, for the redemption of their captive huſbands!

The character of the Spartan women is marked with uncommon firmneſs. At the ſhrine of patriotiſm they immolated nature. Undaunted bravery and unimpeached honour, was, in their eſtimation, far beyond affection. The name of Citizen poſſeſſed, for them, greater charms than that of Mother; and ſo highly did they prize the warrior's meed, that they are ſaid to have ſhed tears of joy over the bleeding bodies of their wounded ſons!

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When Europe and Aſia were infeſted by armed multitudes, who, emigrating for purpoſes of devaſtation and ſettlement, perpetrated the moſt ferocious acts, among all thoſe various tribes of unprincipled invaders, *no diſcriminating line ſeems to have marked the ſexes;* wives ſubmitted to ſimilar hardſhips with their huſbands; equally they braved the impending danger; and their efforts and their ſufferings were the ſame: Nor can their habits of endurance and patient fortitude admit a rational doubt.

The women of Hungary have rendered themſelves aſtoniſhingly conſpicuous in their wars againſt the Ottoman Empire—But proofs abound; and numerous actions might be produced to evince, that courage is by no means *excluſively* a maſculine virtue. Women have frequently diſplayed an intrepidity, not to be ſurpaſſed by men—neither is their bravery the impulſe of the moment. They not only, when trained by education, and inured by ſubſequent habit, riſe ſuperior to the fears of death; but, with unimpaſſioned and ſedate compoſure, *they can endure life*—they can ſtruggle with the fatigues and inconveniences—they can fulfil the duties, and they can ſupport the irremediable calamities of war. They have achieved the moſt ſurpriſing adventures; indulgencies have been extended to them on the well-fought field; and they have expired with the weapons of death in their hands! Actuated by devotional zeal, and ſtimulated by the ſublime expectation of an opening heaven, and a glorious immortality, they have ruſhed into the flames, have aſcended the ſcaffold, have ſuffered the diſmemberment of their bodies, have ſubmitted to the tortures of diſlocation, and to the moſt excruciating racks, in defence of truth! nor hath the voice of murmuring or complaint eſcaped their lips!

Women have publickly harangued on religion—they have preſented themſelves as diſputants—they have boldly ſupported their tenets—they have been raiſed to the chair of philoſophy, and of law—they have written fluently in Greek, and have read with great facility

facility the Hebrew language. Youth and beauty, adorned with every feminine grace, and poſſeſſing eminently the powers of rhetoric, have pathetically conjured the mitred fathers and the Chriſtian monarchs to arm themſelves for the utter extirpation of the enemies of their holy religion.

In the days of knight-errantry, females, elevated by the importance with which they were inveſted, diſcriminated unerringly between the virtues and the vices, ſtudiouſly cultivating the one, and endeavouring to exterminate the other; and their attainments *equalled the heroiſm of their admirers*; their boſoms glowed with ſentiments as ſublime as thoſe they originated; generoſity marked their elections; the impaſſioned feelings, the burſt of tenderneſs, were invariably blended with honour; and every expreſſion, every movement, was deſcriptive of the general enthuſiaſm. Pride, heroiſm, extravagant attachments; theſe were common to both ſexes. Great enterprizes, bold adventures, incredible bravery—in every thing the women partook the colour of the times; and their taſte and their judgment were exactly conformed. Thus the ſexes are congenial; they are copyiſts of each other; and their opinions and their habits are elevated or degraded, animated or depreſſed, by preciſely the ſame circumſtances.

The Northern nations have generally been in the habit of venerating the Female Sex. Conſtantly employed in bending the bow, in exploring the haunts of thoſe animals, who were the victims of their pleaſures and their paſſions, or of urging againſt their ſpecies the miſſive ſhafts of death, they nevertheleſs baniſhed their ferocity, and aſſumed the mildeſt manners, when aſſociating with their mothers, their ſiſters, their miſtreſſes, or their wives. In their ample foreſts, their athletic frames and ſinewy arms were nerved for battle, while the ſmiles of ſome lovely woman were the meed of valour; and the hero who aſpired to the approbation of the beautiful arbitreſs of his fate, author-

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ized his wiſhes, and eſtabliſhed his pretenſions, by eminent virtue, and a long ſeries of unbroken attentions.

A perſuaſion, that the common Father of the univerſe manifeſts himſelf more readily to females than to males, has, at one period or another, obtained, more or leſs, in every diviſion of the globe. The Germans, the Britons, and the Scandinavians—from theſe the ſuppoſition received an eaſy credence. The Grecian women delivered oracles—the Romans venerated the Sibyls—among the people of God, the Jewiſh women propheſied—the predictions of the Egyptian matron were much reſpected—and we are aſſured, that the moſt barbarous nations referred to their females, whatever they fancied beyond the reach of human efforts: And hence we find women in poſſeſſion of the myſteries of religion, the *arcana* of phyſic, and the ceremonies of incantation. Writers aſſert, that ſeveral nations have aſcribed to women the gift of preſcience, conceiving that they poſſeſſed qualities approximating to divinity; and the ferocious German, emboſomed in his native woods, renders a kind of devotional reverence to the Female Sex.

Such is the character of thoſe periods, when women were inveſted with *undue elevation;* and the reverſe preſents THE SEX in a ſtate of humiliation, altogether as unwarrantable. The females among the ſavages of our country, are repreſented as ſubmitting to the moſt melancholy and diſtreſſing oppreſſion; ſlaves to the ferocious paſſions and irregular appetites of thoſe tyrannical uſurpers, who brutally and cruelly outrage their feelings. They encounter for their ſupport, incredible hardſhips and toils, inſomuch that, weary of their own wretched exiſtence, the women on the banks of the Oronoko, urged by compaſſion, not unfrequently ſmother the female infant in the hour of its birth; and ſhe who hath attained ſufficient fortitude to perform this *maternal* act, eſteems herſelf entitled to additional reſpect. Commodore Byron, in his account of the inhabitants of South-America, informs us, that the men exerciſe a moſt deſpotic authority over their

wives,

wives, whom they conſider in the ſame view they do any other part of their property, and diſpoſe of them accordingly: Even their common treatment of them is cruel; for, although the toil and hazard of procuring food lies entirely on the women, yet they are not ſuffered to touch any part of it, till their imperious maſters are ſatisfied, and then he aſſigns them their portion, which is generally very ſcanty, and ſuch as he has not an appetite for, himſelf.

Thus have the Sex continued the ſport of contingencies; unnaturally ſubjected to extremes; alternately in the mount of exaltation, and in the valley of unmerited degradation. Is it wonderful, then, that they evince ſo little ſtability of character? Rather, is it not aſtoniſhing, that their attainments are ſo numerous, and ſo conſiderable? Turning over the annals of different ages, we have ſelected a number of names, which we purpoſe, in our next Eſſay, to cite, as vouchers of THE SEX's merit; nor can we doubt, that their united ſuffrages will, on a candid inveſtigation, effectually eſtabliſh the female right to that *equality with their brethren, which, it is conceived, is aſſigned them in the Order of Nature.*

No. LXXXIX.

The hiſtoric page with many a proof abounds,
And fame's loud trump THE SEX's worth reſounds;
The patriot's zeal, the laurell'd warrior's claim,
The ſcepter'd virtues, wiſdom's ſacred name,
Creative poeſy, the ethic page,
Deſign'd to form and meliorate the age,
With heroiſm, with perſeverance fraught,
By honour, truth, and conſtancy enwrought,
And thoſe bleſt deeds which elevate the mind,
With female genius theſe are all combin'd:
Recording ſtory hands their virtues down,
And mellowing time awards their fair renown.

PLUTARCH, in one of his invaluable compoſitions, ſpeaking of men and women, thus expreſſes himſelf—"The talents and the virtues are modified

fied by the circumſtances and the perſons, but the foundation is the ſame." This celebrated and truly reſpectable biographer has yielded every thing that we wiſh; and the teſtimony of ſo nice a diſtinguiſher muſt be conſidered as a very powerful auxiliary.

It is not our purpoſe to analyze the properties of mind; we are inclined to think, that accurately to diſcriminate, or draw the intellectual line, is beyond the power of the beſt informed metaphyſician within the purlieus of humanity. Beſides, as we write for the *many*, and as it is notorious that a number of *well atteſted facts* have abundantly more weight with *the multitude*, than the fineſt ſpun ſyſtems which ever iſſued from the archives of theory, we ſhall proceed to ſummon our witneſſes, arranging their teſtimonies with as much order, as the curſory turning over a number of volumes, to which a deficiency in memory neceſſitates us to apply, will permit; and here, (leſt the patience of our readers ſhould reluct at the idea of the motley circle, to which they may apprehend they are to be introduced) we take leave to inform them, that we ſhall be careful to abridge, as much as poſſible, the copious depoſitions which may preſent.

Many centuries have revolved, ſince the era, when writers of eminence, giving a catalogue of celebrated women, have made the number to amount to eight hundred and forty-five: From theſe, and ſucceeding atteſtators, we ſhall ſelect a few, not perhaps the moſt ſtriking, but ſuch as occur the moſt readily. Our object is to prove, by examples, that the minds of women are *naturally* as ſuſceptible of every improvement, as thoſe of men. In the courſe of our examination, an obvious concluſion will, we conceive, force itſelf on every attentive and ingenuous reader. If the triumphs and attainments of THE SEX, under the various oppreſſions with which they have ſtruggled, have been thus ſplendid, how would they have been augmented, had not ignorant or intereſted men, after clipping their wings, contrived to erect around them almoſt inſurmountable barriers. Deſcartes expatiated on the phi-

loſophical abilities of *the ſex;* and, if their ſupporting themſelves with aſtoniſhing equanimity under the complicated oppreſſions to which they are not unfrequently ſubjected, may be called the practice of any branch of philoſophy, the experience of every tyrant will evince their proficiency therein. But the highly reſpectable and truly honourable court, is, we preſume, convened; the jury are empanneled, and we proceed to the examination of the witneſſes, leaving the pleadings to thoſe ſilent ſuggeſtions and inferences, which, we are aſſured, will voluntarily enliſt themſelves as advocates in every ingenuous boſom. The pending cauſe, as we have before obſerved, involves the eſtabliſhment of the female intellect, or the maintaining the juſtice and propriety of conſidering women, as far as relates to their underſtanding, in *every reſpect*, equal to men. Our evidences tend to prove them—

Firſt, Alike capable of enduring hardſhips.

Secondly, Equally ingenious, and fruitful in reſources.

Thirdly, Their fortitude and heroiſm cannot be ſurpaſſed.

Fourthly, They are equally brave.

Fifthly, They are as patriotic.

Sixthly, As influential.

Seventhly, As energetic, and as eloquent.

Eighthly, As faithful, and as perſevering in their attachments.

Ninthly, As capable of ſupporting, with honour, the toils of government. And

Tenthly, and *Laſtly*, They are equally ſuſceptible of every literary acquirement.

And, *Firſt*, They are alike capable of enduring hardſhips. A propoſition ſo ſelf-evident, ſupercedes the neceſſity of either arguments or witneſſes. On the women of Brittany, and the females among the ſavages of our own country, fatigues almoſt incredible are impoſed. Imbecility ſeems to have changed ſexes; and it is in theſe inſtances, *maſculine weakneſs and feminine vigour*. THE SEX, enervated and ſinking amid the luxuries and indulgencies of an Aſiatic climate, are

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elſewhere hardy and courageous, and fully adequate to all thoſe exertions requiſite to the ſupport of themſelves and their ſupine oppreſſors; and theſe well authenticated facts, are, I conceive, alone ſufficient to prove the *powerful and transforming effects of education, and ſubſequent habits.* But we need not take a voyage to Brittany, nor penetrate the haunts of ſavages, to prove that women are capable of ſuffering. They are the *enduring ſex;* and, by the irreverſible conſtitution of nature, they are ſubjected to agonies unknown to manhood; while I do not recollect that they are exempted from any of the calamities incident to humanity.

Secondly, They are *equally* ingenious, and fruitful in reſources. Female ingenuity will not, we apprehend, be controverted; every day furniſhes freſh proof of their invention, and their reſources are a conſequence. We ſelect, however, a corroborating inſtance, which, from its ſalutary effect, ſeems to claim a preference.

A certain ſovereign, of avaricious memory, was ſo fond of amaſſing treaſure, that he arbitrarily compelled a very large proportion of his ſubjects to labour in the mines; but while his majeſty's ingots were rapidly augmenting, the grounds remained uncultivated; famine advanced with haſty ſtrides; and the dreary proſpect every moment gathered darkneſs. No one poſſeſſed ſufficient intrepidity to remonſtrate—the deſpot's nod was fate—from his decrees there was no appeal—and the love of life, although its eligibles may be in a great meaſure diminiſhed, is generally a paramount paſſion. In this emergency, the ingenuity of the queen ſuggeſted a reſource that ſnatched the nation from the horrors of that *dearth* which had ſeemed ſo inevitable. She ſecretly employed an artiſt to produce an exact imitation of thoſe luxuries, in which the king moſt delighted, a variety of fiſh and fowl—bread and fruits of the moſt delicious kind, made of pure gold, were expeditiouſly completed, and diſplayed in order on the *coſtly* board—the table was highly decorated—and, when every thing was complete, the king, (after having been purpoſely diverted from taking his cuſtoma-

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ry refreſhment) was uſhered into the banqueting-room. His Majeſty took a ſeat—for a moment, aſtoniſhment ſuſpended even the clamours of hunger, and his mind was occupied by admiration of the imagination of the queen, and the deceptive abilities of the artiſt. The event was proportioned to the moſt ſanguine expectations of the lady. The mines were ſuddenly diſpeopled, and the earth again produced the neceſſary ſupport.

Thirdly, Their fortitude and heroiſm cannot be ſurpaſſed. Liſten to a woman of Sparta, reduced by melancholy caſualties to a ſtate of ſervitude—She was captured, and afterwards ſold as a ſlave. The queſtion was put by him on whom her very exiſtence ſeemed to depend—"*What knoweſt thou?*" "*To be free*," was her characteriſtic reply: But the unfeeling deſpot, uninfluenced by indubitable indications of a noble mind, proceeded to impoſe his ignominious commands; to which ſhe diſpaſſionately returned, "*you are unworthy of me;*" and inſtantly reſigned herſelf to death. Fortitude and heroiſm was a conſpicuous trait in, and gave uncommon dignity to, the character of the Roman ladies. Arria, the wife of Paetus, a Roman of conſular dignity, is an illuſtrious inſtance of that tranſcendent elevation, of which the female mind is ſuſceptible. With perſevering firmneſs, and a tenderneſs not to be exceeded, ſhe continued unwearied in her endeavours to procure the life of her huſband—long ſhe cheriſhed hope; but, when the pleaſing viſion fled, and the portending ſtorm was burſting over their heads: In that tremendous moment, while the diſappointed man, trembling on the verge of diſſolution, had not the courage to point the deadly weapon—with that exquiſite delicacy, true fortitude, and *faithfulneſs of affection, which is ſo highly ſexual, ſhe firſt imprinted on her own boſom the characters of death;* and, animated by that ſublime conſciouſneſs becoming a being more than half celeſtial, ſhe then preſented him the pointed dagger, with this conſolatory aſſurance—"*Paetus, this gives me no pain.*"

But

But fortitude and heroiſm are not confined to the Greek and Roman ladies; we have pledged ourſelves not to multiply examples unneceſſarily, otherwiſe a crowd of witneſſes preſenting, we could with difficulty ſuppreſs their teſtimony. Yet we find it impoſſible ſo ſpeedily to cloſe this part of our examination; and from the multitude of examples in the Iſland of Great-Britain, we produce the Lady Jane Gray, who ſeemed an exemplification of every virtue and every grace which has been attributed to the male or female character. The excellent underſtanding ſhe received from nature was opened and improved by uniform application. At ſixteen, her judgment had attained a high degree of maturity. She was at that age an adept both in the Greek and Latin languages; and ſhe was able to declare that her Greek Plato was a more pleaſing entertainment to her than all thoſe enchanting pleaſures uſually ſo captivating to the unexperienced mind. Nurtured in the boſom of parental affection, and of tender friendſhip—happy in the diſtinguiſhing regards of her ſovereign, and permitted the ſublime enjoyment of intellectual purſuits, ſhe had no ambition for the pageantry of royalty, and her advancement to the throne was an era, over which ſhe dropped the melancholy tear. We are ſenſible that in adverting to theſe traits in a character, affectingly intereſting, we do in fact anticipate other diviſions of our ſubject; but, contemplating a mind thus richly furniſhed, it is difficult to conſider ſeparately, endowments ſo nicely blended, and reflecting on each other ſuch unuſual luſtre.

The paſſage of the Lady Jane, from the throne to the ſcaffold, was very ſhort—her impoſed queenſhip continued only ten days; yet ſhe ſeemed diſpleaſed at their duration, and ſhe received, with *heroic fortitude*, the meſſage of death. The lover and the huſband, whoſe vows ſhe had recently accepted, was alſo under ſentence of death; and, on the morning aſſigned for their martyrdom, he ſolicited for a parting interview; with ſolemn firmneſs ſhe refuſed his requeſt—yet her reſolution originated not in a deficiency of tenderneſs;

but it was nerved by an apprehenſion that her ſenſibilities, thus ſtimulated, might ſurmount her fortitude. With modeſt reſignation ſhe purſued her way to the place of execution—the officers of death, bearing the body of her huſband, while the headleſs trunk yet ſtreamed with blood, met her on her paſſage—neither of them had completed their ſeventeenth year—ſhe looked—ſhe ſighed—and then, reaſſuming her compoſed ſedateneſs, deſired her conductors to proceed—ſhe mounted the ſcaffold with an accelerated ſtep—ſhe addreſſed the ſurrounding ſpectators—ſhe committed the care of her perſon to her woman; and, with a countenance deſcriptive of ſerene dignity, bowed her head to the executioner. Thus periſhed a ſpotleſs victim of deſpotiſm and of bigotry in the bloom of youth and beauty, rich in innocence, and adorned with every literary accompliſhment and ſexual grace. Lateſt poſterity will lament her fate, and many hearts will join to execrate the ſanguinary meaſures which procured it. Under this head we produce but one more teſtimony.

Miſs Anna Aſkew, a young lady of great merit, and poſſeſſed alſo of a beautiful exterior, lived during the tyranny of Henry VIII. of England; a deſpot, who ſeemed to conceive the female world created on purpoſe to adminiſter to his pleaſures, or to become the victims of his cruelty and implacability. Miſs Aſkew was arraigned as a tranſgreſſor; her crime was a denial of the *real preſence in the euchariſt*; and for this atrocious offence, ſhe was rigorouſly impriſoned, and ſubjected to a ſeries of barbarities that would have diſgraced even ſavage inhumanity. Yet, in a ſituation which involved trials, that in a ſucceeding reign proved too mighty for the *reſolution even of the virtuous Cranmer*, her heroiſm and fortitude continued unſhaken. With unyielding firmneſs ſhe vindicated the truth of her opinion, and her hourly oriſons were offered up to her Father God. The chancellor, a bigoted Catholic, ſternly queſtioned her relative to her abettors; but ſhe nobly diſdained to preſent an accuſation, the conſequences of which ſhe ſo rigorouſly experienced: Her unbending

unbending integrity furniſhed the pretence, and ſhe was, without further delay, put to the torture; but ſtill her fortitude receded not; and her heroic ſilence evinced her abundantly ſuperior to their unmanly cruelties. The enraged chancellor, in whoſe preſence ſhe ſuffered, tranſported with diabolic zeal, graſping with his own hands the cords, violently ſtretched the rack, and almoſt tore her body aſunder; while yet unappalled, her fortitude forſook her not, and her triumph over her barbarous tormentors was complete.

Her death-warrant was next made out, and ſhe received the ſentence which condemned her to the flames, as an emancipation from every evil. All her joints diſlocated by the rack, ſhe was borne to the place of execution; and there, after being bound to the ſtake, was offered her life on condition of retracting her ſuppoſed error; but ſhe conſiſtently rejected an exiſtence to be purchaſed only by the forfeiture of that conſciouſneſs of rectitude, which the virtuous ſo well know how to prize; and as the flames that were her paſſport to regions of bleſſedneſs, enkindled around her, a ſong of thankſgiving was on her lips, and her exultation evidently augmented.

Fourthly, They are equally brave. Bravery is not a quality which figures *gracefully* in the liſt of female virtues, nor are we anxious it ſhould take rank in the catalogue—far from it; we ſhould rather lament to ſee it become a characteriſtic trait. We would have women ſupport themſelves with conſiſtent firmneſs under the various exigencies of life, but we would not arm them with the weapons of death: Yet, when contending for *equality of ſoil*, it may be neceſſary to prove the *capability* of the female mind, to rear to perfection whatever ſeeds may be adventitiouſly implanted therein. We therefore proceed to produce a witneſs or two on this part of the queſtion; and, conſulting our records, we aſſign the precedence, *all circumſtances conſidered*, to a young woman of Lemnos, an iſland in the Archipelago.

This

This magnanimous female beheld the ſtreaming wounds of her expiring father, in the fatal moment in which he was ſlaughtered on the field of battle; and, inſtead of yielding to thoſe tender ſenſibilities originating in nature, and generally aſſociated with valour—inſtead of lamenting his fate by ſighs and tears, or the wordy exclamations of clamorous ſorrow, ſhe undauntedly ſeized that ſword and ſhield now rendered uſeleſs to the venerable warrior, and, arming herſelf therewith, reanimated the diſpirited ſoldiers, led them once more to the charge; bravely oppoſed the Turks, who, having forced a gate, were rapidly advancing; and glorioufly avenged the death of her father, by driving them back to the ſhore, and compelling them to take refuge in their veſſels.

Jane of Flanders next preſents: This lady, during the impriſonment of her huſband, nobly ſupported the declining honours of her houſe: With her infant ſon in her arms, ſhe met the aſſembling citizens, and pathetically deploring her misfortunes, ſhe ſecured their exertions in her favour. She ſuſtained with unyielding firmneſs the attacks of a vigilant and active foe. In the frequent ſallies made by the garriſon, ſhe herſelf led on her warriors. At the head of three hundred horſe, with her own hand ſhe ſet fire to the tents and baggage of the beſiegers, thus neceſſitating them to deſiſt from the general aſſault which they were in the moment of commencing; and, although intercepted in her return to the citadel, ſhe nevertheleſs fought her way through one quarter of the French camp, and rejoined her faithful friends in triumph!

Margaret of Anjou is a deciſive proof that courage is not *excluſively* the property of man—Brave, indefatigable and perſevering—fruitful in reſources—ſupporting by her genius and her exertions a puſillanimous huſband—repeatedly emancipating him from priſon, and replacing him on a throne which he had loſt by imbecility, and which he was unable to retain—and equal to every thing which depended on undaunted courage, ſhe headed her armies in perſon; directed

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their arrangements; and proceeded from rank to rank, animating them by her undaunted intrepidity and judicious conduct; and, when borne down by misfortunes, and apparently deſtitute of every reſource, ſuddenly ſhe emerged, and, followed by numerous armies, again appeared in the field; nor did ſhe ſubmit to fate, until ſhe had fought, as a general and a ſoldier, *twelve deciſive battles!!!*

The French women—Charlotte Corde——But our depoſitions unexpectedly multiplying, a recollection of our engagement can alone ſuppreſs their evidence.

N°. XC.

'Tis joy to tread the ſplendid paths of fame,
Where countleſs myriads mental homage claim;
Time honour'd annals careful to explore,
And mark the heights which intellect can ſoar.

Fifthly, THEY are equally patriotic. We have, in ſome meaſure, foreſtalled this article. The Grecian women have produced their teſtimonies, and that preference which they demonſtrably manifeſted to the character Citizen; eſtimating it beyond the endearing appellations, Wife and Mother, incontrovertibly eſtabliſhes their ſex's *capability* of experiencing with an ardour *not to be exceeded*, the patriotic glow; and yet it is true, that ſexual occupations frequently humiliating, and generally far removed from whatever has a tendency to elevate the mind, may rationally be ſuppoſed to chill, in the female boſom, the fine fervours of the *amor patriæ*.

Women are not uſually exerciſed in thoſe extenſive contemplations which engage the legiſlator: They are not called on to arm in their country's cauſe; to appear in the well fought field, or to put their lives at hazard: But when they part with him in whom is centered their deareſt hopes, who blends the characters lover, friend, huſband and protector—when they reſign to the hoſtile career the blooming youth whom

whom from infancy they have watched with all a mother's tenderneſs, and whoſe rich maturity hath become the pride and conſolation of their declining life—in thoſe moments of anguiſh, their heroiſm and their fortitude are indiſputably evinced. Nor is the patriotiſm of the chief arrayed for the battle; nor his, who devotes himſelf with all a ſtateſman's integrity to the public weal, condemned to an ordeal more ſevere.

The *patriotiſm* of the Roman ladies, procured a ſenatorial decree that funeral orations ſhould be pronounced from the roſtrum in their praiſe: Repeatedly they ſaved their country. And the *patriotiſm* of the mother and wife of Coriolanus, while it ſnatched Rome from impending ruin, devoted to inevitable deſtruction the huſband and the ſon: Hence towered the temple conſecrated to feminine honour; and it muſt be confeſſed they had purchaſed this diſtinction at a very high price. The venerable Senate, too, again interpoſed; public thanks were decreed; and men were ordered, on all occaſions, to yield precedence to women.

Sixthly, They are as influential. The aſcendency obtained by females, is ſo notorious, as to have become proverbial. Inſtances are multiplied, wherein women have bent to their purpoſes the ſtrongeſt maſculine underſtanding. Samſon, the victim of female blandiſhments, is not a ſingular inſtance. The example cited under the laſt article, is in point. Coriolanus rejected with unbending ſeverity ſupplicating friendſhip, garbed in ſenatorial robes; ſucceeding deputies plead in vain—The miniſters of religion, cloathed in ſacerdotal habits, joined in ſolemn proceſſion—they crowded around the warrior, commiſſioned to advocate a ſinking people's cauſe; ſtill, however, he continued obdurate, inflexibly firm and ſteady to his plans. But Veturia and Volumnia, his wife and mother, attended by the moſt illuſtrious of the Roman ladies, appear—they ſhed torrents of tears—they embrace his knees—the hero is diſarmed—his heart is melted—his reſentment and his reſolutions vaniſh together—and Rome is ſaved.

Seventhly,

Seventhly, They are as energetic, and as eloquent. Women always decree with fervour: Did it depend on them, their movements would be deciſive. Their expreſſions are often as ſtrongly marked, as they are vehement; and both their plans and the execution thereof, are endowed with all the vigour that exiſting regulations will permit. Their eloquence is indiſputable. Poſſeſſing a richneſs of fancy; their words are ſufficiently copious; and education, when they are indulged with its aids, preſcribes the proper rules. Aſpaſia, of Miletus, it is well known, taught the immortal Socrates rhetoric and politics. And, when Rome groaned under the enormous cruelties of her ſecond Triumvirate, the three barbarians by whom ſhe was enſlaved, and who had armed themſelves for the deſtruction of her citizens, as if deſirous of ſpreading every poſſible calamity, ſeized not only the lives, but the treaſures of the people, and equally greedy of gold as of blood, after exhauſting every other mode of plunder, turned their rapacious views on thoſe reſpectable matrons, who had hitherto been exempted from pecuniary exactions; an exorbitant tax was levied on every individual female, and the conſternation occaſioned by this unheard of aſſumption, was proportioned to the diſtreſs of which it was productive.

In this extraordinary emergency, the oppreſſed females earneſtly ſolicited the aid of thoſe advocates who were appointed to plead the cauſe of the injured and defenceleſs; but the orators, fearful of incurring the diſpleaſure of thoſe who had uſurped the power of life and death, refuſed to interfere; and no means of redreſs appearing, ſubmiſſion to an impoſition acknowledged grievous, ſeemed inevitable: It was, however, reſerved to the talents and exertions of Hortenſia to furniſh the deſired aid.

This lady inherited all the abilities of her father; and ſhe preſented herſelf a voluntary advocate for her ſex. With modeſt intrepidity ſhe opened, conducted, and cloſed the pleadings. Perſuaſion dwelt on her tongue: Her arguments reſulting from rectitude,

were

were pointed by reaſon: And it will be conceived that her rhetorical powers muſt have been of the firſt rate, when it is remembered that *the countenances of the tyrants betrayed ſudden and evident tokens of that remorſe which was then firſt enkindled in their boſoms*; the hue of guilt pervaded their cheeks, and they haſtily repealed the injurious decree. For the brow of Hortenſia, fame prepared an immortal wreath: To the utmoſt gratitude of her cotemporaries ſhe was entitled: Her triumph was the triumph of virtue and of talents: She enkindled even in the callous breaſts of aſſaſſins, the almoſt extinguiſhed ſparks of humanity; and ſhe ſtands on the page of hiſtory, a pattern of dauntleſs courage, and an example of genuine eloquence.

Eighthly, They are as faithful and as perſevering in their attachments. Here countleſs witneſſes crowd on retention, and the greateſt difficulty is in chooſing judiciouſly. Repeatedly have I ſeen the faithfully attached female, firmly perſevering in that affection which was firſt implanted in the ſoil of innocence, and fondly watching with tender anxiety every ſymptom of the diſeaſed man: With patient aſſiduity ſhe hath hung over the couch, and ſought to mitigate the pangs of him, whoſe licentious conduct had brought ruin on herſelf and her unoffending children! Had circumſtances been reverſed, *divorce* would have ſucceeded—a hoſpital muſt have ſheltered the helpleſs woman; and, had ſhe received from the man ſhe had injured any trivial attention, the unmerited gratuity would have reſounded through the circle of their connexions, been dwelt on with rapture, and echoed by every tongue. But when virtue is the baſis; when acts of kindneſs cement the union, THE SEX in many inſtances have ſet no bound to that faithful attachment which their hearts have exultingly acknowledged. Filial duty—conjugal affection—perſevering conſtancy—theſe receive in the female boſom the higheſt perfection of which they are, in the preſent ſtate, ſuſceptible.

The young Roman, ſupporting her impriſoned parent by the milk of her own chaſte boſom, if unparalleled

leled in hiſtory, would yet, in like ſituation, obtain many imitators; and the feelings of a daughter would prompt, for the relief of the authors of her being, the nobleſt exertions. The celebrated Mrs. Roper, eldeſt daughter of Sir Thomas Moore, continued his affectionate ſolace during his impriſonment: With heart-affecting anguiſh ſhe ruſhed through the guards to catch, from the illuſtrious martyr, a laſt embrace. Bending under a weight of calamity, ſhe obtained permiſſion to pay him ſepulchral honours; and, regardleſs of the tyrant's power, ſhe purchaſed the venerable head of the meritorious ſufferer: Yet, too noble to permit the conſequences to fall upon another, with dauntleſs courage ſhe became her own accuſer; and, loaded with fetters for two crimes, "for having watched the head of her father as a relique, and for having preſerved his books and writings," appeared with unconcern before her judges—juſtified herſelf with that eloquence which virtue beſtows on injured merit—commanding admiration and reſpect—and ſpent the remainder of her life in ſolitude, in ſorrow, and in ſtudy.

But women, unable to ſupport exiſtence, when deprived of thoſe with whom they have exchanged the nuptial vow, have mounted the funeral pile, and haſtened to rejoin their deceaſed partners in other worlds. Portia, the daughter of Cato Uticenſis, and wife of Brutus, hearing of the death of her huſband, diſdained to live; and when debarred acceſs to the uſual weapons of deſtruction, made her exit by reſolutely ſwallowing burning coals of fire! Julia, the wife of Pompey, expired upon ſeeing his robe diſtained with the blood which ſhe imagined had iſſued from his veins. Molſa Tarquinia, rendered illuſtrious by genius and literature, of unblemiſhed virtue, and poſſeſſing, alſo, a beautiful exterior, although one of the brighteſt ornaments of the Court of Ferrara, and receiving from the people of Rome, that unprecedented honour, the freedom of their city, mourned, nevertheleſs, through a long life, until the hour of her diſſolution, the huſband of

her youth. Artemiſia, wife of Mauſolus, rendered herſelf illuſtrious, and obtained immortality, by her devotion to the memory of her huſband. The Mauſoleum, which ſhe reared in honour of him, was conſidered as one of the ſeven wonders of the world; and it gave name to all thoſe ſucceeding monuments, which were diſtinguiſhed by extraordinary marks of magnificence. Artemiſia expired, the victim of inconſolable regret and tender ſorrow, before the Mauſoleum was completed. Victoria Colonna, Marchioneſs of Peſcaira, ardently engaged in literary purſuits, while fame did ample juſtice to her productions; yet, ſeparated by the ſtroke of death, in the morning of her days, from an illuſtrious and gallant huſband, appropriated her remaining years to unceaſing grief, lamenting, in her pathetic Eſſays, the long-loſt hero. The celebrated Mrs. Rowe, equally conſpicuous for genius and virtue, continued faithful and perſevering in her attachment to her deceaſed huſband; nor could a length of years abate her regrets.

Ninthly, They are capable of ſupporting, with equal honour, the toils of government. Semiramis appears to have aſſociated all the virtues and vices which have received the maſculine ſtamp—ſhe extended her empire from Ethiopia to India, and ſubdued many nations—her buildings and gardens were alſo magnificent—and ſhe governed, in many reſpects, judiciouſly. Artemiſia, queen of Caria, and daughter of Lygdamis, poſſeſſing, during the minority of her ſon, ſovereign authority, diſtinguiſhed herſelf, both by her counſels and her perſonal valour. Amalaſuntha governed with the greateſt juſtice, wiſdom, and prudence. Julia Mammæa educated her ſon, Alexander Severus, implanting in his boſom the ſeeds of virtue, and adorning him with every princely accompliſhment: He was worthy of the high rank to which he was raiſed, and diſpoſed to become the father of his people: His mother preſided in his councils; the era of their adminiſtration was tumultuous and hazardous, and its

diſaſtrous

diſaſtrous termination is one of the events which the ſtudent of hiſtory will not fail to deplore.

Zenobia united genius and valour—ſhe was dignified by the title of Auguſta. After the demiſe of her huſband, the ſupreme authority devolving upon her, ſhe governed with rectitude, firmneſs, and intrepidity. She preſerved the provinces in their allegiance, and added Egypt to her dominions. Moreover, when led into captivity, ſhe knew how to *bring into ſubjection, her feelings; ſhe endured misfortune with the heroiſm of a noble ſpirit, and found a ſolace for the loſs of royalty, and the pageantry of a throne, in thoſe rational purſuits, which ſolitude and freedom from care uninterruptedly permit.* Longinus was her preceptor and friend; and ſhe was worthy of his tuition and preferable attachment. Elizabeth of England was endowed with energetic talents; her reign was glorious for the people over which ſhe preſided; ſhe was undoubtedly a great politician, and governed with uniform vigour; ſhe is characterized as poſſeſſing much penetration, and an underſtanding fruitful of reſources; her foreign negociations were conducted with propriety and dignity; her mind was opened and poliſhed by all the aids of an extenſive education, and adverſity was among her preceptors. Chriſtina, queen of Sweden, governed her ſubjects twenty-one years, with uniform wiſdom and unimpeached prudence, when ſhe magnanimouſly reſigned her crown; thus giving a rare example of an elevation of intellect, which has not been ſurpaſſed.

Tenthly, and *Laſtly*, They are equally ſuſceptible of every literary acquirement. Corinna, it is ſaid, triumphed a fifth time over the immortal Pindar, who had publickly challenged her to contend with him in the poetical line. Sappho, the Leſbian poeteſs, was admired by the ancients—ſhe produced many poems, and was addreſſed as the tenth Muſe. Sulpicia, a Roman lady, who lived under the reign of Domitian, was called the Roman Sappho. Hypatia, beautiful, learned, and virtuous, the daughter of Theon, preſided over the Platonic ſchool at Alexandria, about the cloſe

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of the fourth century; ſhe was judged qualified to ſucceed her father in that diſtinguiſhed and important office; her wiſdom was held in univerſal eſteem; and from her judgment no one thought proper to appeal: Perſons cloathed in public authority, even the firſt magiſtrates, deliberated with her on the moſt urgent and important emergencies; this unavoidably drew around her ſucceeding circles of men; yet ſhe maintained her intercourſe with characters of various deſcriptions, without the ſhadow of an impeachment of her reputation, until baſely traduced, in a *ſingle inſtance*, by bigotted and intereſted calumniators. Caſſandra, a Venetian lady, attained an accurate ſkill in languages, and made great proficiency in the learning of her time; ſhe compoſed with facility, both in numbers and in proſe, in the language of Homer, Virgil, and Dante; ſhe was a proficient in the philoſophy of her own and preceding ages; ſhe rendered theology harmonious; ſhe ſupported theſes with brilliancy; ſhe lectured publickly at Padua; ſhe blended the fine arts with her ſerious ſtudies; and the mild complacency of her manners conſtituted the completion of her character: She received homage from ſovereign pontiffs, and ſovereign princes; and ſhe continued an ornament of her Sex, and of humanity, one hundred and two years.

The daughter of Sir Thomas Moore, Mrs. Roper, already cited under the eighth article, whoſe virtues were poliſhed by literary attainments, correſponded in Latin with the celebrated Eraſmus, and ſucceſsfully appropriated many years of her life to ſtudy: Her daughter inherited her erudition, and her amiable qualifications. The Seymours, ſiſters, and nieces of a king, wrote elegantly in Latin. Iſabella of Roſera, in Spain, by her ſubſtantial arguments, natural deductions, and able rhetoric, greatly augmented the number of believing Jews; the great church of Barcelona was open for the exertion of her pulpitorial abilities; and ſhe acquired much honour by her commentaries upon the learned Scotus. France knew how to eſti-

mate

mate the talents of the Dutcheſs of Retz; ſhe purſued her ſtudies amid the ſeducing pleaſures of a court; and, although young and beautiful, ſpoke the ancient languages with propriety and elegance. Mary Stuart, queen of Scotland, poſſeſſing all the advantages of exterior, and every ſexual grace, aſſiduouſly cultivated her mind: Her learning was as remarkable as her beauty; ſhe could, we are informed, write and ſpeak ſix languages; her numbers enchanted the Gallic ear; and, at an early age, ſhe pronounced before the French Court a Latin oration, calculated to convince her hearers, that literary purſuits are proper to the Female Sex. Beauty could not plead in vain; the lovely ſpeaker exemplified, in her own character and attainments, the truth ſhe inculcated; ſhe was, herſelf, that happy combination, the practicability of which ſhe laboured to impreſs; and conviction undoubtedly irradiated the minds of her audience.

In the thirteenth century, a young lady of Bologna, purſuing, with avidity, the ſtudy of the Latin language, and the legiſlative inſtitutions of her country, was able, at the age of twenty-three, to deliver, in the great church of Bologna, a Latin oration, in praiſe of a deceaſed perſon, eminent for virtue; nor was ſhe indebted for the admiration ſhe received, to the indulgence granted to her youth, or Sex. At the age of twenty-ſix, ſhe took the degree of a Doctor of Laws, and commenced her career in this line, by public expoſitions of the doctrines of Juſtinian: At the age of thirty, her extraordinary merit raiſed her to the chair, where ſhe taught the law to an aſtoniſhing number of pupils, collected from various nations. She joined to her profound knowledge, ſexual modeſty, and every feminine accompliſhment; yet her perſonal attractions were abſorbed in the magnitude and ſplendor of her intellectual abilities; and the charms of her exterior only commanded attention, when ſhe ceaſed to ſpeak. The fourteenth century produced, in the ſame city, a like example; and the fifteenth continued, and acknowl-

edged the pretenſions of THE SEX, inſomuch that a learned chair was appropriated to illuſtrious women.

Iſſotta Nogarolla was alſo an ornament of the fifteenth century; and Sarochiſa of Naples was deemed worthy of a compariſon with Taſſo. Modeſta Pozzo's defence of her Sex did her honour; ſhe was, herſelf, an example of excellence. Gabrielle, daughter of a king, found leiſure to devote to her pen; and her literary purſuits contributed to her uſefulneſs and her happineſs. Mary de Gournai rendered herſelf famous by her learning. Guyon, by her writings and her ſufferings, hath evinced the juſtice of her title to immortality. Anna Maria Schurman of Cologne, appears to have been miſtreſs of all the uſeful and ornamental learning of the age which ſhe adorned: She was born in 1607; her talents unfolded with extraordinary brilliancy: In the bud of her life, at the age of ſix years, ſhe cut, with her ſciſſors, the moſt ſtriking reſemblances of every figure which was preſented to her view, and they were finiſhed with aſtoniſhing neatneſs. At ten, ſhe was but three hours in learning to embroider. She ſtudied muſic, painting, ſculpture and engraving, and made an admirable proficiency in all thoſe arts. The Hebrew, Greek and Latin languages were familiar to her; and ſhe made ſome progreſs in the oriental tongues. She perfectly underſtood French, Engliſh and Italian, and expreſſed herſelf eloquently in all thoſe languages; and ſhe appropriated a portion of her time, to the acquirement of an extenſive acquaintance with geography, aſtronomy, philoſophy, and the other ſciences: Yet ſhe poſſeſſed ſo much feminine delicacy, and retiring modeſty, that her talents and acquirements had been conſigned to oblivion, if Vaſſius, and other amateurs of literature, had not uſhered her, in oppoſition to her wiſhes, upon the theatre of the world: But when ſhe was once known, perſons of erudition, of every deſcription, correſponded with her; and thoſe in the moſt elevated ſtations, aſſiduouſly ſought opportunities of ſeeing and converſing with her.

Mademoiſelle

Mademoiſelle Scudery, ſtimulated by neceſſity, rendered herſelf eminent by her writings. Anna de Parthenay poſſeſſed great virtues, great talents, and great learning; ſhe read, with facility and pleaſure, authors in the Greek and Latin languages; ſhe was a rational theologician; ſhe was a perfect miſtreſs of muſic; and was as remarkable for her vocal powers, as for her execution on the various inſtruments which ſhe attempted. Catharine de Parthenay, niece to Anna, married to Renatus de Rohan, ſignalized herſelf by her attention to the education of her children; and her maternal cares were crowned with abundant ſucceſs: Her eldeſt ſon was the illuſtrious Duke of Rohan, who obtained immortal honour by his zeal and exertions in the Proteſtant cauſe; and ſhe was alſo mother to Anna de Rohan, who was as illuſtrious for her genius and piety, as for her birth. She was miſtreſs of the Hebrew language; her numbers were beautifully elegant; and ſhe ſupported, with heroic firmneſs, the calamities conſequent upon the ſiege of Rochelle.

Mademoiſelle le Fevre, celebrated in the literary world by the name of Madame Dacier, gave early teſtimonies of that fine genius which her father delighted to cultivate. Her edition of Callimachus was received with much applauſe. At the earneſt requeſt of the Duke de Montanſier, ſhe publiſhed an edition of Florus, for the uſe of the dauphin; ſhe exchanged letters with Chriſtina, queen of Sweden; ſhe devoted herſelf to the education of her ſon and daughter, whoſe progreſs were proportioned to the abilities of their intereſted preceptreſs: Greek and Latin were familiar to her; and ſhe was often addreſſed in both thoſe languages, by the literati of Europe. Her tranſlation of the Iliad was much admired. She is ſaid to have poſſeſſed great firmneſs, generoſity, and equality of temper, and to have been remarkable for her piety. Maria de Sevigne appropriated her hours to the inſtruction of her ſon and daughter; ſhe has enriched the world with eight volumes of letters, which will be read with pleaſure by every critic in the French language.

guage. The character of Mary II. Queen of England, and conſort to William of Naſſau, is tranſcendently amiable. She is delineated as a princeſs, endowed with uncommon powers of mind, and beauty of perſon. She was extenſively acquainted with hiſtory, was attached to poetry, and poſſeſſed a good taſte in compoſitions of this kind. She had a conſiderable knowledge in architecture and gardening; and her dignified condeſcenſion, and conſiſtent piety, were truly admirable and praiſeworthy—Every reader of hiſtory, and lover of virtue, will lament her early exit. The Counteſs of Pembroke tranſlated from the French, a dramatic piece; ſhe gave a metrical edition of the Book of Pſalms, and ſupported an exalted character.

Anna Killigrew, and Anna Wharton, were eminent, both for poetry and painting; and their unblemiſhed virtue, and exemplary piety, pointed and greatly enhanced the value of their other accompliſhments. Catharine Phillips was, from early life, a lover of the Muſes; ſhe tranſlated Corneille's Tragedy of Pompey into Engliſh; and in this, as well as the poems which ſhe publiſhed, ſhe was ſucceſsful. Lady Burleigh, Lady Bacon, Lady Ruſſell, and Mrs. Killigrew, daughters of Sir Anthony Cook, received from their father a maſculine education; and their prodigious improvement was an ample compenſation for his paternal indulgence: They were eminent for genius and virtue, and obtained an accurate knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages. The writings of the Dutcheſs of Newcaſtle were voluminous; ſhe is produced as the firſt Engliſh lady who attempted what has ſince been termed polite literature. Lady Halket was remarkable for her erudition; ſhe was well ſkilled, both in phyſic and divinity. Lady Maſham, and Mary Aſtell, reaſoned accurately on the moſt abſtract particulars in divinity, and in metaphyſics. Lady Grace Gethin was happy in natural genius and a cultivated underſtanding; ſhe was a woman of erudition; and we are informed that, at the age of twenty, "*ſhe treated of life and morals, with the diſcernment of Socrates, and*

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the elegance of Xenophon"—Mr. Congreve has done juſtice to her merit. Chudleigh, Winchelſea, Monk, Bovey, Stella, Montague—theſe all poſſeſs their reſpective claims. Catharine Macauley wielded ſucceſsfully the hiſtoric pen; nor were her exertions confined to this line——But we have already multiplied our witneſſes far beyond our original deſign; and it is proper that we apologize to our readers, for a tranſgreſſion of that brevity which we had authorized them to expect.

No. XCI.

Nor are the modern Fair a ſtep behind,
In the tranſcendent energies of mind:
Their worth conſpicuous ſwells the ample roll,
While emulous they reach the ſplendid goal.

WE take leave to repeat, that we are not deſirous to array THE SEX in martial habiliments; we do not wiſh to enliſt our women as ſoldiers; and we requeſt it may be remembered, that we only contend for the *capability* of the female mind to become poſſeſſed of any attainment within the reach of *maſculine exertion*. We have produced our witneſſes; their depoſitions have been heard; the cauſe is before the public; we await their verdict; and, as we entertain all poſſible veneration for the reſpectable jury, we ſhall not dare to appeal from their deciſion.

But while we do homage to the women of other times, we feel happy that nature is no leſs bountiful to the females of the preſent day. We cannot, indeed, obtain a liſt of the names that have done honour to their Sex, and to humanity, during the period now under obſervation: The luſtre of thoſe minds, ſtill enveloped in a veil of mortality, is neceſſarily muffled and obſcure; but the curtain will be thrown back, and poſterity will contemplate, with admiration, their manifold perfections. Yet, in many inſtances, fame has

has already lifted her immortalizing trump. Madame de Genlis has added new effulgence to the literary annals of France. This lady unites, in an aſtoniſhing degree, both genius and application! May her indefatigable exertions be crowned with the ſucceſs they ſo richly merit—May no illiberal prejudices obſtruct the progreſs of her multiplied productions; but, borne along the ſtream of time, may they continue pleaſurable vehicles of inſtruction, and confer on their ingenious author that celebrity to which ſhe is indiſputably entitled. France may alſo juſtly place among her liſt of illuſtrious perſonages, the luminous name of Roland. Madame Roland compriſed, in her own energetic and capacious mind, all thoſe appropriate virtues, which are characterized as maſculine and feminine. She not only dignified THE SEX, but human nature in the aggregate; and her memory will be held in veneration, wherever talents, literature, patriotiſm, and uniform heroiſm, are properly appreciated.

The Britiſh Iſle is at this moment diſtinguiſhed by a conſtellation of the firſt magnitude. Barbauld, Seward, Cowley, Inchbald, Burney, Smith, Radcliffe, Moore, Williams, Wollſtonecraft, &c. &c.—theſe ladies, celebrated for brilliancy of genius and literary attainments, have rendered yet more illuſtrious the Engliſh name.

Nor is America deſtitute of females, whoſe abilities and improvements give them an indiſputable claim to immortality. It is a fact, eſtabliſhed beyond all controverſy, that we are indebted for the diſcovery of our country, to female enterprize, deciſion, and generoſity. The great Columbus, after having in vain ſolicited the aid of Genoa, France, England, Portugal, and Spain—after having combated, for a period of eight years, with every objection that a want of knowledge could propoſe, found, at laſt, his only reſource in the penetration and magnanimity of Iſabella of Spain, who furniſhed the equipment, and raiſed the ſums neceſſary to defray the expenſes, on the ſale of her own jewels; and while we conceive an action, ſo honourable to

THE SEX, hath not been ſufficiently applauded, we truſt, that the equality of the female intellect to that of their brethren, who have ſo long uſurped an unmanly and unfounded ſuperiority, will never, in this younger world, be left without a witneſs. We cannot aſcertain the number of ingenious women, who at preſent adorn our country. In the ſhade of ſolitude they perhaps cultivate their own minds, and ſuperintend the education of their children. Our day, we know, is only dawning—But when we contemplate a Warren, a Philenia, an Antonia, a Euphelia, &c. &c. we gratefully acknowledge, that genius and application, even in the female line, already gild, with effulgent radiance, our bleſt Aurora.

But women are calculated to ſhine in other characters than thoſe adverted to, in the preceding Eſſays; and with proper attention to their education, and ſubſequent habits, they might eaſily attain that independence, for which a Wollſtonecraft hath ſo energetically contended; the term, *helpleſs widow*, might be rendered as unfrequent and inapplicable as that of *helpleſs widower*; and although we ſhould undoubtedly continue to mourn the diſſolution of wedded amity, yet we ſhould derive conſolation from the knowledge, that the infant train had ſtill a remaining prop, and that a mother could *aſſiſt* as well as *weep* over her offſpring.

That women have a talent—a talent which, duly cultivated, would confer that independence, which is demonſtrably of incalculable utility, every attentive obſerver will confeſs. THE SEX ſhould be taught to depend on their own efforts, for the procurement of an eſtabliſhment in life. The chance of a matrimonial coadjutor, is no more than a probable contingency; and if they were early accuſtomed to regard this *uncertain* event with ſuitable *indifference*, they would make elections with that deliberation, which would be calculated to give a more rational proſpect of tranquillity. All this we have repeatedly aſſerted, and all this we do invariably believe. To neglect poliſhing a gem, or

obſtinately

obſtinately to refuſe bringing into action a treaſure in our poſſeſſion, when we might thus accumulate a handſome intereſt, is ſurely egregiouſly abſurd, and the height of folly. The *united efforts of male and female* might reſcue many a family from deſtruction, which, notwithſtanding the efforts of its *individual* head, is now involved in all the calamities attendant on a diſſipated fortune and augmenting debts. It is not poſſible to educate children in a manner which will render them *too beneficial* to ſociety; and the more we multiply aids to a family, the greater will be the ſecurity, that its individuals will not be thrown a burden on the public.

An inſtance of *female capability*, this moment occurs to memory. In the State of Maſſachuſetts, in a ſmall town, ſome miles from the metropolis, reſides a woman, who hath made aſtoniſhing improvements in agriculture. Her mind, in the early part of her life, was but penuriouſly cultivated, and ſhe grew up almoſt wholly uneducated: But being ſuffered, during her childhood, to rove at large among her native fields, her limbs expanded, and ſhe acquired a height of ſtature above the common ſize; her mind alſo became invigorated; and her underſtanding ſnatched ſufficient information, to produce a conſciouſneſs of the injury ſhe ſuſtained in the want of thoſe aids, which ſhould have been furniſhed in the beginning of her years. She however applied herſelf diligently to remedy the evil, and ſoon made great proficiency in writing, and in arithmetic. She read every thing ſhe could procure; but the impreſſions adventitiouſly made on her infant mind ſtill obtained the aſcendency. A few rough acres conſtituted her patrimonial inheritance; theſe ſhe has brought into a ſtate of high cultivation; their productions are every year both uſeful and ornamental; ſhe is miſtreſs of agricolation, and is at once a botaniſt and a floriſt. The moſt approved authors in the Engliſh language, on theſe ſubjects, are in her hands, and ſhe ſtudies them with induſtry and ſucceſs.

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She has obtained ſuch a conſiderable knowledge in the nature of ſoils, the preciſe manure which they require, and their particular adaption to the various fruits of the earth, that ſhe is become the oracle of all the farmers in her vicinity; and when laying out, or appropriating their grounds, they uniformly ſubmit them to her inſpection. Her gardens are the reſort of all ſtrangers who happen to viſit her village; and ſhe is particularly remarkable for a growth of trees, from which, gentlemen, ſolicitous to enrich their fruit-gardens, or ornament their parterres, are in the habit of ſupplying themſelves; and thoſe trees are, to their ingenious cultivator, a conſiderable income. Carefully attentive to her nurſery, ſhe knows when to tranſplant, and when to prune; and ſhe perfectly underſtands the various methods of inoculating and ingrafting. In ſhort, ſhe is a complete *huſband-woman*; and ſhe has, beſides, acquired a vaſt ſtock of general knowledge, while her judgment has attained ſuch a degree of maturity, as to juſtify the confidence of the villagers, who are accuſtomed to conſult her on every perplexing emergency.

In the conſtant uſe of exerciſe, ſhe is not corpulent; and ſhe is extremely active, and wonderfully athletic. Inſtances, almoſt incredible, are produced of her ſtrength. Indeed, it is not ſurpriſing that ſhe is the idol and ſtanding theme of the village, ſince, with all her uncommon qualifications, ſhe combines a tenderneſs of diſpoſition not to be exceeded. Her extenſive acquaintance with herbs, contributes to render her a ſkilful and truly valuable nurſe; and the world never produced a more affectionate, attentive, or faithful woman: Yet, while ſhe feelingly ſympathizes with every invalid, ſhe is not herſelf ſubject to imaginary complaints; nor does ſhe eaſily yield to real illneſs. She has lately been indiſpoſed—and a life ſo valuable, when endangered, embodied a hoſt of fears for its ſafety: With difficulty ſhe was perſuaded to lie down upon her bed; and the young woman who attended her, and to whom ſhe had endeared herſelf by a thou-

ſand good offices, after ſoftly cloſing the ſhutters and door of her apartment, privately ſummoned the aid of a phyſician; and when the medical gentleman made his appearance, ſhe accompanied him to the apartment of her friend; but behold, the bird was flown! and when purſued, ſhe was found at a diſtance from her habitation, directing ſome labourers, who were employed in her ſervice, and who, ſhe was fearful, were not ſufficiently attentive to her previous inſtructions. The event proved ſhe had acted judiciouſly; for, braced by the freſh air, her nerves new ſtrung, aſſumed their uſual tone, her ſickneſs vaniſhed, and her native vigour returned.

Although far advanced in years, without a matrimonial connexion, yet, conſtantly engaged in uſeful and intereſting purſuits, ſhe manifeſts not that peeviſhneſs and diſcontent, ſo frequently attendant on *old maids*; ſhe realizes all that independence which is proper to humanity; and ſhe knows how to ſet a juſt value on the bleſſings ſhe enjoys.

From my treaſury of facts, I produce a ſecond inſtance, equally in point. I have ſeen letters, written by a lady, an inhabitant of St. Sebaſtian, (a Spaniſh emporium) that breathed the true ſpirit of commerce, and evinced the writer to poſſeſs all the integrity, punctuality and diſpatch, which are ſuch capital requiſites in the mercantile career. This lady is at the head of a firm, of which herſelf and daughters make up the individuals—Her name is *Birmingham*. She is, I imagine, well known to the commercial part of the United States. She was left a widow in the infancy of her children, who were numerous; and ſhe immediately adopted the moſt vigorous meaſures for their emolument. Being a woman of a magnanimous mind, ſhe devoted her ſons to the profeſſion of arms; and they were expeditiouſly diſpoſed of, in a way the beſt calculated to bring them acquainted with the art of war. Her daughters were educated for buſineſs; and, arriving at womanhood, they have long ſince eſtabliſhed themſelves into a capital trading-houſe, of which,

which, as has been obſerved, their reſpectable mother is the head. She is, in the hours of buſineſs, invariably to be found in her compting-houſe; there ſhe takes her morning repaſt; her daughters act as clerks, (and they are adepts in their office) regularly preparing the papers and letters, which paſs in order under her inſpection. She ſigns herſelf, in all accounts and letters, *Widow Birmingham*; and this is the addreſs by which ſhe is deſignated. I have converſed with one of our captains, who has often negociated with her the diſpoſal of large and valuable cargoes. Her conſignments, I am told, are to a great amount; and one of the principal merchants in the town of Boſton aſſerts, that he receives from no houſe in Europe more ſatisfactory returns. Upright in their dealings, and unwearied in their application, theſe ladies poſſeſs a right to proſperity; and we truſt that their circumſtances are as eaſy, as their conduct is meritorious.

"Would you, good Mr. Gleaner, ſtation us in the compting-houſe?" No, my fair country-women, except circumſtances unavoidably pointed the way. Again I ſay, I do but hold up to your view, the *capability* of your Sex; thus ſtimulating you to cultivate your talents, to endeavour to acquire general knowledge, and to aim at making yourſelves ſo far acquainted with ſome particular branch of buſineſs, as that it may, if occaſion requires, aſſiſt in eſtabliſhing you above that kind of dependence, againſt which the free-born mind ſo naturally revolts. Far be it from me, to wiſh to *unſex* you—I am deſirous of preſerving, by all means, thoſe amiable traits that are conſidered as characteriſtic—I reverence the modeſty and gentleneſs of your diſpoſitions—I would not annihilate a ſingle virtue; but I would aſſiduouſly augment the faithfulneſs and affection of your boſoms. An elegant panegyriſt of your Sex, hath aſſigned you the ſuperiority in the feelings of the heart; and I cannot more emphatically conclude my ſubject, than in his beautifully pathetic language:

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"The pleaſures of women muſt ariſe from their virtues. It is by the cradle of their children, and in viewing the ſmiles of their daughters, or the ſports of their ſons, that mothers find their happineſs. Where are the powerful emotions of nature? Where is the ſentiment, at once ſublime and pathetic, that carries every feeling to exceſs? Is it to be found in the froſty indifference, and the ſour ſeverity of ſome fathers? No—but in the warm and affectionate boſom of a *mother*. It is ſhe, who, by an impulſe as quick as involuntary, ruſhes into the flood to preſerve a boy, whoſe imprudence had betrayed him into the waves—It is ſhe, who, in the middle of a conflagration, throws herſelf acroſs the flames to ſave a ſleeping infant—It is ſhe, who, with diſhevelled locks, pale and diſtracted, embraces with tranſport, the body of a dead child, preſſing its cold lips to her's, as if ſhe would reanimate, by her tears and her careſſes, the inſenſible clay. Theſe great expreſſions of nature—theſe heart-rending emotions, which fill us at once with wonder, compaſſion and terror, always have belonged, and always will belong, only to Women. They poſſeſs, in thoſe moments, an inexpreſſible ſomething, which carries them beyond themſelves; and they ſeem to diſcover to us new ſouls, above the ſtandard of humanity."

N°. XCII.

How acts of kindneſs meliorate the heart:
The ſolace once receiv'd we haſte to give;
Warm'd by example—eager to impart,
We echo thoſe bleſt ſtrains which *bade us live*.
So Luna, journeying in her ample round,
Beſtows with liberal hand her borrowed light—
Illumes the "way worn trav'ller," homeward bound,
And ſheds her ſilver radiance o'er the night.

IT was on a ſerene evening, juſt as the empreſs of night commenced her mild career, that Adolphus with folded arms, and a heart on which was impreſſed

the

the moſt lively traits of devotional gratitude, paced and repaced the ſea girt ſtrand of a wealthy emporium, whither he had been carried by the hope of commercial advantage: His boſom was tranquillized by the eligibility of his then ſituation; and the ſunny beams of proſperity had invigorated all thoſe gay expectations that, ſhrinking from the clouds of adverſity, proſtrate before the ſtorms of life. A ſhip, the property of Adolphus, had a few hours before caſt anchor in the ſtream—the ſhore reſounded the cheerful voices of the mariners, and the daſhing of the waves vibrated gratefully on his ear.

Yet the chalice of misfortune had been mixed for Adolphus; recently he had taſted the bitter draught, and it was to the humane interpoſition of ſtrangers that he was indebted for eſcaping the neceſſity of ſwallowing the very dregs. Shipwrecked on a foreign ſhore—totally unknown, and poſſeſſing not a ſhilling of property. He had at this deſolate period experienced the utmoſt energies of philanthropy, and the efforts of benevolence had not only extricated him from that ruin which his circumſtances ſeemed inevitably to involve, but, adminiſtering liberally to his neceſſities, had procured him eligible accommodations and returned him in ſafety to his native country. "And oh! exclaimed Adolphus, may I never ceaſe to acknowledge the vaſt arrearage, by ſuccouring to the utmoſt of my power every ſon and daughter of misfortune; and when I ſhall forget to extend to the hapleſs ſtranger, whoſe right is inſcribed by adverſity, a portion of my regards, may I be dead to the pleaſures of exiſtence, and may the grateful ſwell of complacency no more expand my boſom. Gracious God! it is owing to the exertion of that ſympathetic glow which thou haſt implanted in the breaſts of the far diſtant children of humanity, that my gentle Anna has yet a protecting friend, that my little helpleſs family again hear the reſponſive voice of a father, ſoothing them to peace, and pointing them to the goal of virtue."

Juſt at this moment, a barge, launching from the ſhore, was on the point of proceeding to the ſhip. Adolphus hailed the bargemen, and leaping on board, the well plied oar ſoon produced him beſide the Atalanta. Entering the ſhip, he contemplated for a moment the ſplendors of a ſuperb evening, with the additional advantages of a beautifully extenſive water proſpect. The moon ſhone forth in full orbed majeſty, and he was indulging a moſt delightful reverie, when his attention was ſuddenly arreſted by an agonizing ſhriek iſſuing from the cabin, the accent of which was evidently feminine. Inſtantly he deſcended the ſtairs, when an elegant and intereſting woman, on whoſe features was impreſſed the frenzy of deſpair, wringing her ſnowy hands, in a tone of the deepeſt anguiſh, exclaimed, "*My God, it is impoſſible! ſurely it is impoſſible—ſome villain has baſely traduced him!*" Again ſhe ſhrieked aloud, when, raiſing her eyes with a fearful kind of horror, and obſerving numbers gather about her, ſhe claſped her hands in evident terror, and her calamitous reflections for a time defeating themſelves, ſhe would have ſunk lifeleſs on the floor, had not the attentive Adolphus received her in his arms.

Under his humane direction, every neceſſary ſtep was taken for her recovery; and ſhe too ſoon opened her eyes on a world in which her peace had been cruelly wrecked. During her ſuſpended animation, he had learned that the immediate cauſe of her diſtreſs proceeded from a verbal meſſage, containing much apparent ingratitude, delivered to her in the name of a perſon from whom ſhe expected protection, and who ſhe had informed by letter of her arrival. And, with the hope of implanting that confidence which he judged neceſſary for her ſituation, he informed her that he himſelf having been a ſon of ſorrow, his ſympathy was the offspring of experience; that the ſhip and cargo was his property, and that being largely in arrearage to the unfortunate, if ſhe ranked in that truly reſpectable deſcription, he was ready to diſcharge his debt to her in whatever mode might beſt correſpond with her wiſhes.

Aſtoniſhment

Aſtoniſhment ſeemed to arreſt, in the countenance of the lady, the progreſs of grief; but aſſuming an air of dignified compoſure, ſhe replied: "You muſt be ſenſible, Sir, that your addreſs is out of the common courſe. Accept, however, my grateful thanks for whatever of kindneſs it contains; and be aſſured that my diſtreſſes are not of a *pecuniary* nature; it is not in your power, Sir, to relieve me. God forbid that in a caſe of ſo delicate a nature, I ſhould ſtand in need of foreign interpoſition. Unfortunately I have had too many witneſſes of a ſorrow which is perhaps occaſioned by a blameable ſuſceptibility. Thoſe about you can inform you that a miſunderſtanding hath taken place between my huſband and myſelf; but all will, all muſt end well. I have been wrong to be ſo much diſquieted, and that ſympathy which you mention, induced by politeneſs, will undoubtedly apologize for me, if I ſay that I have need of ſolitude to collect my ſcattered ſpirits." Adolphus, after aſſuring the beautiful unknown that if her future exigencies demanded the extricating hand of a friend, her recognition of him would confer a pleaſing obligation, drew from his pocket his addreſs, and placing it in the hands of her woman, bowed reſpectfully, and, quitting the cabin, took with him thoſe obſervers whom her apparent ſufferings had drawn thither. Several days revolved, and he continued ignorant of the fate of the lady; for reflecting on the elevated ſolemnity with which ſhe replied to his proffered aid, he conceived himſelf obliged in honour to deſiſt from further inquiries. At length, however, the following letter was put into his hand:

"July 15th, 1794.

SIR,

A GOOD countenance is indeed a letter of recommendation—and that benignity which irradiated your features, when, on the fatal evening of the 1ſt inſtant, you took ſuch an apparent intereſt in the poor unfortunate, who then evidently excited your commiſeration, is my ſecurity for your continued favour. Alas! for me, that I am reduced to the neceſſity of a reliance

on

on one to whose very name, but for my wretched situation, I had remained a stranger. Yet it is fit you should be furnished with a few leading particulars, relative to the person who now earnestly solicits your protection. Take then, worthy Sir, in few words, the outlines of a life until within these two past years, marked only by obedience, and consequent tranquillity.

My family name is ——, I was born in the capital of Scotland—my father then possessed, and still continues to fill, an eligible and lucrative public employment—my mother died at a period when, hushed in the cradle of innocence, I was insensible to every pain or pleasure, not originating in my immediate wants, and her place was so well filled by her successor as to leave my opening reason only natural regrets for this event. The attachment of my parents was apparently equal, and I was blest by every proper indulgence. Born in affluence, I early received every advantage of which my tender years was susceptible. The important era of sixteen found me at a celebrated boarding school, where the ill-judged liberties allowed to young ladies too often lay the foundation of misfortunes that terminate not but with their mortal existence. It was during my continuance at this seminary, that I saw and loved the too insinuating Sebastian; his address is easy, his figure manly, and the whole contour of his person strikingly impressive. He made his advances with well dissembled delicacy; his ardent protestations of inviolable love were cloathed in the habiliments of friendship; and when at last his language became more decisive, prepared for a declaration that I wished, I received the avowal of his tender attachment with all those demonstrations of complacency which youthful sincerity suggest, and which virgin modesty hesitates not to authorize. Satisfied of the fervour of my own regard, I calculated on a mutual passion, and my lover possessed my unbounded confidence. Fatal delusion! Wretched effervescence of fancy—ye have miserably undone me; and, strange to tell, I live to lament the folly of my too easy faith.

You

You will obſerve, Sir, that my path was plain before me, and Sebaſtian was immediately referred to my father. But what was my aſtoniſhment when that father, ever attentive to my beſt intereſt, utterly refuſed to ſanction my choice, poſitively interdicting all future intercourſe with Sebaſtian, and making my continuance at the ſeminary to depend wholly on my obedience to his commands. Ah, why did he truſt to the diſcretion of a giddy love-ſick girl. I betrayed his honeſt confidence; and eaſily finding opportunities of converſing with the ſeducer, the reſult of our frequent meetings was a clandeſtine marriage; but no ſooner had I become a wife, than all the daughter ruſhed on my ſoul. I fondly loved, revered, and next to adored my father; and it was the cheriſhed hope of obtaining a reconciliation that gave me courage, in the face of a ſolemn prohibition, to commit an offence that alas! has thrown me out of his protection, and which has, I have every reaſon to fear, baniſhed me forever from his affections! Every method hath been purſued, both by Sebaſtian and myſelf, which we judged might obtain our pardon; but our conciliatory attempts have proved ineffectual. Prayers and expoſtulations have been in vain—my father, my beloved father continues inexorable! Since the declaration of my marriage, I have never once beheld his benign countenance. My mother, my brothers, and my ſiſters, alas! his prohibition extends to them alſo! He refuſes to receive my letters; and, when in the perturbation of my ſoul I ſtill preſſed them upon him, they were repeatedly returned unopened, and no language can deſcribe the conſequent anguiſh of my ſpirit.

During my ſupplications for a reconciliation, the attention and unrivalled tenderneſs of my huſband continued unremitted; but at its cloſe I ſaw, or thought I ſaw a viſible abatement of his kindneſs! I was, however, willing to place this circumſtance to a natural cauſe; and, ſolicitous to believe what was ſo intimately connected with my *tranquillity*, I perſuaded myſelf that he only took rank with the generality of married men.

It

It was at this juncture that the decline of my health made it neceſſary I ſhould take lodgings at Bath, while buſineſs detaining Sebaſtian in London, a temporary ſeparation ſeemed unavoidable; and I ſtruggled to embrace that compoſure which ſhe who hath ſwerved capitally from the path of duty will find it very difficult to regain.

Thus was I circumſtanced, when a letter was brought me from Sebaſtian, acquainting me that he was on the point of embarking for America; that very advantageous propoſals had been made him, the emolument of which depended on his immediate cloſing therewith, and on his collecting together every ſhilling of property he could command. He entreated me therefore to think favourably of him, and the ſtep he meditated, and to ſend him as ſpeedily as poſſible every thing of value that I could conveniently part with. He informed me that he contemplated an eſtabliſhment in P——; and that on a ſuppoſition, my health and inclination would meet his wiſhes, he had made arrangements for my paſſage to the new world, on board the Atalanta, which ſhip was to ſail in one month after his embarkation. The letter containing this unexpected intelligence, was replete with expreſſions of unalterable attachment; and I, who entertained no doubt of my huſband's honour, never regarded their ſincerity as queſtionable. The little intereſt in my gift was cheerfully ſurrendered—my rings, my jewels of every deſcription, every thing that could be turned into ready money, were all tranſmitted to the metropolis; and I only reſerved my watch, the value of which was enhanced by having been the property of my mother.

With a degree of alacrity, aſtoniſhing even to myſelf, I ſet about preparing to follow; and I in reality experienced a degree of ſatisfaction in the idea of quitting thoſe dear native ſhores, where I was conſidered as an alien to thoſe perſons whom I ſhall never ceaſe to revere, and for whom the ſigh of my boſom ſtill aroſe. I left England with thoſe kind of feelings natural to a

daughter

daughter and a wife thus circumſtanced: But every difficulty was lightened, by the proſpect of finding myſelf, at the cloſe of my voyage, under the protection of the man to whom my heart was moſt paſſionately devoted. I flattered myſelf that, ſtrangers in this new world, our conſequence to each other would neceſſarily augment; and the halcyon days of mutual love and confidence paſſed in viſion before me.

With the firſt poſſible moment after my arrival, I diſpatched a line of intelligence to Sebaſtian, and I received, by way of anſwer, a *verbal declaration, that except I could procure a reconciliation with my father, I muſt never more expect to ſee his face!!!* You, Sir, witneſſed the effect of this aſtoniſhing annunciation. Yet, after the firſt ebullition of grief and ſurpriſe had a little ſubſided, I perſuaded myſelf that it had been worded during a moment of inſanity; and I thought it became my character to ſeek an eclairciſſement. Obliged as I was by your proffered aſſiſtance, my ſpirit was not then ſufficiently broken to ſubmit with compoſure to my humiliating ſituation, and I am fearful that I received your unmerited attentions with undue haughtineſs; but that delicacy aſcribed to your character, will, I truſt, enable you to account for my feelings. From the hour of my debarkation I have aſſiduouſly ſought my huſband, but he as ſtudiouſly avoids me—we have not yet met. I have repeatedly addreſſed him by letter—I have expoſtulated, ſoothed, and entreated, but without effect—his anſwers are all in one peremptory ſtyle—he will never again ſee me, except my father explicitly approbates our union. My father's admeaſurement of the mind of this barbarouſly mercenary man, was, it appears, perfectly juſt. Repeatedly did the anxious parent aſſure me that his only object in ſeeking an alliance with me, was that fortune which he vainly imagined could not be withheld from me. Alas! alas! at this fearful moment, dreadfully do I realize the truth of this ſentiment! Sebaſtian has left this city, and is, I am informed, gone on a party of pleaſure to L——. Thither I would purſue him. Could I once more ſee him,

him, I think I ſhould be ſatisfied; but I have not the means of a journey, and I have unavoidably contracted debts which it is beyond my power to diſcharge. What ſhall I ſay? In what words ſhall I clothe my preſumptuous requeſts? Poſſeſſing your addreſs, I avail myſelf of your generoſity—yet, believe me, worthy ſtranger, I would never have made this application—my laſt breath ſhould have iſſued at the cold ſhrine of poverty, ere I had thus dared, had not the tongue of information aſcribed to you *the firſt of virtues—had not I learned that you are wedded to a lovely woman, who poſſeſſes all your heart.*

I ſay then, do you lend me your credence? do you admit my narrative as *authentic? Will you pay my debts? Will you bear me to the dwelling of her you love?* L——is your native home, your ſeat of reſidence? Thither I am anxious to proceed. *Will you ſeek out my poor miſguided huſband, and endeavour to reſtore him to the path of reaſon? Will you* do all this? and on a ſuppoſition that my earthly father refuſes to accept the bill that my neceſſities once more impel me to draw on him, *will you be contented to look for reimburſement to the common Parent of humanity?* If you can anſwer theſe queſtions in the affirmative, follow the bearer of this tedious ſcroll, and entitle yourſelf to the everlaſting gratitude of her, who overwhelmed by affliction, reſts her laſt hope on the honour and liberality of a ſtranger.

Accept, Sir, my warmeſt wiſhes for the continuance of your felicity; and withdraw not your ſupporting countenance from the deſolate, and truly wretched

HENRIETTA.

Adolphus haſtened on the fleeteſt wings of philanthropy—every thing the injured Henrietta had requeſted was exactly attended to. He ſpeedily diſpatched a letter to his lady, recounting every particular; and the gentle Anna delayed not to addreſs the fair mourner in thoſe ſoothing ſtrains of conſolation, which an elegant female knows to ſelect, and which, penned by the hand of tender pity, poſſeſs an aſſuaſive influence, calculated to blunt the edge of the

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moſt impreſſive grief. She aſſured Henrietta that a more welcome gueſt could not paſs her threſhold; and ſhe urged her immediately to fly to an abode, the value of which would be enhanced by her preſence. Adolphus having accompliſhed the buſineſs that detained him, conducted Henrietta to L——, where ſhe was received by his amiable companion, in a manner exactly anſwerable to his wiſhes. A ſeries of delicate attentions were uniformly embodied, and no effort was wanting, which it was judged might leſſen the chagrin of the unfortunate ſtranger. Sebaſtian, however, continuing to elude her purſuit, ſhe at length became convinced of his unworthineſs; and every veſtige of eſteem being uprooted from her boſom, the tender paſſion in a mind corrected by misfortunes, of courſe ſubſided, and ſhe had no remaining wiſh but that reſtoration to her family which pardon and reconciliation could alone procure.

Adolphus meditated a voyage to England, and the wiſhes of Henrietta accelerated his purpoſe. Arrived on the Albion ſhore, he procured an introduction to a confidential friend of the father of Henrietta. This friend was in the commercial line, and Adolphus became his cuſtomer. He made it the intereſt of a perſon ſo neceſſary to his views, to viſit him at his lodgings; and in the courſe of a converſation contrived on purpoſe, he, as if by accident, mentioned Mr.——; inquiries relative to his family ſucceeded. "How many daughters has Mr.——, Sir? Is Miſs Eliza his eldeſt daughter?" "Alas! no—his eldeſt daughter is a ſource of much anxiety to her father.—Offending him by an ill-judged marriage, he was for a time inplacable—and the poor lady hath wandered, we hardly know whither. You ſeem moved, Sir—ſurely you are not acquainted with her ſtory!—yet our laſt knowledge of the lovely fugitive, was her taking ſhipping for America—and alas! without a protector! Your looks are expreſſive, Sir—Have you any intelligence to communicate? Have you ſeen her—heard of her? Where can ſhe be found? Does ſhe live? Is ſhe happy? Speak, Sir! for God's ſake, ſpeak."

"I will, Sir, and with happineſs proportioned to your own. I left the lady at my houſe in L——; ſhe was in health, and ſhe conſtitutes the deareſt ſolace which, during my abſence, remains to the partner of my heart." This was enough—the inquirer, ruſhing from the apartment, was immediately out of ſight; and, ſpeeding to the family of Henrietta, her kindred ſoon thronged about the welcome meſſenger of peace—father, mother, brothers, ſiſters, alternately claſped him to their boſoms—graſped his hands—poured fourth their glad oriſons to Heaven, and invoked bleſſings on the inſtrument of ſuch immeaſurable good. Now they eagerly queſtioned, and anon expreſſed the unutterable emotion of the heart, by the big tears of pity, love, and gratitude; and their deteſtation of the villain Sebaſtian, was only equalled by their admiration of her humane protector. Gladly would they have endowed him with the better part of their poſſeſſions; and the father of Henrietta, particularly, was unbounded in his demonſtrations of the rapt enthuſiaſm of gratitude.

Adolphus returned to America, bearing the olive branch, enriched with the paternal benediction, and conveying letters copiouſly fraught with unreſerved love, returning confidence, and the moſt unequivocal marks of an entire reconciliation. Reiterated invitations were alſo wafted over—ſhe was conjured to bleſs once more thoſe native haunts, to take ſhelter in that paternal abode, where, from the hour of her departure, peace had been a ſtranger—and the comparatively happy Henrietta only delays her voyage to England, until ſhe can obtain from our Legiſlators a diſſolution of that contract into which ſhe ſo indiſcreetly entered, and which ſhe now ſo deeply laments.

The Gleaner, while engaged in the routine of office, hath collected the foregoing *well authenticated narrative*, and he imagines it will intereſt the reader. The intelligent mind will deduce therefrom a leſſon. It furniſhes another inſtance of the misfortunes attendant on a connexion unſanctioned by duty, of the propriety of obedience, and of the tranſient duration of love, unſupported by eſteem.

No. XCII.

Steel not thy heart againſt the tale of woe,
But wipe thoſe tears from ſorrows fount which flow.
—His purpoſes were all by honour wrought;
His mind with bleſt integrity was fraught;
But dire misfortunes every moment grew,
Like waves ſucceeding—no ceſſation knew;
Till his poſſeſſions whelm'd by ruthleſs fate,
Each hope engulph'd—each proſpect deſolate:
Appall'd he ſtood! and the wide waſte ſurvey'd!
Proſtrate each plan, and every truſt betray'd!

WHEN I do not deeply commiſerate the unhappy debtor, in whoſe boſom probity and punctuality are inmates, I ſhall be utterly loſt to every recollection of the various calamities to which my ſpecies are ſubjected. I do not ſay that the creditor has not cauſe of complaint; he either loaned his property from motives of friendſhip, or he parted with it, indulging an expectation, that it would accumulate an intereſt which would ſtill augment his ſtores; and, if he cannot be charged with extortion, the tranſaction was undoubtedly juſtifiable: In either of theſe caſes, to deſpoil him of that which was legally his own, is a diſappointment on which he did not calculate, and which muſt be conſidered as injurious.

Yet if the creditor is in eaſy circumſtances, and the man in whom he confided is the victim of misfortunes neither to be foreſeen nor prevented; if it is notorious that he has ever been upright and open in his dealings; if he continued, to the utmoſt verge of poſſibility, punctual in his payments——What then?—Why then I declare, I regard a creditor thus connected and thus circumſtanced, as in a very enviable ſituation. To every benevolent mind, ambitious of accumulating good and proper actions, my reaſon will be obvious. He is hereby furniſhed with an opportunity of calling into exerciſe the nobleſt faculties which dignify human nature: It is at his option to embody the virtues—he

can

can pour into the wounded boſom of the ſorrow worn ſufferer, the healing balm of conſolation—he may even imitate Deity—he can forgive like that God who dealeth liberally, and upbraideth not.

Behold the oppreſſed man—he is bowed down by calamity—his heart is faſhioned by rectitude—it is the ſanctuary for every honeſt principle—but his beſt concerted efforts have proved abortive—misfortunes have iſſued as a torrent, and they have deluged his moſt ſanguine expectations! With folded arms, contracted brow, and features, on which is imprinted the deepeſt anguiſh, he occupies his ſeat in that apartment where triumphed every refined and virtuous enjoyment, but from which, alas! the face of pleaſure ſeems now forever baniſhed! His gentle, his ſympathizing companion——but, ſtrange to tell, her power to ſoothe is no more!—"Dear ſource of domeſtic happineſs," he exclaims, "I have undone thee; thy manifold virtues but point the drawn dagger to my ſoul—every earthly bleſſing ſhould be thine—but he, in whom thou haſt placed thy unbounded confidence, hath miſerably failed thee. Ruin hath overtaken me—impriſonment awaits—and for thee and thy dear infants, where, amid this wide unpitying world, will ye find a place of ſhelter! Gracious Heaven! reflection harrows up my ſoul; and I tremble on the verge of diſtraction! God of compaſſion, vouchſafe to beſtow thy conſolations on theſe deſolate children of adverſity, and calm thoſe ſorrows which it is beyond the reach of human wiſdom to aſſuage." The afflicted fair one claſps her hands in ſpeechleſs agony—her eyes are raiſed to heaven—ſhe is bathed in tears—and her inarticulated miſeries affect beyond deſcription: The affrighted children cluſter round—they cannot develop the ſource of her ſufferings, but they behold her exquiſitely diſtreſſed—their little hearts are attuned to ſympathy, and they mingle their infantile cries. With a wild air ſhe preſſes them alternately to her boſom—ſhe pours forth the maternal benediction, and it is conceived in all the energy

energy of ſorrow, while a more deeply agonizing ſcene can hardly be imagined!

Well, Sir, he owes you many thouſands—granted—but has he ſquandered thoſe thouſands in unwarrantable indulgencies? Has he not been judicious in his plans; induſtrious in the proſecution of his buſineſs; and frugal in his expenditures? and is not this melancholy cataſtrophe produced by events wholly beyond his juriſdiction? Beſides, ſhould you take the only ſtep which can heighten his ſufferings—ſhould you arreſt and throw him into priſon—will this pay your debt? will it not rather put it wholly out of his power to make thoſe diſburſements which we acknowledge are your due?

See that door—it is more than half open; for thoſe victims of calamity are not ſolicitous to elude the purſuit of juſtice, or to hide from the ear of curioſity what they cannot conceal from themſelves. For the love of Heaven, dear good Sir, ſtep home: Borne on the wings of benevolence, you will not be long, and prepare a writing which ſhall remit the debt until the time when a more favourable turn in his affairs may enable him to diſcharge your demands; and ſuffer me to entreat, to conjure you, by that Godlike benevolence which is at this moment originating in your boſom the nobleſt purpoſes, to give the heavenly emanation way—to continue to aid his future efforts—to aſſiſt in building him up; and, in addition to the divine expanſion which you will thus indulge, you may yet receive more than an equivalent for every benign exertion.

But diſcretion whiſpers that you are primarily to ſtudy your own convenience, and not imprudently place that property beyond your reach, which your own exigencies may claim. This argument has weight; and if, my dear Sir, there are not expenſes you are in the habit of allowing, from which you can, in a ſmall degree, deduct, it muſt be conſidered as unanſwerable. Suppoſe, for example, you were to leſſen the number of bumpers you ſwallow in the courſe of a day; wine,

drank in ſmall quantities, operates as a cordial to the languid ſpirit—it is a noble reſtorative, poſſeſſing even medicinal powers; but a too frequent and copious uſe thereof, deſtroys its effect; and in the voluptuous embraces of familiarity its virtues expire. Is not the angel pity an inhabitant in the gentle boſom of your lady? doth not ſhe poſſeſs that charming benignity which ſhould ever ſtand conſpicuous in the female character? and are there no articles in her department which ſhe can retrench? Do you go three times a week to the theatre? go but once, and appropriate the four dollars you thus reſcue to the neceſſities of this poor bankrupt; and I dare pronounce that the entertainment you receive at the play-houſe will poſſeſs augmented charms. In general, it is true, that the infrequency of enjoyments enhance their value, but the pleaſures of benevolence never create ſatiety. A repetition of virtuous actions becomes ſtill more productive of the moſt refined, delightful and elevating ſenſations; and the reaſon is obvious, their origin is celeſtial; they will bloom immortal in the Paradiſe of our God.

Well, then, my good Sir, under the auſpices of theſe deductions and regulations, even economy enliſts on the ſide of philanthropy.——Bleſs me! how expeditiouſly you have prepared your articles of enlargement!—But let us not delay—the door, as I ſaid, is more than half open, and we will enter together—The paper is preſented—it is ſeized with a trembling hand—its contents are read aloud—Gracious Heaven! what an aſtoniſhing tranſition! But let me briefly ſketch its effects. A ſhock of electricity could not have been more inſtantaneous, or more general: The orient beam, ſucceeding to a night of darkneſs—No, this will not do—Reader, I have attempted too much—there are ſcenes, over which a ſkilful painter will drop the veil—Permit me to relinquiſh my deſign—and let it ſuffice to ſay, that deſpair in one glad moment is conſigned to oblivion—that the expreſſion of anguiſh is no more—that the cherub, Hope, throws on every feature its all radiant beams—and the emancipated

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man has now no ſtruggles but to evince his immeaſurable ſenſe of obligation, his conſequent gratitude, and the indefatigable zeal with which he will henceforward devote himſelf to the intereſt of his next to divine creditor. His lovely friend more than partakes his felicity; the ſudden tide of joy ſeems well near to overwhelm her gentle ſpirit: The children cling around the knees of their common benefactor—intuitively they hail their guardian friend; and they will in future be taught to place his name next to that of Him, who is the alone proper object of religious worſhip and adoration! Are there, this ſide the elyſium of the bleſſed, enjoyments more exquiſitely delightful, more truly elevating than thoſe which are to be obtained from the contemplation of ſcenes like this? and, is it not true, that the character of him who is in the habit of producing them, approximates, upon theſe occaſions, to the Author of every good?

The cruelty of impriſoning a man for debt, after he hath yielded the laſt farthing he poſſeſſes, appears to me in a very heinous point of view. It is amazing that there ſhould be on this globe, nations who embody in their code of civil regulations, a legal right to commit this great evil! That decree which ranks a man, merely becauſe he hath been unfortunate, with the malefactor who is convicted of capital enormities, is ſurely deteſtable, and every idea of rectitude muſt revolt from its impoſitions. Liberty is too ineſtimable a bleſſing to be abridged, but in caſes which involve offences of the deepeſt dye. *If the inſolvent debtor has ſecreted his property, the ground is then changed*—the affair wears another face—he becomes *criminal*, and muſt fall into that claſs of men, whoſe degeneracy merits condign puniſhment. But if his actions are *irreproachable*, he is only *unfortunate*—he is entitled to the utmoſt tenderneſs; and I would as ſoon arreſt him becauſe he had laid in the grave the wife of his boſom, or the children with whoſe exiſtence his own ſeemed inſeparably interwoven.

Travellers into the interior parts of our country, inform us there are many tribes and nations on which

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we liberally beſtow the epithet *ſavage* and *barbarous*, that ſtand aſtoniſhed at the privileges we annex to wealth, and the conſideration with which it is regarded. That *gold* and *ſilver* ſhould confer *honour* upon its *poſſeſſor*, ſtrikes them as a great abſurdity; they conceive that an equal diſtribution of a commodity, *commanding the neceſſaries of life*, would be becoming rational beings; and when they are told that a deficiency of the glittering miſchief, frequently arreſts perſons in the bloom of life, ſeparates them from all they hold dear, and hurries them away to a dreary confinement, putting a period to thoſe exertions that they are ſtill capable of making, and that might be equally for their own emolument, and the benefit of that ſociety, of which they conſtitute a part! Liſtening to ſuch recitals, they queſtion the veracity of the narrator, and when convinced by circumſtances of the real exiſtence of this barbarous trait, in the government of thoſe who term themſelves the civilized part of mankind—they, in their turn, become accuſers; they evince the ſtrongeſt marks of aſtoniſhment, and horror; nor do they heſitate in charging the authors of ſuch an injurious inſtitution, with an utter dereliction of every ſentiment proper to humanity.

A thought this moment occurs to my mind—Would it not be beneficial, was it made an act of the legiſlature to appropriate public funds for the relief of the *honeſt debtor?* would not ſuch a benevolent proviſion be the beſt calculated to prevent fraud? and would it not ſtrikingly pourtray that true parental tenderneſs which ought to be a predominating feature in every government? Firſt, it would prevent fraud; for no perſons but thoſe who had *demonſtrably* yielded up their laſt farthing, ſhould be entitled to the benefit of the funds; and thus every ſufferer would *become eager to deliver up the whole of his effects:* and ſecondly, it would be evincive of the parental tenderneſs of government, for it would hold out to its oppreſſed children, that laſt reſource, which would prevent their ſhip-wrecked hopes from total deſtruction: And it would be well to apportion the ſums appropriated, according to the

merit,

merit, previous ſituation, and loſſes of the ſufferer; if he had been embarked in enterpriſes calculated to *promote the public weal—if his exertions had beautified a town or city—if he had ſunk beneath the magnitude of an undertaking too arduous for his abilities*—if his education had been liberal—his habits of living, generous—his ſentiments refined, and his ideas capacious—if he had parted with a large property, without juſtly incurring the imputation of extravagance: A man thus circumſtanced ſhould receive from the appropriated funds, according to the wiſdom of the legiſlature, proportionable aſſiſtance. If we are not miſinformed, the legiſlature of one of our ſiſter States, lately granted a lottery to a meritorious citizen who had been eminently unfortunate, for the purpoſe of paying thoſe juſt debts, which, through a ſeries of to him diſaſtrous years, had enormouſly accumulated, and which involved, in their conſequences, many deſerving individuals. I would have purchaſed a ticket in that lottery, although I had been ſure it would have proved a blank.

I think it impoſſible to behold a deſerving man ſuddenly precipitated from an eminence which ſeemed to be his birthright, and reduced to the neceſſity of mingling with thoſe penſioners of an hour, to whom cuſtom hath rendered their ſituation tolerable, without the ſigh of regret, and the tear of commiſeration. What elegant building is that which rears its milk white front with modeſt dignity? the ſurrounding proſpects are truly pictureſque; nothing can be imagined more paradiſiacally enchanting, more truly delightful. This well planned and well executed model of architecture, riſes on an eminence which commands a handſome ſtreet; the views from the different wings of the building preſent a ſketch of both town and country; thus connecting, in idea, with its other advantages, thoſe ſocial pleaſures that conſtitute the moſt valuable enjoyments of life.

"Pray, has the perſon, who deſigned and reared this commodious manſion, continued to occupy it many

many years?" "Alas! no—It is at this moment inhabited by a ſtranger!!! He, who contemplated this reſidence as an aſylum for his children's children, borne down by a tide of misfortunes, after relinquiſhing his laſt penny to clamorous creditors—after continuing immured within the walls of thoſe apartments during many gloomy months, a cloſe priſoner, hath at laſt removed with a wife, whoſe merits entitle her to the firſt diſtinction, and a family truly amiable—this oppreſſed and diſappointed man hath removed"—"Where, where hath he removed?"—"He now occupies, in an obſcure part of the city, inconvenient lodgings, up three pair of ſtairs!!!"

Alas! alas! how diſtreſſing are theſe viciſſitudes! and how worthy the efforts of a virtuous community, bound together by the bands of fraternity, and ſeeking to promote that *kind of equality which is the offspring of reaſon*—How worthy the efforts of ſuch a people, to deviſe for ſo heart affecting an evil, a ſuitable remedy.

No. XCIV.

He lives too faſt, who the laſt ſhilling ſpends;
Sickneſs awaits, and trembling age impends!
The harveſt of our years ſhould treaſur'd lie,
Till winter wraps in clouds our azure ſky.
The night of age is comfortleſs and dark—
When gath'ring ſtorms aſſail the ſhatter'd bark;
When *ſtern neceſſity* demands its dues,
And poverty its woe-fraught viſage ſhews,
A length of days their icy darts prepare;
Purſuits once glowing all congealed are;
The mental faculties, enwrapt about
In garments, by continued uſe worn out,
Suſpend their efforts as their organs die,
And many an hour *almoſt inactive* lie!
Sure, then, 'tis wiſe, that competence to gain,
Which may the flow of ebbing life ſuſtain.

"I SPEND no more than my own," cried Commodus—"I regularly adjuſt my accounts; and every New-Year's Day I am able to ſay, I owe no man

man a ſhilling." This was well—But if Commodus could have added, that, with each revolving year, he reſerved ſomething as the reſource of accident, or by way of making proviſion for thoſe days, in which the *graſshopper becomes a burden*, it would have been better. In the winter of life, how inadequate are human efforts, either to cater for the wants of the body, or to gather in that celeſtial food, ſo neceſſary for the immortal ſpirit, *then oppreſſed by its connexion with a debilitated maſs of matter, which, verging on diſſolution, of neceſſity impedes the powers it envelops.* The ſpirit, *emanating from the fountain of life*, and embodied by its clay-built tenement, muſt generally find the operation of its faculties conformable to the conſtitution of thoſe agents, *by which it is to effect its purpoſes ;* and hence it follows, that an enervated, or aged body, *retards*, if not wholly *ſuſpends*, (except in inſtances of uncommon energy of underſtanding) the *viſible* manifeſtation of thoſe abilities, ſtill inherent in the ſoul.

I ſcarcely know a more melancholy object than *old age, combining poverty and diſeaſe !* To depend, for our daily bread, on the caprices of thoſe about us, is a ſituation, at all times, and in every view, ſufficiently painful : But it muſt be peculiarly ſo, to thoſe who have been accuſtomed, in youth, to adminiſter to their own neceſſities. I ſhould regard dependence, even on my children, as a painful circumſtance. It is natural for a parent to *beſtow protection and ſupport ;* and when theſe benefits become retrograde, we are ſubjected to that kind of ſhock, which an inverſion of the laws of nature uſually creates.

Is there, whoſe feelings are attuned by complacency, while a family of the following deſcription paſſes in review before him ? Its principal is in the meridian of his days ; and he is ſuppoſed to have filled his part, in the various ſcenes in which he has been called to act, with propriety, and with honour—he is rearing to maturity, a number of ſons and daughters—and he has, beſides, taken to his dwelling, the old man and woman who are the authors of his being. Age has been denominated

nominated a ſtate of ſecond childhood; and, perhaps, aged perſons may be ſo circumſtanced, as to ſtand in need of the utmoſt tenderneſs.

Obſerve, now, the regulations in this little community. The children are nurtured by indulgence—their wants, and even their caprices, obtain attention—their infantile prattle is enchanting—their wonderfully apt ſayings, and the ſtrength of memory they evince, are copious themes, which arreſt the ear, and monopolize almoſt the whole attention, of every viſitor—their queſtions are never conſidered as impertinent—they are commended for a laudable curioſity, and reſponded to with patience—At table, their appetites are conſulted—mamma reſerves every choice bit for them—and the deference they injudiciouſly receive, too often renders them tyrants in miniature. Does ſickneſs ſhow its pale face among them?—the diſtracted parents would move the univerſe in favour of the little ſufferers—with unwearied ſupplications they aſſail the ear of Heaven; and on their reſtoration to health, joy rekindles in their boſoms.

But let us reverſe the picture. Behold the venerable pair!—Mark! with what heſitancy and manifeſt perturbation they make known thoſe wiſhes, which involve the ſmalleſt alteration in their ſituation—their moſt rational requeſts are characterized as unjuſtifiable complainings; *and the utter impoſſibility of pleaſing old people*, is expatiated on, with all the aggravating redundancy of language. Remarks, originating in the wiſdom of years, are delineated as the tireſome loquacity of old age; and, if they attempt to retrace thoſe ſcenes, in which they paſſed the morning of their lives, the ſymptomatic garrulity is made the ſubject of petulant ridicule. Neglected, and conſequently deſolate, they ſeem as if of another, and inferior, claſs of beings—or if, willing to take a part in what is paſſing, they queſtion, or remark, they are either accuſed of tireſome inquiſitiveneſs, or are heard with a contemptuous kind of ſilence. If they are delicate in the choice of their viands, they are pronounced intolera-

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bly burdenſome, while every look and geſture ſeems to ſay—"*You have occupied your ſtations on this globe long enough, and you ſhould not delay deſcending into that grave, on which you ſeem to totter.*" Should their accumulating infirmities confine them to beds of anguiſh, even the penurious attendance they receive, is rather the reſult of duty, than inclination, while their return to a ſtate of convaleſcence is marked by no ſoothing congratulations; and the melancholy, the venerable ſufferers, have only to lament in concert their humiliating ſituation, and to regret, that the efforts of thoſe years, during which they poſſeſſed the ability, did not ſecure a ſufficiency to inſure that degree of independence, which might have prolonged their enjoyments, and continued their reſpectability: Yet does that ſon, whoſe dawn of being they watched with tender parental ſolicitude, obtain, from the general voice, a large ſhare of applauſe, for the *filial duty* with which he ſupports his aged, and otherwiſe deſtitute, parents.

Reader—this is not a far-fetched or high-coloured picture. The Gleaner has witneſſed inſtances, even more aggravated than the example he produces; and while he is aware, that there are perſons, figuring as ſplendid ornaments of humanity, who have derived their higheſt enjoyments from "*rocking the cradle of declining age*," he muſt, nevertheleſs, continue to deplore the melancholy circumſtances, to which *old age and dependence* are too frequently ſubjected.

A ſpirit of independence has been regarded as natal in the boſom of Americans. We would rouſe the latent ſpark, and ſtimulate our countrymen to become, as far as a ſtate of ſociety will admit, conſiſtently independent. Do not leave contingencies to anſwer entirely for themſelves—cultivate habits of induſtry, and combine economy. If, in the full bloom of youth, and all the vigour of health, your abilities can no more than anſwer your exigencies, where are the reſources of ſickneſs, and of age?—*It is proper you ſhould reflect*—and it will be well to remember, that ſmall ſums, deducted from the expenſes of every day, and

judiciouſly laid out, may accumulate a fund, which may ſerve as the richeſt ſolace to the winter of life. Europeans charge Americans with a ridiculous, if not an unwarrantable, kind of extravagance. We are apprehenſive, the accuſation is not wholly ill founded. If our information is accurate, the Pariſians, poſſeſt of property, to an amount which would almoſt ſeem incredible to an American ear, receive our firſt characters, not even excepting thoſe in the diplomatic line, with abundance of civility, indeed; but their entertainments are as little burdened with expenſe as poſſible —they conſiſt, generally, of ſoups in their variety, and ſuch ſhowy trifles, as ſtand them in a very ſmall amount —and if the Londoner adds a pudding to his ſurloin, his gueſt muſt be of no ordinary deſcription. On the other hand, Europeans, viſiting an American metropolis, ſtand aſtoniſhed at the laviſh profuſion every where diſplayed.

"Our tables groan with piles of coſtly food,
"And all is more than hoſpitably good."

But it is not in the proviſions of the table excluſively, that we are thus remarkably profuſe. Buildings, furniture, equipage, dreſs, and public amuſements—Is it not to be feared that, in all theſe particulars, many of our citizens exceed their income? and are we not advanced in the arts of luxury, whole centuries further than is proper to an infant nation, ſtill ſtruggling under many burdens, and laudably ſolicitous to raiſe and equip that navy, which may ſerve as a defence to our extenſive ſea-coaſt?

Let not the reader imagine, we are ſeeking to render him niggardly penurious—God forbid. We would have him open as the light of heaven to the *real neceſſities* of a fellow-creature; and for *this reaſon*, he ſhould be conſtantly in the exerciſe of that economy, which is undoubtedly cloſely allied to generoſity. The conſequence of American extravagance, is preciſely that which reflection would predict. Property is continually fluctuating; and it is obſerved, that an inheritance, however ample and productive, is rarely found

found in the ſame family, to the third or fourth generation. Perſons, we are informed, who are citizens either of France or Great-Britain, and who poſſeſs, in their own right, an eaſy competency, do not uſually conſider either the principal or the intereſt, as the proper reſource of health and vigour: *The exigencies of the day are ſupplied by preſent induſtry;* and the funds already acquired are reſerved as the ſolace of that futurity, during which, it is almoſt certain, they will become unequal to any arduous undertaking. Their ſons and daughters are early taught the uſeful arts of diligence and economy; they ſoon become ſenſible of the value of independence, and are elevated by the conſideration, that it is, in an important ſenſe, within their reach.

A refugee, quitting her native country, during the late contention between England and her, then, colonies, obtained, after landing upon the Albion ſhore, a commodious ſituation in the city of Briſtol. She was a woman of obſervation, and, by conſequence, of information; and her remarks on the manners and cuſtoms of the people, among which ſhe was ſo unexpectedly placed, were judicious, and worthy of that ſolidity and penetration, which were conſpicuous traits in her character. But, among the various obſervations ſhe was from time to time induced to make, no circumſtance aſtoniſhed her ſo much, as the frugality and unremitted application of perſons poſſeſſing property, which, in America, would have been judged a ſufficient foundation for the full indulgence of the appendages of luxury: And among other inſtances of this deſcription, which ſhe collected, ſhe often mentioned with admiration, a young woman, enjoying, in her own right, ſeveral thouſand pounds ſterling, which were abſolutely at her own command, who, to her great ſurpriſe, earneſtly ſolicited the favour of being employed as her milliner.

Captain L—— lately gratified me by a recital, for the truth of which he pledged that honour that hath never yet been forfeited. While he lay on the river Thames,

Thames, among the watermen who *induſtriouſly* ply on that celebrated ſtream, was a Mr. Swale, who diſtinguiſhed himſelf for his integrity, *diligence*, and punctuality. He was particularly attached to my friend, taking in his movements a decided intereſt, and diſdaining to avail himſelf of thoſe advantages, which youth and inexperience ſeemed to have placed within his reach. His demands were never exorbitant; and he took care to guard our young adventurer againſt thoſe frauds, to which he might probably be ſubjected from perſons leſs ſcrupulous. In ſhort, the ſervices rendered by Mr. Swale were many and important; he was ever upon the wing to execute his wiſhes, and would haſten with alacrity on meſſages of the moſt inſignificant or trivial import. Neither the dreſs nor appearance of Mr. Swale varied eſſentially from the brethren of his order. He kept a kind of ordinary, whither the officers of thoſe ſhips, laying in his vicinity, frequently repaired, for the purpoſe of taking thoſe occaſional refreſhments that their exigencies required.

Captain L—— was ſurpriſed to find Mr. Swale often refuſing, from thoſe to whom he profeſſed an attachment, any compenſation for the articles which he furniſhed; and his fears, that the man might eventually become the victim of his own liberality, induced him to preſs on him the full price for every repaſt he had taken in his ordinary. Mr. Swale was a general favourite with the American commanders, then lying on the river—there was ſomething clever about the man—and his facetious good humour, with the cheerful alacrity with which he accommodated himſelf to their wiſhes, induced them frequently to ſolicit his ſociety when they met at the ordinary. It was at one of thoſe unceremonious aſſociations, that Captain L—— expreſſed to a comrade his regret, that his ſhip could not proceed on her voyage, until he had received ſeveral hundred pounds, which would, at the expiration of a certain number of days, be due on the bills in his poſſeſſion. He obſerved, that he had fully accompliſhed every other part of his buſineſs; and while

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he calculated the probable damage the detention might occaſion, he lamented the loſs of thoſe favourable gales which ſeemed to invite his departure.

"Make yourſelf eaſy, Captain," replied Mr. Swale, "the money is at your ſervice—give me the bills—receive from me their value—hoiſt your ſails—and God ſend you a proſperous voyage." Captain L—— eyed the waterman with a look of incredulity and ſurpriſe: He was at a loſs how to underſtand him—Was he indulging that vein of humour for which he was ſo remarkable? Was his benevolence ſo far intereſted, as to ſtimulate him to *attempt* borrowing the money? or, could he really command the ſum in queſtion? My young friend wears an honeſt countenance, and the perplexity of his mind being impreſſed on his features, Mr. Swale added: "O! upon my troth, Captain, it is true—your waterman would advance a much larger ſum, to help an honeſt man, impatient to return to his family and friends: The money, as I told you, ſhall be ready at a minute's warning; and we will ſcorn to make any words about it."

Captain L——, divided, between admiration of the waterman's generoſity, and aſtoniſhment at his ability, contented himſelf by expreſſing, in general terms, his gratitude, and immediately went in ſearch of a perſon, who had offered to advance the money, upon a conſideration which he had deemed exorbitant: Yet, the urgency of his affairs had neceſſitated him to balance in his mind, the probable conſequences of acceptance or rejection; and he had determined to come to a concluſion that very evening. He related to the uſurer Swale's offer, and the commercial gentleman replied: "Ah! that Swale has taken many a guinea out of my pocket; he poſſeſſes forty thouſand pounds ſterling, independent of the world; and he is eternally engaged in acts of this kind, for which we dealers in money owe him little thanks." Captain L—— returned, accepted the generoſity of the waterman, who appeared overjoyed in an opportunity of obliging him,

weighed anchor, and departed, beſtowing a hearty benediction upon *induſtry and benevolence*.

And ſuch is the order of events. Induſtry, conſorted with frugality, prepares the funds of benevolence; and thus we are put in poſſeſſion, not only of *independence, but of the means of conferring the moſt eſſential benefits*.

N°. XCV.

Riches nor *give*, nor *take* intrinſic worth:
Benignity, of intellectual growth,
May bud and flouriſh in a virtuous breaſt,
Although of *power* and *opulence* poſſeſs'd:
Greatneſs and goodneſs *ſometimes* are combin'd,
Augmenting millions with a liberal mind;
The angel Pity, whereſoe'er ſhe dwells,
To bleſt benevolence the ſoul impels.

IT may be a queſtion whether the opinion that riches *neceſſarily* contract and indurate the heart, is the reſult of accurate inveſtigation, or whether in the firſt inſtance, haſtily adopted, it has not rather, like many other poſitions, obtained reſpectability from its antiquity and almoſt general reception. For myſelf, I muſt confeſs that I regard the *truly virtuous man as ſuperior even to the enſnaring blandiſhments of proſperity*; and I have imagined his proper and beneficent actions *circumſcribed only by his power*.

If it is certain that riches do inevitably proſtrate the beſt affections of the ſoul, it is incumbent upon us to avoid, by every means, the accumulation of wealth, and we ſhould admoniſh our children to ſhun a precipice ſo replete with danger.

Perſons filling eminent ſtations, and poſſeſſing affluence, are *thus rendered conſpicuous*: Their good and bad deeds are the ſubjects of obſervation—*depraved minds dwell with malicious ſatisfaction on the latter*, and every unfeeling trait is attributed to the *contagion of circumſtances*. But were the different ranks of men to paſs in

in review before us, we might find reaſon to lament, in individuals of every rank, a ſimilarity of diſpoſition. Nature would probably appear equal in her diſtributions, while we were conſtrained to acknowledge that *Virtue* continued *Virtue*, even on a throne; and that, although retired to thoſe ſequeſtered haunts, where the ſplendor of opulence darted not even an oblique ray, *Vice, nevertheleſs, retained its original deformity.*

Applied to, on a certain occaſion, by a female in diſtreſſed circumſtances, for pecuniary aſſiſtance, the ſtate of my finances at that time would not admit of my affording the ſufferer any conſiderable relief; and, although I was on eaſy terms with many perſons in affluence, whom I felt ſtrongly impelled to addreſs, yet accuſtomed to conſider *riches as ſteeling the heart*, I conceived that, waſted on the ſtream of pleaſure, and marking their hours only by a ſucceſſion of enjoyments, they would hardly find leiſure for a tale of ſorrow. "*I adviſe you not to think of ſoliciting the great;*" ſaid Cynicus, "take my word for it your ſupplications will be ineffectual; and you will beſides ſubject yourſelf to ridicule, if not to more ſerious reprehenſion." I was before heſitating, relative to the utility of an experiment which I was conſtrained to confeſs aſſumed a very unpromiſing aſpect; and the ſentiments of Cynicus were not calculated to ſtimulate my efforts. Calamity, however, preſſing hard on my ſupplicant, the pleadings of commiſeration were not to be reſiſted; and I boldly reſolved on an immediate appeal to the feelings of my honourable acquaintance.

It was, I recollect, a charming morning in the month of June—and the hours from nine to one were devoted to the proſecution of my deſign. I do not know that there is a period of my life, on which I can reflect with more rational and complete ſatisfaction. The ſenſations conſequent on an obſervation of thoſe benign propenſities which occaſionally operate on the human intellect, on propenſities which unqueſtionably emanate from the Divine Author of every good, are immeaſurably delightful. To the parlours of the opu-

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lent I found a ready admittance, nor was I excluded even from the *bed ſide of the invalid.* If I were at liberty to give names, and to delineate circumſtantially, I could a tale unfold, at which the lover of humanity would exult, and the heart of ſenſibility be made glad. It is with difficulty I check the ardour of my feelings—I would emblazon deeds of worth—I would preſent them to a liſtening world; and thus enkindle the glow of emulation. Yet, circumſcribed by the prohibitions of delicacy, I am only permitted to ſay, that I narrated particulars, and was heard with reſpectful attention; that the angel pity became my advocate, and tears of commiſeration ſtreamed from many an eye; that my application was received with *acknowledgments—every individual expreſſing a ſenſe of obligation for the opportunity afforded of relieving a child of ſorrow.* Yes, the feelings of benevolence were benignly excited; exertions were cheerful, prompt and copious; and the exigencies of a diſtreſſed and deſolate petitioner were amply ſupplied.

I am ſenſible it would be eaſy to produce a contraſt to this ſucceſsful morning; and an inſtance of *penurious opulence,* this moment glides along the avenues of recollection. Paucius is advanced in years—it is beyond his power to expend his income—he has no child, and his accumulating infirmities muſt very ſoon lay him in the grave. Yet Paucius has never been detected in a *voluntary* contribution to the relief of the neceſſitous; and the annual tribute for charitable appropriations, which the regulations of ſociety extort from him, is yielded with no common pangs! Some buſineſs, relative to a mortgage, *the day of redemption having expired,* obliged him, on a ſevere morning in January, to leave home very early. It was a critical moment—he ſtepped into his chariot without breakfaſt—and, being in haſte, he was not ſo well guarded againſt the inclemency of the weather, as he would otherwiſe have been: He however arrived at the deſtined village, felicitating himſelf that he was in *time to put the patrimony of a female orphan beyond her reach;* and, having thus *pleaſantly finiſhed the affair,* he reſolved to return home by a

ſhorter

ſhorter road. But, mark the folly of human wiſdom—John, unacquainted with the new route, loſt his way; and keeping his maſter abroad a full hour beyond his expectation, our *poor hero* was well nigh periſhing with cold and hunger. Conſcience, that faithful vicegerent, ever opportune in its admonitions, forcibly impreſſed on his mind the diſtreſſes of thoſe children of penury who were doomed, with each revolving day, to reiterate ſufferings that he now found almoſt inſupportable. What wonders are wrought by ſympathy! In a tremulous voice he addreſſed his ſervant:

"*John, it is a bitter day—a bitter day, John;* remember, when I get home, that I ſend poor James's wife and children a little fuel; and, do you hear, I will add ſomething for a breakfaſt too! *Heaven help us; we ſhall not live here always!* I ſay, John, you will be ſure to remember!" John ſtared, doubted, and replied, "*Yes, Sir, I will be ſure to remember;*" and, laſhing his horſes, he proceeded with more than uſual rapidity, until he produced his maſter at the gate of his own dwelling. Paucius entered—the armed chair, the blazing hearth, the ſmoaking kettle, and well ſpread table, awaited his coming—he fed luxurioufly. John, too, made his breakfaſt, and, bowing moſt ſubmiſſively, informed his maſter that he was ready to convey his bounty to the family of James. "Stop, John—ſtop, John," cried Paucius, "we will defer what we were ſpeaking of—It is no matter now, child, *the weather is quite moderate to what it was, and I dare ſay the wind will ſoon be ſoutherly.*"

No, I do not affirm that benevolence predominates in every inſtance. Would to God that I could thus pronounce. I only contend that it is found *indiſcriminately* with rich and poor; and that it is neither conferred nor diminiſhed by wealth.

Two days ſince, as I was chatting with Marcella, in a little ſanctuary where ſhe receives her ſupplicants, a female aſſiſtant introduced a ſorrow-worn veteran; he bowed low to Marcella; the lines of his expreſſive countenance were affectingly marked; and while he addreſſed

addreſſed her, (whoſe patronage he ſolicited) the dignity of the ſoldier, ſtill ſtrikingly viſible, was ſtrongly contraſted by a deep ſenſe of humiliation. "I am a poor man, Madam—*I was engaged in defending the liberties of America—I loſt my right arm by a cannon-ball at the battle of Bunker Hill*—I have a ſick wife, and a family of ſuffering children—my health is gone—I am old, Madam—there is a cold winter coming on; and I am a petitioner to perſons of ability for the means of living." What an appeal to the feelings of an American! But Marcella is governed by reaſon; ſhe does not indiſcriminately laviſh the bounty of Heaven; ſhe made the proper inquiries; her chariot was ordered out; on that very afternoon ſhe viſited the family of the ſoldier; his report was juſt; and both he, and his, are entered among thoſe who are entitled to her bounty.

I repeat, it is pleaſant to record inſtances of benignity; and, on this ſubject, thought produces thought, while many a little anecdote preſſes on my memory. An intereſting female, long ſince numbered with the dead, now meets my view. Her figure is ſtill before me—tall, thin, and emaciated almoſt to a ſkeleton—poverty, loſs of friends, and waſting ſickneſs, had done more toward furrowing her cheek, than the gently indenting hand of time. She was a widow, and her children were all helpleſs; her manners were ſimple and unadorned; ſhe was altogether void of affectation; and I believe ſhe could not have fabricated an untruth, although ſhe might thus have ſucceeded to much wealth. It did not ſeem her aim to move the paſſions: She only obſerved, while holding in her trembling hand a ſmall parcel of powdered maize—(and ſhe delivered herſelf in a tone of uncommon humility and reſignation) "*I have worked diligently during this long day, and this is all I have gotten.*" There was ſomething in her countenance which pointed her words; and a languid beam, eſcaping from her expreſſive eye, forcibly made its appeal to the heart. It happened that I was, at that moment, ſeated in the bow window in the parlour of Amanda,

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while that lovely woman, ſtanding in the door, was giving ſome directions to her gardener. The pity-moving female had placed one foot on the lower ſtone of a flight of ſteps which led to the houſe, when ſhe uttered the before cited ſentence—"*I have worked diligently during this long day, and this is all (holding up the maize) that I have gotten.*" "Step in, honeſt friend," ſaid Amanda, (and Heaven bleſs you, involuntarily exclaimed my heart) "you ſeem not well able to labour; accept this glaſs of wine, it will do you good."

The poor woman waited not for entreaty; with an air of genuine gratitude ſhe ſwallowed the draught. "Thank you, Madam; your wine is a cordial to which I have not of late been uſed." "Take a ſeat," cried Amanda, "*I wiſh to converſe with you.*" The patient ſufferer raiſed her eyes with an expreſſion of aſtoniſhment; and, glancing on her time-worn veſtments the glow of ſenſibility, which inſtantly pervaded her features, ſeemed to ſay, "Alas! alas! I dare not avail myſelf of your condeſcenſion." Amanda could read the countenance—"*No matter,*" ſhe rejoined, "I do not accept your apology; your garments are vouchers of your induſtry—I wiſh to know if you have any children?"—"Yes, indeed, Madam, I have no leſs than *ſix* children, and they are all young: We did bravely as long as Robert lived and was able to labour; but he fell ſick and died, and all that we had was not more than ſufficient to lay him in the ground; yet, after a while, we did well again, until I caught a fever which left me very low, but I am now getting better; my children, I bleſs God, are all well; and I would not part with one of them, if I might gain the riches of the world; this meal will once more ſatisfy their hunger: and, after all, it might have been worſe—He that made us, will, I doubt not, provide for us; and we ſhall hereafter meet Robert again in a better world." Her apparent tranquillity and *genuine piety* was extremely affecting. Amanda took out her purſe—She conſulted in her benefaction her own liberal heart; while the indigent ſufferer, burſting into tears, attempted in

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vain to give utterance to her feelings. Amanda continued to watch over this daughter of ſorrow—ſhe viſited her at her cottage—ſhe contributed largely to her ſupport—her conſolatory ſoothings mitigated the pangs of diſſolving nature, and ſhe is ſtill the friend of her children.

Is it poſſible that the utmoſt malice of fortune can involve Amanda in a ſituation which will deprive her of the rapturous glow of ſelf-complacency, while ſhe reflects on this tranſaction? But the life of Amanda hath exhibited an unbroken ſeries of well-judged charities.

I turn over another leaf, and a new ſcene preſents: A debtor, once immured within the walls of a priſon, now hails the incalculable bleſſings of light and liberty. He made application, by letter, to the teacher of a religious ſociety, ſupplicating for ſome *ſmall pecuniary aſſiſtance during his captivity.* It was on a Sabbath Day, juſt when the man of God was aſcending the ſacred deſk, that the addreſs was put into his hands; and, adapting his diſcourſe to the ſituation of the priſoner, he introduced and pathetically expatiated thereon. Every word he uttered was pointed to the hearts of his hearers; and, glowing with benevolence, a number of thoſe, whoſe abilities correſponded with the liberality of their ſentiments, aſſembled in the veſtry, where they cheerfully made up a ſum more than ſufficient to procure the enlargement of the unhappy ſolicitor. The deputed committee repaired expeditiouſly to the priſon, the money was depoſited, and the overplus preſented to the captive, who, thus unexpectedly liberated from a comfortleſs confinement, was ſuddenly reſtored to a beloved family, which had been nearly overwhelmed by deſpair. The whole of this buſineſs was planned and accompliſhed within three revolving hours; it ſeems to have been conducted in the true ſpirit of Chriſtianity, and is highly worthy of imitation.

Eugenio was a principal in the affair; but to Eugenio acts of kindneſs are familiar; I rejoice that he takes rank in the circle of my religious friends;

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he makes it a rule to recompenſe injuries, as often as it is in his power, by a pecuniary benefaction. A perſon, not long ſince, who was a ſtranger to his uncommon virtues, entirely miſconceived an intereſting tranſaction, and became in conſequence his implacable enemy. It was in vain that Eugenio aſſayed to juſtify himſelf; his foe was rude, vehement, and highly imprudent, and he loſt no opportunity of inveighing againſt him. Eugenio aſſured him that he would embrace the firſt occaſion of ſeeking revenge; and he adviſed him, therefore, to be more ſparing of his invectives. Thus, for ſome time, they proceeded; the aggreſſor adding to, and aggravating his offences, and the aggrieved as conſtantly avowing his vindictive purpoſes. Misfortunes at length overtook the angry man; "*woes do indeed too often cluſter;*" he was ſtripped of the means of living, and confined a cloſe priſoner within the *bare walls* of a little tenement, which alone remained to him.

Eugenio's hour of retribution was at length arrived; he immediately took in his affairs an active part; he approached him with that kind of reſpect, which true benevolence knows to pay to the children of adverſity; he liberally adminiſtered to his neceſſities, and he contributed largely to his re-eſtabliſhment. The firſt viſit Eugenio paid to the dejected and deeply humbled man was inexpreſſibly affecting; his reſentments were all proſtrated, malice was diſarmed, admiration triumphed—and as he folded his exalted benefactor to his boſom, tears of unfeigned contrition bedewed his cheeks. —How noble was the revenge of Eugenio.

The ſubjoined letter, conſtituting a very proper ſupplement to this Eſſay, I tranſcribe it with peculiar ſatisfaction.

To the AUTHOR *of the* GLEANER.

DEAR SIR,

I CONFESS myſelf a convert to the opinion I laſt evening pertinacioufly combated—Tranquillity of mind is not *neceſſarily* either conferred or deſtroyed by *external circumſtances*. Mrs. Hamilton, with beautiful mod-

eſty, advocated this ſentiment; and although you continued ſilent, your approbation of your daughter's arguments was ſtrongly expreſſed in your countenance.

My morning's ramble has produced a conviction that I haſten to acknowledge; for I am anxious to ſupport an hypotheſis, which I now conceive ſtamped with truth and reaſon. The ſtorm having ſubſided, the keen ſeverity of the air, operating as a bracer, gave a very high tone to my ſpirits, and I determined to look in on a number of my connexions. I ſhall not aim at giving you a regular detail of my viſits—two only are to my preſent purpoſe.

The firſt was made to an old gentleman, who for the greater part of his life has enjoyed every thing which competence can beſtow; but reduced by a ſeries of misfortunes to penury, after having numbered more than threeſcore and ten years, he is now pennyleſs! he has taken ſhelter in a ſingle apartment ſuited to his circumſtances; and I found him alone, hovering over the remains of a coal fire, but ill calculated for a tenement much out of repair, and a ſeaſon ſo truly inclement. I looked around, no veſtige of ſuſtenance of any deſcription appeared; I ſuſpected he was wholly deſtitute of the neceſſaries of life; and although I felt myſelf incapable of uttering a ſyllable, my diſtreſs was deeply marked upon my features; he read my concern, and laying his ſpread hand upon his boſom, with a ſmile of ineffable complacency, he gratefully ſaid—

"Ah my friend, you are miſtaken; it is true, for thoſe three days and nights during which the ſtorm hath continued, I have not ſeen a human face; it is true, that my pitcher of water, and a ſmall portion of bread, the laſt of which I have juſt ſwallowed, hath been my only ſuſtenance; but never have I paſſed three more happy days. Stretched on that little bed, or traverſing up and down this lonely receſs, *I have enjoyed ſweet communion with my Maker; the bliſs of heaven is begun in my boſom; I have, Sir, no regrets, no apprehenſions, no impatience; I am all bleſſed hope, rapturous anticipation, and calm reſignation.*"

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I was beyond meaſure aſtoniſhed; and, ſolicitous ſtill to detain the ſaint, who ſeemed on the wing to depart, I inſtantly quitted his abode; and, entering the manſion of a ſon of affluence, the blazing hearth triumphed over the rigours of the ſeaſon. Nature, in a variety of her moſt beautiful productions, bloomed around; the birds warbled enchantingly in their gilded encloſures, and the genial month of June ſeemed ſuddenly reſtored.

"*Where is your maſter?*" "*He is very ill, Sir.*" I ſighed from a double motive; but I was admitted, on ſending up my name. I found my opulent friend deeply ſuffering from indiſpoſition of body, and irrepreſſible inquietude of mind; ſurely, thought I, Mrs. Hamilton is right. His diſeaſe was the eryſipelas. "I am ſorry, Sir, to find you ſo much indiſpoſed." "Oh faith, I ſhall never love the name of a ſaint again as long as I live, this ſame Saint Anthony has uſed me ſo ſcurvily." "It is a pity indeed you are not below, you have quite an *artificial* ſummer there." "Yes, faith; but many honeſt people in this town feel it to be a very *natural* winter for all that." "True, Sir; and I have this moment witneſſed a ſcene which corroborates your aſſertion."

I then gave in my little narrative; my affluent friend was benevolent and liberal; the diſorders of his mind and body ſeemed to ſuſpend their progreſs, and he eagerly replied, "I remember this ſame old gentleman lent me, when I was a boy, fourteen pence; now I do not believe I ever paid him that little ſum; pleaſe to open that draw, take them crowns, and beg his acceptance; *they may anſwer both principal and intereſt.*" He inſtantly rung the bell—Thomas appeared, who was commiſſioned immediately to convey to Mr. —— a variety of neceſſary articles, to add thereto *a bottle of that old ſpirit, reſerved for ſpecial occaſions;* and he was directed to let no day paſs without bearing to the venerable man a portion of the choiceſt viands which his table afforded.

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Our philanthropic invalid ſeemed now in poſſeſſion of felicity, ſimilar to that which had become ſtationary in the boſom of the old gentleman; and I ſaid, ſoftly, ſurely tranquillity is only to be found with *virtuous and proper actions*. I feel complete ſatisfaction in thus penning my renunciation of error; and I have, dear Sir, the honour to be your moſt obedient, very humble ſervant, CHARLES CANDOUR.

No. XCVI.

Were I at liberty my plans to chooſe,
My politics, my faſhions, and my muſe
Should be American—Columbia's fame
Hath to Columbia's meed a righteous claim:
Her laws, her magiſtrates I would revere,
Holding this younger world ſupremely dear.

HARDLY a day paſſes that does not furniſh ſome new inſtance of the paucity of national attachment in our country. We regret much the frequent occaſions which impel us to reiterate expreſſions of concern, on account of an evil ſo truly alarming. The real patriot muſt neceſſarily lament the preſent aſpect of affairs. French men and meaſures—Engliſh men and meaſures. Theſe do in fact divide the majority of the people; while thoſe who rally round the ſtandard of America are reduced to a very inconſiderable party.

We are far removed from the elder world; the wide Atlantic is our barrier. Perſons of information affirm, that we poſſeſs within ourſelves the ſources of independence; and it is certainly true, that the interior of our country, reduced to a ſtate of cultivation, would become amply productive, largely ſupplying every *eſſential article of life*. Neceſſity is pronounced the mother of invention—Improvement follows; and thoſe elegancies, or ſuperfluities, to which we are attached, would, by a natural proceſs, become the growth of America. Why then do we not *radically throw off every foreign yoke*—aſ-

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ſert ourſelves, and no longer delay to fill our rank as free, ſovereign, and independent States?

While I am writing, a circle of ladies in the next room are diſcuſſing this very ſubject, and a reſpectable female, in an elevated tone of voice, declares, ſhe had rather take the faſhion of her garments from an American preſidentreſs, than from any princeſs in Europe. We wiſh this idea was adopted, from the State of New-Hampſhire, to thoſe far diſtant and extenſive banks, whoſe verdant borders are waſhed by the waters of the Ohio; and that American habiliments, politics, and ſentiments of every deſcription, might henceforward receive an American ſtamp.

Perhaps our deficiency in national partiality is in nothing more apparent than in the little taſte we diſcover for American literature. Indigenous productions are received with cold neglect, if not contempt, or they are condemned to an ordeal, the ſeverity of which is ſufficient to terrify the moſt daring adventurer. Mortifying indifference, or invidious criticiſm—theſe, in their reſpective operations, chill the opening bud, or blaſt its expanſive leaves, and the apathy with which we regard the toils of intellect, is truly aſtoniſhing. An original genius hath produced a ſentiment of the following nature: *If the firſt rate abilities, cloathed in the habiliments of mortality, were paſſing through the ſtreets of our metropolis, they would be elbowed by the crowd, knocked down by a truckman, or rode over by a hackney coach.* And we add—better ſo, than if they were conſigned to the lingering tortures of the rack, or condemned to ſuffer death under the axe of a mangling and barbarous executioner.

We do not ſay that the office of a *candid critic* is not beneficial, and even *eſſential*: But when an author, or his productions, are to be diſſected, in the name of every principle of humanity let a *man of feeling preſide*—let the operation be conducted by an artiſt, who, poſſeſſing the abilities to diſcriminate, will be governed by the admonitions of decency. An informed, judicious, and well diſpoſed critic, will not wholly reject the influence of

ſympathy; and his feelings will induce him, when calling into view a glaring abſurdity, to produce, if poſſible, ſome pleaſing ſelection, which may ſoothe the boſom he is thus neceſſitated to lacerate. When a work is to be analyzed, if the plot is deficient in conception, and in adjuſtment—if the ideas are extravagant, the events tragical, and the cataſtrophe improbable—the critic, if he is not a *uſurper*, if he is legally inveſted with the robes of office, will, however, find ſomething to admire in the ſtyle; and if it abounds with juſt ſentiments, and claſſical alluſions, he will produce them, not only with marks of decided approbation, but with triumph.

The ſtage is undoubtedly a very powerful engine in forming the opinions and manners of a people. Is it not then of importance to ſupply the American ſtage with American ſcenes? I am aware that very few productions in this line have appeared, and I think the reaſon is obvious. Writers, eſpecially dramatic writers, are not properly encouraged. Applauſe, that powerful ſpring of action, (if we except the ebullitions of the moment) is withheld, or ſparingly adminiſtered. No incentives are furniſhed, and indignant genius, conſcious of its own reſources, retires to the intellectual banquet, diſdaining to ſpread the feaſt for malevolence and ingratitude.

If productions, *confeſſedly indifferent*, were, from the aſcendency of local preferences, *endured in their turn, and received with manifeſt partiality*, it would, perhaps, ſtimulate to more poliſhed efforts, and the Columbian Drama might at length boaſt the moſt finiſhed productions. But ſo far are we from evincing this predilection that even performances, decidedly meritorious, are almoſt forgotten. Tyler's plays are ſtrangely neglected; and the finiſhed ſcenes of the correct and elegant Mrs. Warren, have never yet paſſed in review before an American audience. Was the American taſte decidedly in favour of native worth, the ſuperintendants of the Drama would find it for their intereſt to cheriſh indigenous abilities, and the influence of

patronage

patronage would invigorate and rear to maturity the now drooping plant.

To the celebrity of Mrs. Warren, it is beyond the power of the Gleaner to add: Yet, accuſtoming himſelf to join iſſue with thoſe who yield the palm to genius, he is conſtrained to ſay, that her excellent tragedies abound with the pathetic, the beautiful, and the ſublime, and that they apparently poſſeſs ſufficient ſcenic merit and variety of ſituation to beſtow thoſe *artificial advantages* which are neceſſary to inſure their *ſtage effect*. Camps, palaces, cities—a view of the orb of day, juſt emerging from the ſhades of night—aſſembled ſenators—citizens paſſing up and down—a proceſſion of prieſts, ſenators, and nobles, addreſſing, in the attitude of ſupplication, a Vandal tyrant—gardens, grottos—a wilderneſs, an alcove—ſhouts of victory—a priſon, a battle—repeated acts of ſuicide. A ſucceſſion of theſe objects, would, it is preſumed, completely gratify the wiſhes, even of the moſt viſionary audience; and we ſhould aſſuredly attend with heightened and inexpreſſible pleaſure to that energetic, beautiful, and ſoul affecting actreſs, Mrs. S. Powell, while in the characters of Edoxia, or Eudocia in the Sack of Rome, and of Donna Louiſa in the Ladies of Caſtile, ſhe delivered ſentiments truly intereſting, highly wrought, and tenderly pathetic: We have often in imagination liſtened to the language of Louiſa, from our favourite performer, and moſt admirably has ſhe pointed every ſentence.

We conceive that Mrs. Warren, while delineating Donna Maria, traced in her own ſtrong and luminous intellect the animated original which ſhe preſented; and, making up a judgment from information, which we preſume accurate, we have not heſitated to pronounce our celebrated countrywoman the *Roland* of America. The addreſs of Donna Maria to Louiſa, in page 119, is truly beautiful. The character of Gaudentius in the Sack of Rome is finely conceived, ſtrongly intereſting, and well ſupported; his reflections on diſcovering his murdered father, are natural and highly

highly finiſhed; and it is impoſſible to read without a degree of penſive ſolemnity his ſoliloquy in the grotto. Maximus mourning his Aredelia dead, muſt command the ſympathetic guſh; and while the ſtory of the empreſs is replete with inſtruction, her accumulated woes pierce the boſom of ſenſibility. Don Juan, in the Ladies of Caſtile, exhibits virtues which announce him the kindred ſpirit of his Maria; and his native independence, his valour and his magnanimity are uniformly exemplified. The virtues of Conde Haro we ſpontaneouſly revere; and we liſten, with peculiar ſatisfaction, to ſentiments reſulting from benevolence and a juſt idea of the rights of man, as they are delivered by the adverſe chief, while the woes of Don Francis and Donna Louiſa excite our tendereſt feelings.

Contemplating theſe ſpecimens of our drama, confeſſedly excellent, a very natural inference preſents—If compoſitions of this deſcription find no place on the American ſtage, what can the more humble adventurer expect? Are not the preſent arrangements highly impolitic? Is it not probable that talents, now dormant, might by proper encouragement be called into action? Is it not poſſible that paths, yet untrodden in the regions of nature and of fancy, remain to be explored? and that under the foſtering ſmiles of a liberal and enlightened public, Columbian Shakeſpeares may yet elevate and adorn humanity?

The efforts of one of the moſt celebrated dramatic writers of the preſent century are ſaid to have originated in accident. If our information is correct, Mrs. Cowley was both a wife and mother before ſhe had attempted even a paragraph for a magazine or newſpaper; her pen, appropriated to the claims of kindred or friendſhip, had produced only private letters, and to the toils of genius ſhe was a ſtranger. But being preſent at the theatre, during the repreſentation of a very indifferent play, which from caprice or partiality was, however, received with uncommon marks of applauſe, ſhe was forcibly ſtruck with the inſignificancy

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of many of the dialogues; and, conceiving that a mediocrity of talents, with the requiſite application, would be fully adequate to ſimilar productions, ſhe retired from the play-houſe with an irreſiſtible deſire to enter a career, at once lucrative and honorary.

Mrs. Cowley was an early riſer; and ſhe paſſed the hours redeemed from the pillow, in the nurſery with her children, who were under ſuch regulations, as to admit of her purſuing, with pleaſure and advantage, her needle, her book, or her pen. It was on the morning immediately ſucceeding the evening ſhe paſſed at the play-houſe, that, quitting the nurſery for the breakfaſting parlour, ſhe preſented her huſband with the two firſt ſcenes in the firſt act of her comedy, called The Runaway. Mr. Cowley was moſt agreeably ſurpriſed, and not only gave his ſanction to her enterpriſe, but warmly urged the proſecution of her plan. The play was accordingly finiſhed, and entruſted to a friend who was commiſſioned to encloſe it to Mr. Garrick, then manager of Drury Lane Theatre, as the production of a lady. A period was fixed for Mr. Garrick's deciſion on the merit of the piece, and its eligibility for the ſtage; at the expiration of which period, the friend of Mrs. Cowley waited on the manager, requeſting his candid opinion. The ſentiments of Mr. Garrick were inſtantly moſt flatteringly developed, not by an anſwer in form, but by a number of interrogations, worded in his accuſtomed energetic manner.

"For God's ſake, where has that lady lived? where is ſhe now? who is ſhe? cannot I ſee her?" &c. &c. &c. Mrs. Cowley was ſoon introduced to Mr. Garrick—their firſt meeting was in a beautifully romantic temple, which he had reared to the honour of Shakeſpear; and they exchanged ſome brilliant compliments, which received point from their alluſion to the *bard of Avon*.

Mrs. Cowley's play was brought forward with every poſſible advantage—the road to wealth and fame was thrown open to its fair Authoreſs; and we are told that no year has ſince revolved on which ſhe has not

not produced one, or more, highly finiſhed drama. Such are the fruits of judicious applauſe.

The Comedy of the Runaway was the laſt play that Mr. Garrick uſhered to public notice.

A letter, received laſt evening, preſents a pertinent cloſe to our ſubject.

To the AUTHOR *of the* GLEANER.

SIR,

THE preſent prevalent rage for every thing theatrical, may render the ſubſtance of the following little anecdote, relative to a celebrated performer, acceptable to your readers; and if your ſentiments correſpond with this idea, you will give it a page in your miſcellany.

Certain aſſemblies, *y'clepped ſpouting clubs*, in the city of London, have frequently been ſanctioned by the preſence of many of the nobility, among whom the Dutcheſs of —— was in the habit of amuſing herſelf, by obſerving, in thoſe nurſeries of the drama, the various abilities of young perſons, who, animated by a patronage ſo reſpectable, exhibited with every poſſible advantage. It happened on one of thoſe occaſions, that the Dutcheſs ſaw and diſtinguiſhed Mr. Holland; and ſhe immediately marked him down as a future ornament of the Britiſh ſtage. Holland was a young man, well connected, and of decent life and manners; nature had been liberal to him, and he was by no means deſtitute of the aids of education. The ſtage had long poſſeſſed his warmeſt wiſhes; but the great point was, to make his *debut* under an auſpicious patronage; and the Dutcheſs, informed of his views, immediately conceived the reſolution of recommending him to Garrick; ſhe had often conferred on this celebrated dramatic performer *ſubſtantial* marks of her approbation; and it did not conſiſt with his intereſt to negative a youth, for whom her Grace had avowed a predilection. But if we may credit report, Garrick *did not always lend his countenance to merit;* it is certain he was oppoſed to Holland's advancement; and, obtaining intelligence of an introductory letter to be delivered

livered into his own hand, he determined never to be at home to the bearer. Holland repeatedly aſſailed his door, but the *great man* was always denied, and the youth deſpaired of gaining admittance in his own character.

He was not, however, diſcouraged; and his ingenuity helping him to an expedient, he obtained, at the price of half a guinea, the habit, baſket and tally of the lad who ſerved the family of Garrick with hot rolls; when, preſenting himſelf before the door of him whom he regarded as the arbiter of his future deſtiny, he informed the ſervant in waiting, that his maſter having taken a new apprentice, it was neceſſary old arrearages ſhould be paid off; and that he had accordingly given him a ſmall bill, which he had directed him to deliver to Mr. Garrick. Garrick, ever attentive to thoſe kind of claims, admitted the baker's lad without difficulty; and, ſeated in his elbow chair, in a morning gown of *crimſon* damaſk, he received with abundance of ſtate the folded paper, which proving, to his great ſurpriſe, the introductory letter of the Dutcheſs, the redoubtable hero of the ſock and buſkin, caught in the toils, ſternly queſtioned, "Pray, young man, was there no way of preſenting this letter but in diſguiſe?"

"None that occurred to me, Sir; I have repeatedly waited on you without ſucceſs, and I have at length embraced the expedient of ſerving your Honor with bread."

"Well, it muſt be confeſſed you have a fruitful invention, and having thus ingeniouſly made your *entree*, I preſume you imagine yourſelf fit for any thing."

"At preſent, Sir, *for nothing but ſerving your Honor with bread.*"

"Upon my word, you are wonderfully ready; but we wiſh for a ſpecimen of your theatrical abilities—begin if you pleaſe." Holland, throwing himſelf into a commanding attitude, immediately with great pathos and propriety delivered a pathetic piece, appoſite and ſtriking; and the *hauteur* of Garrick was for a moment

moment ſuſpended; but, determined not to be pleaſed, he threw into his countenance a freezing quantum of frigidity, and ſuperciliouſly ſaid, "Mighty apt, and ſtudied no doubt for the occaſion; but you will pleaſe to favour us with an exhibition of your *comic* powers; you muſt be *great* in every way."

"Alas! Sir, I have at this moment no *comic* ideas!"

"But you muſt learn to aſſume; *you are to commence actor, you know.*" The youth, flinging from his hand the tally, which he had held until that inſtant, tripped lightly over the floor, and, ſelecting from one of Mr. Garrick's beſt parts a favourite paſſage, he ſuddenly became prime miniſter of frolick; his attitude was that of humour—mirth revell'd on his cheek—Thalia moulded every feature, laughed in his eye, and played on his tongue; and even the riſibles of Garrick confeſſed his aſtoniſhing powers; but recollecting himſelf, and aſſuming great ſolemnity, he gravely obſerved: "Let me tell you, young man, there is a wide difference between reciting here, in a private apartment, and in appearing on a Britiſh ſtage, before the moſt auguſt audience in the world."

"Pardon me, Sir, I conceive that I am now before the *moſt auguſt audience in the world.*"

"Yes, yes, young gentleman, this compliment may be well turned; but permit me to remind you, the Britiſh audience is made up of the moſt reſpectable characters, of perſons poſſeſſed of power and ability to decide irrevocably your fate; and on the drawing up of the curtain, you are immediately in the preſence of thouſands, who will conceive themſelves veſted with full authority to pronounce your immediate annihilation! What think you will be your feelings at ſuch a moment! Can you ſtand an ordeal ſo ſevere?"

"Excuſe me, Sir, I humbly conceive I have as decent a ſtock of *aſſurance* as your Honor, or any other man in exiſtence." "By Jove," returned Garrick, "*I believe it.*" And, ſtrange as it may ſeem, this laſt ſtroke captivating the manager, Holland was immediately

mediately engaged, who ſoon becoming the favourite of the public, always commanded full houſes, and before the completion of a ſingle year, his ſtated ſalary was one thouſand pounds per annum; he contributed greatly to the emolument of the Drury Lane theatre, and the penetration of her Grace was held in high veneration.

I am, good Mr. Gleaner, with ſentiments of eſteem, your moſt obedient and very humble ſervant,

CLEORA.

N°. XCVII.

O'er ſcenes of bliſs the mem'ry loves to rove,
Imagination ſpreads her plumy wing;
Tracing the wood, the lawn, the ſhady grove,
Her glowing hues with laviſh hand to fling.
Bleſt recollection!—elevation ſweet—
Humanity ſhould woo thy bright'ning tone;
In reaſon's paths thy grateful ardours greet,
And pluck thoſe flowers to apathy unknown.

To the GLEANER.

SIR,

JUST returned from viſiting my friend Leonora, I ſit myſelf down to ſketch for your Miſcellany, an account of this my ſecond excurſion; and I do aſſure you, I feel, while thus employed, that ſort of ſatisfaction, which a well-diſpoſed woman will always experience, when ſhe can, without doing violence to her veracity, expatiate upon the ſocial pleaſures of exiſtence.

But, firſt, it may be proper that I attempt giving you an idea of the character of my friend. Although ſhe was ſome years my elder, ſhe continued at the boarding-ſchool at which I was placed, during the whole term appropriated to my inſtruction; and, next to the dear woman to whom I am indebted for the vital glow of animation, ſhe contributed moſt to faſhion and to inform my opening mind; ſhe cultivated my taſte; and, originating in my boſom ſentiments of

propriety, ſhe taught me to eſteem only thoſe enjoyments which were ſanctioned by reaſon. Nature had thrown into my compoſition a vein of ſatire, which I often reprehenſibly indulged; but Leonora beſtowed upon my manners the prepoſſeſſing poliſh of benignity.

She is a model of true politeneſs; and, underſtanding *the preciſe point of good-breeding*, while ſhe is ſolicitous to accommodate herſelf to all thoſe circles which ſhe graces by her preſence, ſhe is careful not to *oppreſs by her civilities*. Her deportment is uniformly a ſtriking exemplification of *lady-like dignity*; and I have a thouſand times witneſſed the ineffable ſweetneſs of her temper. She has been at once the guide and companion of ſome of the happieſt moments of my life; and the tears which I ſhed at her departure from A——, as they were impelled by ſelfiſh conſiderations, ſo they will be reiterated as often as the importance of unfolding events, enforce the neceſſity of the preſence of my ſweet and amiable monitreſs.

The ſtriking exterior and rare accompliſhments of Leonora, produced correſponding effects; and, after that mature deliberation which the magnitude of her ſubject required, ſhe elected from her train of admirers, as the companion of her future life, a young gentleman, who, born and educated in Philadelphia, poſſeſſes a handſome property in that city. His patrimonial inheritance was conſiderable; and his induſtry and frugality have made large additions thereto. The marriage of Leonora has been moſt happy; it has connected the higheſt felicity of which wedlock is ſuſceptible, while every pleaſure has been enhanced by a lovely train of ſons and daughters, who, the probability is, will one day conſtitute the faireſt ornaments of ſociety.

Neither Leonora, nor her Evander, have any predilection for the diſſipation, in which a city life almoſt neceſſarily engages perſons of fortune; and Evander, cheerfully quitting a metropolis, where his anceſtors had figured with much reſpectability, and where he himſelf had ſnatched a thouſand juvenile pleaſures, has

retired

retired with his little family to an elegant receſs, upon the ſkirts of a broad and extenſive river. Here, ſurrendering himſelf to thoſe enjoyments, to which his ample income entitles him, his hours revolve, marked by rational and refined tranquillity. Having never ſeen Leonora from the time of her departure from A——, I was repeatedly ſummoned to her abode; and her retreat from the gariſh and tumultuous ſcenes of the buſy town, added new ardour to my wiſhes once more to embrace her.

But a journey of ſome hundreds of miles was to be taken; and having no other means of making my excurſion, than in the ſeveral ſtage-coaches, where I had recently endured much vexation, places for my brother and myſelf were again ſecured; and, departing from the capital at peep of day, buſineſs ſtill repoſing on the lap of ſilence, as we rattled through the ſtreets, we encountered not a ſingle human being; the ſhops were as faſt cloſed as in the dead of night; and the appearance of the buildings, on either hand, ſeemed deſcriptive of the continued ſlumbers which the inhabitants ſtill indulged. Thus paſſing on, we were at full liberty to obſerve, without interruption, that magnificent ſcene, with which nature, with every returning morn, preſents the amateurs of her arrangements. I have very ſeldom beheld the auguſt luminary of day ſo reſplendent; an uncommon degree of tranquillity pervaded my boſom; my health was perfect; and the tone of my mind ſuch as rendered it highly ſuſceptible of all thoſe pleaſures, deducible from a view of the ſublime and beautiful.

For the information of thoſe perſons who have not witneſſed the progreſs of the morning, from the firſt appearance of the dawn, to the moment when the plaſtic parent of day, *apparently* emerging from the ſkirts of the horizon, burſts in all its ſplendors upon the dazzled eye, I aſſay to ſketch the gradual development, which forcibly arreſted our attention.

The death-like ſtillneſs, immediately preceding the opening dawn, ſtrikingly contraſts the animated picture, then preſſing upon the threſhold of obſervation;

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and we began our journey at that preciſe inſtant, when the intenſe darkneſs which enrobes the dreary night, drawing aſide its intercepting veil, gave place to the mild light of the crepuſcle, which, progreſſing from the horizon, whitened the whole face of that lucid curtain, that ſo beneficially ſhades the ſurrounding heavens. Every ſucceeding moment ſeemed to change the aſpect of things; for the cheering influence of that circle, which had beſtowed upon the azure firmament its ſilver hue, advancing from the eaſt, and embracing the wide-extended concave of the ſkies, all thoſe numerous objects that we had ſcarcely perceived, thronged rapidly upon the eye—the new-born day commenced its progreſs, and the Aurora ſucceeded the crepuſcle—the gentle zephyrs were abroad—they ſeemed to diſperſe the gloomy vapours of the night—the condenſed atmoſphere became more pure—the verdant earth aſſumed its moſt beautiful tints—and the breath of morn was perfumed by a variety of ſweets. We aſcended a rural eminence, which commanded a pleaſing view of the thrifty hamlet, and the air reſounded with the matin calls of the village chanticleer, while birds, of various notes and plumage, warbled upon the neighbouring branches.

Buſineſs reſumed its induſtrious career—the huſbandman, attended by the invigorated ſteed, harneſſed for uſe, appeared upon the plain—travellers thronged the road—and workmen, accoutred for the day, haſtened to their reſpective occupations.

Mean time, the broad horizon aſſumed celeſtial dies—the brightening crimſon ſtreaked the blue vault of heaven—paſſing clouds were tinged with the moſt vivid hues—the Aurora momently increaſed; and, advertiſed by this beautiful harbinger, we eagerly expected the aſcenſion to which it pointed, and nature at length preſented us with the moſt tranſcendent of her works. The orb of day magnificently uproſe; it burſt upon us in all its radiance; and, as we eyed its majeſtic progreſs, we fully acquitted thoſe ſages, who, unimpreſſed by the truths of revelation, proſtrated

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ed at the approach of this auguſt "*parent of ſeaſons*" and "*king of day.*" The ſplendors of a *riſing* ſun aſſume the moſt benign aſpect—we bleſt the genial orb, and marked with gratitude its progreſs.

It happened that a beautiful little girl, on her way to a rural academy, who had never before beheld the morning footſteps of the orb of day, was ſeated in our vehicle. Her extacies and her aſtoniſhment were ineffable. Never ſhall I forget her ingenious attempts to give language to her ſenſations—Perhaps it was the firſt moment ſhe had ever diſcovered a want of words. With the endearing ardour of youth, ſhe aſſured her papa, who accompanied her, that ſhe would never again forego an opportunity of beholding a ſcene, which ſurpaſſed every thing that had before engaged her attention; and if her reſolution and perſeverance are equal to her ſweet enthuſiaſm, and amiable ſuſceptibility, I predict that, purſuing her ſtudies with uncommon avidity, ſhe will become a highly accompliſhed woman. Her enchanting expreſſions and youthful wonder, I am free to own, augmented to me the felicity of the morning; and I embrace this opportunity of reiterating my acknowledgments of gratitude, to this lovely candidate for future excellence.

Fortunately for me, (that this jaunt might in every thing exhibit a perfect contraſt to my journey of vexatious memory) our party conſiſted only of this charming child, her father, my brother, and myſelf; ſo that I had an abſolute command of the ſpacious vehicle, in which we were thus adventitiouſly and pleaſingly diſpoſed: Of the front and back ſeats I was alternately an occupant; for both Miſs and her papa, while they too well *practiſed the art of pleaſing*, to overpower me by the dictatorial and oppreſſive repetition of *importunities, y'clepped civilities*, would, nevertheleſs, upon the ſlighteſt indication of my wiſhes, have placed themſelves in any corner of the vehicle which might have ſuited my convenience. Thus charmingly we came on, enjoying delightfully the picturesque views, which luxuriant nature, in our progreſs over a prodigious

fine extent of country, every where diſplayed before us. We breakfaſted in a little tenement, that ſeemed fitted up by the hand of neatneſs; and, bringing with us the ſauce of appetite, the healthful viands which were prepared for our refreſhment, ſeemed to poſſeſs a new and uncommon flavour.

So paſſed the firſt day of our journey—and the ſeparating from our aſſociates in the evening, who then reached the ſeminary, occaſioned our firſt regret. The ſecond day, however, proved equally propitious; the ſtage was not crowded; nor were we overburdened by *ill-judged civilities*. One old gentleman, led by an obſervation of a fellow-traveller, made many philoſophical remarks upon the journey of life. He rationally ſaid, that mankind, conſidered as the work of an all-wiſe Architect, muſt have been created with an *ultimate view;* and that, as the auguſt Creator was generally acknowledged to unite wiſdom and power, and to be omnipotently and benignly good, the purpoſe of creation muſt primarily *have been, the final felicity of the creature, who was formed preciſely according to the plan of a ſovereign, ſelf-exiſtent, and independent Being:* Nor (he added) did it appear, that the children of men were *endowed with any faculty, which conferred a capability of counteracting the original deſigns of Infinite Wiſdom.* "I ſay, then," continued our chriſtianized reaſoner, "*that our being's end and aim is happineſs:*" We are, in the preſent ſcene, ſtruggling for a better ſtate of exiſtence. Had we not taſted what we reckon evil, we ſhould not have known how, properly, to appreciate the good; and the hour cannot be far diſtant, when, being "*born again, we ſhall ſee the kingdom of heaven,*" and become the ſubjects of that happy arrangement, *which leaves no "pauſe of bliſs."* For the departure of my friends, therefore, I ſhed no tears—when they enter this life, it is then they are but embryoes—they paſs through the dark valley—and *the moment of their exit from this, is their birth into the celeſtial world.* Hence, upon every ſuch event, which comes under my knowledge, I forget not to hail, by

a ſong

a ſong of triumph, the liberated ſpirit; *and I am confident, that my gratulations contribute to enhance the felicity of the new-born celeſtial.*" Yes, the old gentleman was perhaps whimſical; but we were amuſed, and paſſed the day in his ſociety very pleaſingly: Indeed, we continued remarkably happy in our aſſociates, until the evening of the ſixth day, when, with the ſetting ſun, we reached the Receſs of Amity.

To do juſtice to the manner of my reception at the paradiſaical villa of Evander, is beyond the power of language. Leonora, whom I ſo immeaſurably love and honour, attended by Evander, and accompanied by her ſons and daughters, (a beautifully intereſting group) met me at the outermoſt gate of the *receſs*; and I ſaw, at one glance, that her native elegance and urbanity had become the inheritance of her children. As they conducted me to their manſion, the moſt affectionate expreſſions ſpontaneouſly burſt from their lips, and I was welcomed with thoſe demonſtrations of joy, which were highly worthy our long continued amity. Evander is informed, ſentimental, and manly; he is rich in mental reſources; he is well calculated for the pleaſures of a ſequeſtered life; and the ſerenity of his ſoul impreſſes upon his fine countenance ſtrong indications of that "*peace of mind, which goodneſs boſoms over.*"

The manſion of Evander is emboſomed by tall trees, which throw around its avenues a venerable ſhade, and, penetrating the time-formed encloſure, upon a gentle acclivity the well-built tenement preſents its ſnow-white front. It is entered by a gravel-walk, incloſed on either ſide by a neat railing, and bordered by a rich growth of various and beautiful flowers. The verdant plats, too, on the right and left, are charming additions: Indeed, every thing is highly rural; and the moſt pleaſing expectation takes poſſeſſion of the mind. The houſe is ſpacious, and ſeems to unite the ideas of ſimplicity and opulence: The out-houſes are judiciouſly diſpoſed, and admirably commodious. I have ſaid, that the eſtate of Evander is

waſhed

waſhed by a copious and fertilizing river, and its winding courſe, forming a number of indented points, moſt pleaſingly diverſifies the view, and produces a truly enchanting effect.

The tract of land in the poſſeſſion of Evander, is a location, compriſing many hundred acres; it is a patrimonial inheritance, and in a high ſtate of cultivation; it poſſeſſes great fertility of ſoil, and ſalubrity of climate. Many weeks paſſed before I had meaſured it with the ſteps of an inveſtigator; for I was not *precipitated* over the grounds, at the *pleaſure of the proprietor, but cheerfully attended when I propoſed a walk.* The lands, as I ſaid, are rich, and abundantly productive; and the air, highly impregnated with ſweet fern, and other fragrant odours, breathes an aromatic gale, while we gratefully quaff its ſalutary properties. Woods and lawns, hills and dales, meandering ſtreams, and trees, of various growth and fruit, alternately arreſt the eye. The maple tree, among the reſt, (the ſaccharine quality of which promiſes to become a new ſource of independence to this continent) yields to the inhabitants of the receſs, its richeſt ſweets. Nothing can be imagined more highly pictureſque, than many of the views upon this fine and well improved eſtate. The uniformity of the verdant plains is not ſufficiently extenſive to offend; gentle aſcents are thrown over the grounds; theſe are adorned by the richeſt verdure, and variegated by tall trees, which, ſpreading their ample foliage, lift their green heads, delightfully finiſhing the ſcene. The groves and viſtas upon the eſtate of Evander, may be conſidered as ample and commodious aviaries, where the birds melodiouſly warble; and no luckleſs hand, armed for their deſtruction, dares to moleſt their operations.

There is, in agricultural life, a degree of independence, that at once ennobles and tranquillizes the ſpirit; it beſtows that ſecurity, which is very congenial with the feelings of humanity. Thomſon elegantly deſcribes the felicities of rural retirement; and Evander is, in fact, the ſentimental recluſe delineated

eated by the poet. Order and propriety preſide in his family; his Leonora is ever rationally indulgent; and her abode is the reſidence of harmony.

A retired apartment in the receſs is conſecrated to devotional exerciſes; it is their little chapel; and thither, with each returning morning, and ſucceeding evening, the individuals of this happy family collect, to do homage to that Supreme Being, whom they conſider as their Creator, Redeemer, and Preſerver, whom they are taught to regard as a Univerſal Father, and from whoſe benevolent arrangements they confidently look for a ſtate of the higheſt ultimate felicity. To their morning oriſons ſucceed the employments of the day, and they occupy their appropriated hours.

It is the great buſineſs of Evander and Leonora, to render their children good and happy: They are themſelves their preceptors; and their abilities are fully adequate to this important avocation. The individuals of the intereſting little group, without an exception, evince an inſatiable thirſt for knowledge; and, as each valuable propenſity is excited and drawn forth by their admirable parents, it will readily be conceived, that their education advances with proportionable celerity. They are already entered ſtudents of nature; and, anticipating a few years, by the help of imagination, I liſten to their inveſtigations, deriving both information and pleaſure, while they trace the flowers which they collect in their woodland walks, to their reſpective claſſes, orders, and ſpecies. Their proficiency in muſic and drawing, their time of life conſidered, is prodigious. They can already ſketch a reſemblance of the landſcape which pleaſes them; and never ſhall I forget the ſweet magic of their voices, whether they perform a *ſolo*, or join in full concert: Yet, although their abilities in this way are unqueſtionable, they are *not ſolicitous* to charm you, whether you will or not; and a degree of retiring reluctance is ſufficiently manifeſt.

The buſtle of parade, and all thoſe ceremonies conſequent on an oſtentatious diſplay of opulence, are altogether

together unknown at the Receſs. Genuine hoſpitality aſſumes its moſt captivating garb, and *real enjoyments* are obtained. Unembarraſſed by ill-judged importunities, gueſts are permitted to make their own elections, while, with flattering alacrity, every individual is on the wing to gratify their wiſhes; and juſtice impels the acknowledgment, that I have never paſſed days more rationally ſerene than at this ſentimental retreat. Tumult and diſorder, of every deſcription, are baniſhed thence—buſineſs and pleaſure are alike regularly arranged—the bill of fare for every day is ſtated—the ſeveral diviſions of the week preſent their appropriate covers—and if the unexpected arrival of company (which, in this family, is always a pleaſing circumſtance) neceſſitates an augmentation of their number, the requiſite ſteps are taken without confuſion, or the obſervation of the traveller.

Evander and Leonora are the common benefactors of their neceſſitous neighbours. The anſwer of a peaſant to a ſtranger, inquiring who inhabited the elegant manſion of Evander, will give an idea of the ſentiments entertained of them by the humble tenants of the ſoil.

"*Why, Sir, we does not know how it is; but if it be* "*no offence, and if one may ſpeak as one thinks—why, then,* "*Sir, we thinks as how that a family of angels dwells* "*there.*"

Such, Mr. Gleaner, are my friends, Evander and Leonora; and I confidently pronounce, that if happineſs dwells upon this globe, ſhe has taken up her reſidence in their charming Receſs.

I am, Sir, with ſentiments of eſteem, your moſt obedient, &c. &c.

HARRIOT B——.

No. XCVIII.

N°. XCVIII.

When ſimple nature tells her artleſs tale,
Pouring her ſorrows in the liſt'ning ear,
Conviction in the boſom muſt prevail,
And truth in all her native charms appear.

I DO not know when I have ſeen a more charming evening than the laſt—the ſtars ſhone with unuſual brilliancy; and the moon, in full orbed majeſty, beſtowed on the ſcene her higheſt finiſhing. Standing in my door, I was induced, by the delightfully impreſſive ſerenity that every where prevailed, to indulge in a contemplative ramble, which I cloſed by a peep upon Margaretta, ſhortening the diſtance, by turning my ſteps to a winding path-way acroſs the meadows, that we have faſhioned for the convenience of ſeeing each other, with that facility which our unalterable attachment demands. I found that lovely woman occupied in a manner truly congenial with her feelings, and completely worthy her character. She had employed her afternoon in preparing letters, which ſhe propoſes to diſpatch to the ſeveral emporiums in the Union, that they may be on their way to Europe and the Weſt-Indies, for the purpoſe of relieving a deſolate female, whom Providence has thrown under her protection.

On entering the parlour of my daughter, I beheld her ſeated on a ſofa with an intereſting ſtranger, who was clad in deep mourning. Margaretta was endeavouring, in ſtrains of ſoft commiſeration, to ſoothe and tranquillize the perturbed ſpirits of the fair afflicted, while the mingling ſenſations of grief, joy, gratitude, and admiration, apparently ſtruggling in the boſom of the ſtranger, proving too powerful for a frame that had encountered ſevere and repeated ſhocks of adverſity, ſhe was on the point of fainting, when Mrs. Hamilton, ringing for her woman, aſſiſted in conducting her to an apartment, previouſly appropriated to her accommodation.

accommodation. Wrapping my arms about me, I waited in ſilent aſtoniſhment for an eclairciſſement, which I doubted not would confer additional ſplendor on the character of my daughter. She ſoon returned, with the deſired explanation on her lips; and while ſhe recounted the ſubſtance of the following ſorrow-marked narrative, her fine eyes were lighted up with an expreſſion, which even ſurpaſſed their native luſtre —the fervour of benevolence communicated to her enchanting countenance a dazzling radiance—ſhe ſeemed all ſoul—and the moſt ſyſtematic ſtoic muſt have pronounced her irreſiſtibly lovely.

Mr. Hamilton has thrown acroſs an extenſive piece of ground, a gravel-walk, which he has taken much pains to level and beautify: Every day the gardener is employed in cleaning, ſmoothing and poliſhing its ſurface; and, in point of order, it is not inferior to any of our public walks. It is contraſted, on either hand, by enamelled lawns, cloathed with delightful verdure; and it is bordered by tall trees, whoſe entwining branches form a gratefully capacious ſhade. At the bottom of this charming viſta, a glaſſy ſtream winds its meandering courſe; and its pleaſing murmurs produce a romantic effect. It is ſeparated from the grounds by a white Chineſe railing, and terminated by a gentle acclivity, the ſummit of which is crowned with trees of various growth. This walk, which is properly the Village Mall, is entered by arched gates, and it is furniſhed with convenient ſeats. Free egreſs and regreſs is allowed to the decent villager; and, as the curioſity of the travelling ſtranger frequently draws him thither, during the ſpring, ſummer, and autumn months, a ſervant is ſtationed in the Mall, who tenders cool lemonade, wine, milk, and a variety of fruits, and other light refreſhments, which are eaſily prepared, and which, to the way-worn paſſenger, are often highly acceptable.

Mrs. Hamilton appropriates a ſtated period in every fine day to this enchanting walk; ſhe is generally accompanied by her children; and thoſe among her humble

humble or neceſſitous friends, who have any petition to prefer, frequently meet her there. The morning of yeſterday, being remarkably mild, ſhe entered the promenade at an earlier hour than uſual. William, who is a ſentimentaliſt from the cradle, tripped by her ſide. She led the little Margaretta by the hand. Mary-Auguſta was borne in the arms of a roſy-cheeked Hebe, who particularly ſuperintends the gambols of the children; and the tenderly intereſted parent, thus preſiding the guardian of innocence, ſeemed to move a being of a ſuperior order, while that complacency, which is the offspring of uniform goodneſs, manifeſtly irradiated every feature. She had not advanced many paces, when her attention was arreſted by a female, clad in the habiliments of ſorrow, who, kneeling before one of the ſeats, was apparently offering up her ſupplications to the common Parent of the univerſe. Her geſtures were deſcriptive of extreme anguiſh of ſpirit; and they were ſufficiently expreſſive to intereſt the tendereſt commiſeration.

Margaretta, directing the children to paſs on, approached the ſuffering ſtranger with that kind of cautious deference, and reſpectful veneration, with which thoſe, who enjoy the ſunny beams of proſperity, ſhould uniformly regard the ſons and daughters of misfortune. Far from interrupting the rites of devotion, ſhe ſpontaneouſly raiſed her hands and eyes to heaven, by a ſilent ejaculation calling down from thence, that benediction which might inveſt the proſtrate mourner with returning peace. It was in this moment of affecting ſympathy, that the truly intereſting ſupplicant, quitting, with heart-piercing ſighs, her kneeling poſture, turned ſuddenly round, and beholding Margaretta in the pious attitude of petitioning the Omnipotent Creator, a crimſon hue ſuffuſed her grief-worn countenance, which was immediately ſucceeded by a death-like paleneſs.

Margaretta reſpectfully ſeated the trembling unknown, and placing herſelf beſide her, addreſſed her in the ſoothing language of conſolation. The ſtran-

ger, after gazing with fixed aſtoniſhment, at length interrupted—"Ah! Madam, I cannot be miſtaken—your figure, your features, and, above all, your peace-ſpeaking and highly ſoothing accents, all combine to announce you: The world cannot have produced ſuch another. You are, you muſt be, Mrs. Hamilton! Two miles from B——, I was told, the angel reſided; and, impelled by neceſſity, I have meaſured my weary ſteps to this abode. Speak, dear lady—Are you not, indeed, that Margaretta Hamilton, who is ſo well known to the family of the unfortunate?" "My name is Margaretta Hamilton, Madam," replied my daughter, "but I cannot but wonder, by what chance it is rendered familiar to you!" "Excellent lady!" rejoined the ſtranger, "the trump of fame is lifted on high; and it faileth not to proclaim thoſe meritorious votaries of virtue, whoſe deeds of worth, regiſtered in immortal annals, confer an elevation, *which will endure, when every earth-born pleaſure may be engulphed in oblivion!*"

Margaretta, bowing, obſerved that, to whatever accident ſhe might owe the preſent addreſs, ſhe ſhould certainly feel it incumbent upon her, to call into action every effort, which might contribute to the relief of a perſon, apparently ſo deep a ſufferer, and that ſhe only waited to learn her wiſhes, in order to engage in the moſt prompt execution thereof. The ſtranger, now claſping her hands, with a wild air exclaimed: "Genius of benevolence! my ſpirit proſtrates before thee! —Yes, Madam, my name is Wretchedneſs! Fortune, family, huſband, children—theſe are all buried beneath the waves of calamity! That little parcel," pointing to an enfolded handkerchief ſhe had thrown on an adjoining ſeat, "contains my whole of worldly property! I ſlept laſt night in an apartment, which is no longer mine; and I have not, now, where to lay my head!"

Previous to this exclamation, the children had joined their mother; and little William, in the true ſpirit of infantile philanthropy, catching the falling hand

of

of the pity-moving ſtranger, ſobbed out: "You ſhall go home with mamma, Madam—papa will love you, too—and you ſhall ſit in my chair—and when night comes again, and you are tired, you ſhall lay down on little William's bed, and we will ſleep together—Shall we not, mamma?"

The children of Margaretta, accuſtomed to a conſtant ſucceſſion of ſtrangers, never ſhrink from a new face; and the charming ſenſibility, which the little fellow ſo properly evinced, communicated to the boſom of his mother, thoſe rapt ſenſations that diſdain the garb of language. The fair unfortunate dropt upon his lovely face the tear of ſilent admiration; and Margaretta, after claſping him to her heart, and enriching him with her maternal benediction, diſmiſſed him and his ſiſters, bidding them expect a continuation of their walk at the cloſe of day—when, turning to the weeping mourner, ſhe thus addreſſed her: "And now, Madam, you may, without interruption, pour into my ear the tale of woe, which my foreboding heart aſſures me, the catalogue of your ſufferings will unfold."

"Uniform benignity," replied the fair unknown, "will never conſider the child of ſorrow as an intruder; and, to the patient hearing of benevolence, the preſſure of calamity is a ſufficient paſſport. I have ſought you, Madam, on purpoſe to lay before you my ſituation, to ſupplicate your advice and aſſiſtance; and, the better to entitle myſelf thereto, I will briefly narrate the moſt eſſential circumſtances of my life. I have, I bleſs God, no ſcenes of guilt to unfold, although I have ſometimes thought that, too much elated by proſperity, the arrogance of my elevation may have placed in my hands the chalice of affliction.

"I was born in Belfaſt, in Ireland. My father is, or *was*, a diſtiller of ſome eminence; and his induſtry and frugality placed his family in a ſituation, which, without doing any great violence to language, may be termed affluent. I had the misfortune to loſe my mother while young; and the indulgence to which ſhe had accuſtomed me, rendered that cold reſerve, and

thoſe

thoſe reſtraints that were perhaps neceſſary, and to which I was almoſt immediately ſubjected, painfully irkſome. Girls naturally ſhrink from the control of a ſtep-mother; and, although I have known many worthy women, who have meritoriouſly diſcharged the arduous duties of that department, yet the odium, too generally affixed to the character, is not eſſentially diminiſhed. For me, I gladly availed myſelf of the goodneſs of my father, who placed a boarding-ſchool education in my option; and I was entruſted to the care of two reſpectable maiden ladies, who had long been in the habit of inſtructing young girls.

"In this ſeminary, while no genteel accompliſhment was neglected, the pupils were required to prepare for themſelves every article of their apparel: Our judicious preceptreſſes obſerving that, if the contingencies of life reduced us to the neceſſity of calling into action any extraordinary exertions, reſources would thus be multiplied, and that, even on the ſuppoſition, we were adopted into the family of proſperity, uſeful knowledge would never impede our advancement. Often have I bleſſed the provident care of theſe venerable women: The habits of economy and induſtry, to which they accuſtomed me, at all times beneficial, have lately proved my only ſupport.

"At fourteen, I returned to the abode of my father, where I continued until I had completed my ſeventeenth year; at which period my ſiſter wedded Mr. James L——r, a portrait painter, of conſiderable abilities, who poſſeſſed a plantation in St. Chriſtopher's, to which iſland ſhe agreed to accompany him. My two brothers, and two of my maternal uncles, having long meditated a ſettlement in America, embraced this opportunity of putting their plan in execution; and I could not reſiſt the inducement which ſo fair an occaſion furniſhed, of reputably freeing myſelf from the juriſdiction of an aſſuming and petulant woman. I petitioned my beloved father, for leave to accompany the individuals of our family, who were about to depart; and ſuch was the mildneſs of his diſpoſition,

that

that it was with difficulty he ever put a negative on the wiſhes of his children: Yet he affectionately remonſtrated, until, on my aſſuring him, that after viſiting the new world I would again return to his embraces, he condeſcended to withdraw his objections, and beſtowed upon me a benediction, which was as the richeſt treaſure to my ſoul.

"We left Ireland immediately on the cloſe of that war, which emancipated the United States from the domination of Great-Britain, and after a propitious paſſage, we landed in Maryland. Here our family ſeparated. My ſiſter accompanied her huſband to St. Chriſtopher's. One of my uncles, attended by my youngeſt brother, accepted an advantageous offer of viſiting Portugal, where, it is probable, they are now doing buſineſs; and my other uncle, diſſatisfied with his ſituation, departed from us with an avowed intention of purchaſing an inheritance in the Northern States. My eldeſt brother took a houſe in Maryland, the ſuperintendence of which he committed to me; and our days paſſed on in tolerable tranquillity. My brother contracted an acquaintance with ſeveral gentlemen in Pennſylvania; and, viſiting Philadelphia, we paſſed ſome happy days in that metropolis.

"It was on our return to Maryland, that I firſt ſaw Doctor M——, a young man, who appeared to me poſſeſſed of every virtue. His extraction was French; but he ſpoke Engliſh with facility. He had ſtudied phyſic with Doctor —— of Philadelphia; and he was then commencing the career of life, under the auſpices of a good underſtanding, much information, ſome property, and great benevolence of heart. His attentions to me were marked by the tendereſt aſſiduities, and my prepoſſeſſion in his favour augmented with every paſſing moment. Dear object of my ſoul's beſt affection! how is it that I endure a world, from which, alas! thou art forever flown?—But peace, my burſting heart—yet a little while, and I ſhall forget to weep—I ſhall rejoin, in regions of bleſſedneſs, him, to whom my early vows were ſo rapturouſly devoted!

"Doctor M——, Madam, ſolicited my hand in marriage; and my brother, availing himſelf of the authority delegated to him by my father, conferred upon our mutual attachment the fulleſt ſanction. My lover poſſeſſed grounds in Cape Francois. It was his determination to enter into buſineſs at the Cape; and my brother had long contemplated a removal thither. We were ſoon eſtabliſhed at Cape Francois; and our nuptials were not long delayed; after which, my brother, urged by motives of intereſt, once more changed his reſidence for a ſituation in St. Vincent's.

"Yet, although our family party was thus ſtrangely diſperſed, my huſband continued the aſſiduities of the lover. My father had written to us; and, beſtowing upon our union the moſt unequivocal approbation, he enriched us with his paternal bleſſing, and I eſteemed myſelf the happieſt of women. Doctor M——, eminent in his profeſſion, was ſucceſsful beyond our moſt ſanguine hopes: The birth of children crowned our wiſhes; and three promiſing girls ſeemed to complete, for me, my ſum of joy. My ſiſter L——r was not ſo happy as to become a mother; and with much reluctance I yielded, to her frequent importunities, my firſt pledge of love. I parted with my dear Amelia with floods of tears; and ſhe accompanied her uncle L——r to the Iſland of St. Chriſtopher's. Alas! theſe eyes have never ſince beheld her; and I am ignorant if either ſhe or my ſiſter are yet in exiſtence! Immediately on her departure, the troubles in the Weſt-India iſlands commenced. A friend, driven from her habitation, ſought and obtained ſhelter with us. She had not been many days our inmate, when ſhe was ſeized with the ſmall-pox. Neither myſelf, nor my children, had ever paſſed through that fatal diſorder—the contagion was communicated—I was brought to the verge of the grave—and my babes—my darling babes—became the victims of the deſpoiler! Yet, I bleſs thee, O my Redeemer! on their behalf; for, ſheltered in the boſom of their God, they thus eſcaped the diſaſtrous fate, for which their hapleſs parents were reſerved!

ſerved! I mourned over the early graves of my infants; but my dear, my affectionate huſband was continued to me; and, although the ſmall-pox had made ſhocking ravages in my face, his tenderneſs was in no ſort diminiſhed, and his delicate attentions were, if poſſible, more marked, more uniform than before. Generous lover! friend! huſband!——But, great and good God! he is now numbered with the dead! while I, comfortleſs and forlorn, can only recount the ſtory of my woes, and wiſh, in vain, for that parting ſigh, which is to waft me from this ſcene of wretchedneſs!

"Forgive me, Madam—I will reſume my narration. Months rolled on; and when, uſhering into being my fourth infant, I became the mother of a lovely boy, joy once more reviſited my lacerated boſom—but tranſient and momentary was the gleam. Upon the very evening on which my little cherub had completed his third week, after folding him to my throbbing heart, I committed him to the care of his nurſe—ſhe conveyed him to his apartment—and I ſaw him no more! Doubtleſs, he periſhed in the general wreck! It was midnight, when the blacks ruſhed on us—every thing was rifled—My huſband, my adored huſband, was murdered in attempting to defend me!—and the ſword was pointed at my boſom alſo! At ſuch a criſis, it is aſtoniſhing that I recognized the very man whom I had employed as my hair-dreſſer, and whom I had repeatedly reſcued from ſuffering. Coward nature, appalled at the fearful carnage, mechanically exclaimed—Is it poſſible? Am I to receive the ſtroke of death from him, who is indebted to me for unnumbered acts of kindneſs? The barbarian was ſtruck with a ſentiment of remorſe—he manifeſted a deſire to ſave me—and while he aſſayed to lift me over the dead body of my murdered lord, I fainted in his arms.

"Of events immediately ſucceeding I am ignorant. My firſt recollection, after this tremendous moment, places me on the wide ocean—in the cabin of a veſſel

—ſtretched

—ſtretched on the captain's matraſs, who had humanely yielded it to my neceſſities—and ſurrounded by ſtrangers of both ſexes, who, like me, had eſcaped the dagger of the aſſaſſin. How I came on board, I could never exactly learn. The probability is, that the black man ſo far intereſted himſelf for my ſafety, as to ſee me conveyed out of the iſland; and it is wonderful, that although I was only arrayed in the *robe de chambre* in which I ſlept, my watch, bracelets, necklace, and rings, were found upon me: But ah! Madam, at that ſoul-torturing period, what was the anguiſh of my ſpirit! Stripped in one calamitous night —But why attempt to delineate?—my ſorrows do indeed ſurpaſs the power of deſcription! From the paſſengers and the ſhip's company, I am induced to believe, I received every poſſible attention: But my reaſon ſuſpending its operations, I was landed in Alexandria, in Virginia, in a ſtate of infanity!

"For five months after my arrival in America, I continued without the ſmalleſt recollection of my former ſelf. My alienation of mind was, as I am told, of the moſt heart-affecting kind; and my lamentations were only interrupted by that laugh of frenzy, which is deeply fraught with woe, and which ſtrongly intereſts the feelings of humanity. No lucid interval preſented; and I was pronounced a confirmed maniac. Youth, however, and a good conſtitution, at length ſurmounted my malady, and I was gradually reſtored to a recollection of that extremity of wretchedneſs which I had endured. It was at this period, that I deliberately meditated putting an end to a mode of exiſtence, which had become truly burdenſome; and it is to be imputed to the benevolent exertions of a Mrs. THOMPSON of Alexandria, that I ſunk not beneath the weight of woes, which had ſo fearfully accumulated for my deſtruction. The extricating hand of this lady was benignly extended; ſhe poured into my wounded mind the oil and wine of conſolation; ſhe new pointed my hopes, and taught me to obſerve an opening heaven, and a commiſerating God; nor

were

were her well-judged efforts to ſoothe and tranquillize my boſom, altogether ineffectual.

"I recollected, in the firſt moment of calm reflection, having heard in the Weſt-Indies, that my uncle had purchaſed an eſtate in B——; and poſſeſſing an invincible deſire to throw myſelf into the protection of ſome one of my family, (the individuals of which, muſt, to this hour, imagine I ſuffered death in Cape Francois) I formed the reſolution of immediately proceeding to my uncle; and parting with thoſe veſtiges of my former ſplendor, which had been almoſt miraculouſly ſaved from the wreck of my fortune, with the money ariſing from the ſale, I equipt myſelf for the commencement of a journey, which my ignorance in the geography of the country induced me to imagine, a day or two would terminate. It proved, however, to a deſolate and forlorn ſtranger, a tedious period, the glooms of which were only illumined by the hope of ſoon finding myſelf in the arms of an affectionate relative. Detained in New-Haven by illneſs, I am largely indebted to a Mrs. Brown, who lets lodgings in that city, and whoſe diſintereſted benevolence is beyond all praiſe. What ſhall I ſay, Madam? I came on to B——. My little money (for my jewels were diſpoſed of, much below their value) was exhauſted. No tender friend remained to receive me. My uncle had never been heard of at B——. I was pennyleſs, and a ſtranger! For ſome fearful days my efforts became proſtrate! Deſpair, with haſty ſtrides, was advancing in my boſom; yet hope ſtill ſtruggled there; and, ſtrange to tell, I ſtill continued in exiſtence!

"The Hibernian Society intereſted itſelf in my favour; and from them, and from the Free Maſons, I received ſmall gratuities: But my mind, not ſufficiently accommodated to its ſituation, ſhrunk from the idea of leſſening the fund reſerved for diſtreſſed indigence; and, moreover, a continuance of theſe benefits was as little to be calculated upon, as endured. My applica- to the French and Engliſh reſidents in B—— was ineffectual;

effectual; they declared it was beyond their power to relieve me. I had hoped, through their interpoſition, to return to Ireland, where I am entitled to an eſtate, independent of my father, deviſed to me by my grandmother; and my patrimonial inheritance I have ſtill to receive. Could I reach Ireland, my pecuniary wants would know an end; but this I have not the means of doing. I have attempted to write; but, deſolate as I am, I have no means of conveying my lamentable epiſtles. I have endeavoured to obtain ſupport by my needle, and I have, in a meaſure, ſucceeded; but ill health impedes my efforts. To your character, Madam, I am no ſtranger. Some propitious ſpirit ſeemed to whiſper me, that from you I ſhould meet commiſeration and relief. From your name, from your virtues, my laſt hope receives its vital glow; and towards Hamilton-Place, as my only reſource, my feet have involuntarily bent their way."

Such was the *purport* of the diſtreſſed lady's affecting narrative. I have ſcrupulouſly preſerved its leading features. Suſceptible readers will find no difficulty in ſupplying thoſe frequent breaks and pauſes, which naturally occurred during a recital, that was delivered in a manner ſo unaffected and artleſs, as to leave on the mind of Margaretta no doubt of its authenticity. They will alſo imagine thoſe nameleſs ſympathies, which occaſionally darted from the benign countenance of my daughter, and which, fraught with aſſuaging energy, expreſſed abundantly more, than is in the power of words to utter.

With grace inimitable, and a manner all her own, ſhe aſſured the ſorrow-pierced ſtranger of her *ability* and her *readineſs* to aſſiſt her: Nor will thoſe, who have traced the liberal virtues of Mrs. Hamilton through the pages of the Gleaner, conſider as problematical the generous warmth with which ſhe will ſupply the preſent exigencies, and conſult the future emolument, of this extraordinary proficient in the ſchool of affliction; and it is indeed certain, that when, with becoming reſpect, and all the ardour of munifi-

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cent hoſpitality, ſhe led, to her happy manſion, the daughter of misfortune, ſhe devoutly bleſſed a paternal God, who had thus placed within her reach, the *power* of ameliorating thoſe ills which had made ſuch large inroads on a mind ſo deeply ſtricken: And both Edward and Margaretta are, at this moment, buſily employed in concerting meaſures, by which they may gently ſlope, for the afflicted ſufferer, what yet remains of life.

N°. XCIX.

Bright Hoſpitality, with garland crown'd,
Wafts the full bliſs of glad fruition round:
Truth, fond to ſpread abroad deſerved fame,
To liſt'ning thouſands gives her ſplendid name:
Mid nature's wilds, where'er the trav'ller roams,
Imagination hovers round her domes,
Meaſures his footſteps where her turrets riſe,
Speeding the hour which every good ſupplies.

THE mazy dance, the feſtive ſong, the table liberally ſpread, the well filled bowl, and ſparkling glaſs—theſe are all in the gift of Hoſpitality: Nay, more, FRIENDSHIP reſideth in her haunts, and VIRTUE loveth to dwell in her preſence: The ſocial pleaſures weave a chaplet for her brow; and ſhe may be conſidered as the parent of communicative urbanity. Pleaſant is the feaſt which ſhe ſpreadeth for the ſtranger. She looketh with peculiar benignity upon him, who, wandering far diſtant from his native abode, hath been urged forward, either by motives of curioſity, amuſement, or profit; and the exhauſted traveller, having repoſed on the bed of down, ariſeth from the ſlumbers of the night, to echo the panegyric which hath been reſounded by a thouſand tongues.

The State of Virginia, we are informed, is claſſed high in the records of Hoſpitality. Its extenſive boundaries contain many towns and hamlets; and the commodious villas are ſcattered up and down at eaſy diſtances.

diſtances. To the feet of the traveller theſe villas are well known—they are the manſions of Hoſpitality. Often have we attended, with ſuperior pleaſure, to our very amiable friend, Mrs. J—— of Philadelphia, while ſhe hath dilated on the Hoſpitality of the Virginians. The boſom of this lady is the ſeat of the virtues; and it is her's to expatiate, with enchanting energy, on the deed of worth. She is a beautiful and a lovely woman; and her features, animated by ſenſibility, are irreſiſtibly captivating. She is in poſſeſſion of affluence; but gold, in a ſcattered and thinly inhabited country, will not always purchaſe thoſe requiſites, which are ſo eſſential to the traveller, worn down by fatigue, and exhauſted in the want of refreſhment.

Mrs. J—— accompanied her huſband on a tour of buſineſs, through the State of Virginia; and her tongue will never be tired of eulogizing thoſe hoſpitable republicans. Born and educated in the regular city of Philadelphia, where previous knowledge, letters of introduction, or many weeks probationary reſidence, muſt authorize the claim of attention, the frank civilities, and prompt Hoſpitality of the Virginians, added to their intrinſic worth the powerful charm of novelty.

Virginian Hoſpitality hath ſuperſeded the neceſſity of houſes of public entertainment. The occupation of an inn-keeper is, in that State, very unprofitable. A public houſe is, therefore, rarely to be met with, and they are generally of the loweſt claſs. Our Philadelphians do not ſeem to have been perfectly apprized of this circumſtance, or, if they were, it had not been in their power to provide againſt its inconvenience. They entered the State of Virginia, unfurniſhed with letters of introduction; and their firſt day's progreſs was lengthened, tedious, and deſtitute of thoſe refreſhments, which their neceſſities urgently demanded. Night rapidly advanced—already her ebon veil obſcured the light of heaven—they were ignorant of their route, and entire ſtrangers in that part of the country—A foot paſſenger approached——

" Friend,

"Friend, can you direct us to a tolerable inn, where we may paſs the night?"

"*An inn!* Lord bleſs us! *we have no good inns—not we.* Some twenty miles from hence, they ſay there is a ſign-poſt; but, *Meaſter*, the like of you never troubles themſelves about that there; *for theſe all goes to* COLONEL CHICHISTER'S, [we do not omit or tranſpoſe a ſingle letter of his name] which is main glad to ſee *um*, and makes *um* right down welcome. COLONEL CHICHISTER lives in the *huge* houſe, hard by; and I *thinks as how*, you cannot do better, than to go right to *un, Meaſter.*"

"What do you ſay, my dear?"

"*Say! why, it is impoſſible we can think of intruding ourſelves upon ſtrangers.*"

"Nay, my dear, there is no other alternative: We muſt either ſleep in the open air, or put the Hoſpitality of COLONEL CHICHISTER to the teſt. Coachman, drive on—Stop—this is the manſion—go in—make my compliments to COLONEL CHICHISTER—let him know I am a citizen of Philadelphia, and that, as a benighted traveller, I aſk an aſylum for the night."

The Colonel was almoſt immediately at the coach door—bleſt Hoſpitality was ſeated on his brow—Mr. and Mrs. J—— were uſhered into his dwelling—the lady of the manſion was exactly ſuited to her ſituation—not the ſhadow of reſtraint exiſted—urbanity was in full exerciſe—affability preſided—every circumſtance evinced that the occurrence of the evening was not a *novel event*—and our travellers ſeemed as if reiterating thoſe ſocial pleaſures, which they had ſo frequently indulged in the boſom of the deareſt of their friends. Plenty and elegance combined to ſpread the feaſt. Their lodging was prepared by taſte and neatneſs; and their reſt was balmy and reſtorative. COLONEL CHICHISTER urged their abode with him, during many revolving days; and, conſtantly engaged in the exerciſe of the moſt liberal and extenſive Hoſpitality, he ſeemed unconſcious of any extraordinary

exertion. We produce COLONEL CHICHISTER as a ſpecimen of Virginian Hoſpitality. Similar acts of kindneſs rendered the tour of the Philadelphians truly delightful; and their moſt grateful recollection hovers round thoſe abodes of urbanity.

Surely, every propenſity, calculated to give energy to an attachment which ought to pervade the boſoms of individuals who date their origin from the ſame progenitors, ſhould be ſedulouſly cultivated; a mutual exchange of good offices ſhould deſignate humanity, and the powerful operations of ſympathy enzone the great family of man. Such an ameliorating arrangement would largely contribute toward leſſening the evils attendant on that depravity, which has ſo fatally contaminated our common nature, and we ſhould not be reduced to the neceſſity of lamenting the prevalence of invidious reſerve, envy and rancour.

The philanthropiſt will view, with painful regret, the diſaffection which, in many parts of America, ſo pointedly ſubſiſts between the natives of the town and country. Habits, cuſtoms, manner of pronunciation, &c. &c.—theſe are made ſufficiently conſequential to erect barriers, that look with a very unfriendly aſpect on the mutual good underſtanding we would recommend; and all the malevolence of wit is too often in exerciſe.

YES—it is true, WE HAVE ENTERED A VERY COPIOUS FIELD; and, had our attention been turned thereto, at an earlier period, from a ſoil ſo abundantly productive, we ſhould have GLEANED *very largely*:—But being, in imitation of our ſuperiors, *about to reſign the cares of office*, and take, perhaps, a long farewel of our readers, we are conſtrained, by that civility which we are ſeeking to inculcate, to give place to a number of claimants, whoſe names have long ſtood foremoſt in our catalogue of correſpondents.

T.

To the GLEANER.

State of Maſſachuſetts, County of Hampſhire, Sept. 11th, 1796.

"She rights—ſhe rights, boys, we're off ſhore."

YES, good Maſter Gleaner, we are now no longer *a-ground*. You ſo well lent us a hand, *d'ye ſee*, that we ſoon *cleared the raſcally ſands*; and, *warping* off, and ſlowly *wearing* round, we were once more afloat on the ſtream—not but what the wind was often in *our muns*; and after *beating in its eye* ever ſo long, we were obliged to *ſtrike a hull*, during many a tedious watch: But what of that?—it hath at length *veered* about to the right point of the compaſs; we have *weathered the ſhoals of Diſappointment*; and, I aſſure you, Maſter Gleaner, on the word of a tough old ſeaman, that, having ſhipped a large cargo of your experience, together with the ballaſt of your remarks and advice, *and all that there*, we once more bear a good ſail.

Yes, yes, we have now got the *weather-gage* of ſorrow; nor do we care a *rope's end* for what is paſt. Molly took on piteouſly over the poor *diſabled* Lavinia; but ſuddenly *tacking* about, ſhe wiped up her eyes, and throwing open her *dead lights*, *clapped Pride at the helm*, who, *d'ye ſee*, ſoon ſteered her wide of the harbour of Deſpair. It would certainly have been cowardly for to have laid up for life, becauſe *as how* we had made one bad bout; and to continue in the dumps all the voyage, and all for the ſake of a villainous lubber, who had given us the ſlip, would have been a plaguy deal worſe than a dead calm: Molly thought ſo too; and after whimpering a long time, at length, as I was ſaying, reſolved for to ſteer by your compaſs; and taking in her *drifted* affections, ſhe ſoon *belayed* them along ſide of diſcretion, and *ſplicing* them to a good jolly temper, we obtained a *ſtiff gale*, and, as I ſaid, *weathering the breakers*, our girl became her own woman again.

After this, Maſter Gleaner, we *ſhipped a mate*, who, underſtanding every rope in the ſhip, is quite to our mind;

mind; and though I ſay it, that ſhould not ſay it, he is as honeſt a lad as ever ſtepped on board a ſhip. Well, the bargain was ſtruck, and having new *trimmed our ſails*, and *hoiſted our colours*, we are now almoſt in port.

Deborah, *d'ye ſee*, would have clapped the whole account of our former ſpark, *and all that there matter, under the hatches:* But *avaſt there, ſays I*, none of your hugger-mugger ſmuggling doings for me—all fair and above board, ſays I—and ſo I ſet myſelf about *unquoiling* the whole ſecret; and the young man was not ſo ſqueamiſh a milk-ſop, as to like us a *rope's end* the worſe, for all that.

We have lately heard, how that our old comrade has been *overhauled* by a ſmart ſea-boat, who, throwing on board her *grappling-irons*, has made him a priſoner for life; and it is ſaid, that he will hardly hold his head above water again: But howſomever this be, our Molly is to be married this very day ſe'nnight; and I, having received *ſhipping orders*, this here letter is to *pipe all hands* (your good woman, and all your family—the Melworths, Hamiltons, Seymours, *and all them there)* to the wedding. Our parſon wiſhes hugely to ſee you; and you cannot do leſs, than to be preſent when he ſecures the *bowling-knot*.

I am, honeſt Mr. Commodore, your true and truſty friend,

GEORGE SEAFORT.

To the GLEANER.

MR. VOLUBLE,

I TELL you plainly, your ſtyle is not liked—I have heard a little bird ſing—and can give a ſhrewd gueſs at people's meaning, by their gaping.

"*All this is very fine*," ſaid my uncle *Wiſeacre*, as he laid down one of your numbers—"*this here Mr. Gleaner is very fine, to be ſure; but he always puts me in mind of a freſh-water ſpark*, who once undertook to navigate a veſſel, and who, being, one evening, (in plain Engliſh) deſirous that the candle ſhould be put out,

out, thought proper to give his orders in ſome of his high-flown gibberiſh. "*Extinguiſh that nocturnal luminary,*" ſaid he. "*Oy, oy,*" ſaid the honeſt tars—and to work they went upon the ropes, conceiving, to be ſure, that the ſhip's tackling had received ſome new-fangled name. "*Extinguiſh that nocturnal luminary, I ſay,*" repeated the captain. "*All's gone,*" replied the mariners, ſtill letting go the clew-lines, bunt-lines, &c. —and ſtill the candle continued burning. A third time the orders were vociferated to as little purpoſe, when the captain, in a bitter paſſion, entered his complaint to the mate, who juſt then mounted the deck, ſtorming violently on account of the inſult he had received. "*O! never mind it, Sir,*" cried the mate, "*leave it to me—you ſhall ſoon be obeyed;*" and turning to the ſailors—"*My lads,*" quoth he, "*douſe your glim*"—and "*the nocturnal luminary was forthwith extinguiſhed.*"

Take the hint, Mr. Gleaner: If you do not ſtudy plainneſs of ſpeech, egad, "*you muſt douſe your glim.*" A word to the wiſe is ſufficient. Your's—

PETER LACONIC.

MR. LACONIC is hereby informed, that we ſhall very ſpeedily "*douſe our glim,*" and that if we ſhould ever think proper to light it again, we will endeavour to obtain a coal from his *caboooſe*.

To the GLEANER.

SIR,

"*I KEEP no calendar of grievances,*" ſaid my uncle. We believe you have *too rigidly* adopted this *generally good rule*. You are accuſed of a fatiguing *ſameneſs*, and of dwelling uniformly on the light ſide of events. It is ſaid, you colour too highly, and that you give your ſketches from a fool's paradiſe. Now I, you muſt know, undertake to defend you, and inſiſt upon it, you are always under the guidance of truth—For, ſays I, two perſons, ſetting out in a ſtage-coach together, may take a reſolution to keep a record, which

may ſerve as a memorial of their excurſion: The one may commit to paper, *only thoſe incidents from which he has derived ſatisfaction;* while the other, on the contrary, may keep a faithful account of *every vexatious occurrence:* Compare thoſe journals, and it is clear, they muſt exhibit a *complete contraſt;* yet, their reſpective writers have been equally ſolicitous to preſerve *only facts in their collection.* Thus the Gleaner ſeems to prefer delineating the virtues; and I do not ſee that he is obliged to envelop his deſcriptions in a ſombre veil.

Yet, my good Sir, although I thus advocate your cauſe, I am, nevertheleſs, obliged to confeſs a wiſh, that you would give us both ſides of the queſtion; and the ſole end of this letter is, to entreat you would publiſh a few *invidious Gleaners;* and remember, if they are highly tinctured with ſcandal, they will ſecure the ſale of your books, and the fame of their author. A few anecdotes of private families, malevolently diſhed up, and plentifully beſprinkled with *hints, which ſuggeſt much more than is expreſſed,* will produce a wonderfully happy effect.

I am, Sir, your ſincere friend and well-wiſher,

RACHEL PLIABLE.

To the GLEANER.

MR. GLEANER,

IT is matter of wonder, that you, who profeſs ſuch an attachment to your country, ſhould, in your chapter upon the progreſs of uneducated genius, have quite forgotten to enumerate a number of your countrymen, whoſe pretenſions in this line are indiſputable.

Mr. W——, one of the moſt celebrated painters now flouriſhing in Europe, is the firſt upon this liſt. His father, an honeſt Quaker in Pennſylvania, had followed the occupation of a cooper, by which he had obtained a frugal ſupport for his family. His intention was to confine his ſon Benjamin to the adze; and the education which he gave him was ſuited to this view: But the perſeverance of genius being generally indefatigable,

indefatigable, young Benjamin's chalk-ſtrokes were oftener obſerved to ſketch the *human face divine*, than to trace profeſſional circles; and he performed ſuch exploits, as excited the admiration of the whole village where he reſided.

Theſe manifeſtations gave his father much concern, and he ſeriouſly remonſtrated againſt them: "Benjamin, I charge thee to deſiſt. I tell thee, Benjamin, thou art in the road to ruin; and if thou continueſt therein, *verily, verily, thou wilt be a vagabond. I muſt ſmite thee, Benjamin, if thou doſt not leave theſe profane fooleries, and apply thyſelf to thy buſineſs.*"

Benjamin endeavoured to ſubmit to authority; but the fire of genius was not to be controlled; and a neighbour opening a public houſe, he undertook, on condition that he would provide the materials, and keep his ſecret, to paint him a ſign. His leiſure hours ſoon performed his promiſe; and it was exhibited with great triumph. In a country village, an event of this kind is prodigious; and the villagers collected, not to criticiſe, but to wonder, and to applaud: Among the reſt, the father of Benjamin preſented himſelf——

"And pray, friend, where didſt thou pick up this famous piece of buſineſs?"

"If I dared to tell you, Sir—*if I was ſure it would not diſpleaſe you*——"

"*Nay, nay, friend—Pray, why ſhouldſt thou think it would vex me?* Verily, thou haſt excited my wonder; and I muſt entreat thee to explain thy meaning."

"*But thou wilt be angry with Benjamin.*"

This was enough—the ſecret was out. The old gentleman was greatly aſtoniſhed; and, rationally concluding, that it was in vain to ſtruggle any longer againſt the unequivocal deciſion of nature, he adviſed Benjamin to depart for the great city, Philadelphia, and there ſet up the buſineſs of ſign-painting. The lad, not waiting for a repetition of this advice, took a haſty leave of his native village; and, proceeding to Philadelphia, his uncommon merit drew upon him general

general attention. His ſucceſs exceeded his moſt ſanguine expectations; and he ſpeedily embarked, with ſtrong recommendatory letters, for England, where the rapid progreſs which he has made, is well known to all thoſe who have the ſmalleſt acquaintance with the hiſtory of the fine arts.

You are, Mr. Gleaner, adviſed to collect carefully, every inſtance of indigenous talents which falls in your way; and, as correſponding ſecretary to the fraternity, embodied for the purpoſe of promoting emulation, I promiſe you all the aſſiſtance which we can command.

I am, Sir, your moſt obedient, and very humble ſervant,

OLIVER HOMESTEAD.

No. C.

The ſacred oracles with truths abound,
Which pour a healing balm o'er every wound;
So YOUNG pronounc'd, made by experience wiſe,
And ſought the fount which the rich ſtream ſupplies.

To the AUTHOR *of the* GLEANER.

MY FRIEND,

YES, FRIEND; *the Saviour of ſinners* hath fully reconciled me to this appellation, and human nature again ſtands forth, inveſted with unalienable claims to my affection. This day, the heretofore wretched, but now comparatively happy Octavian, quitting his cottage, enters once more a world, which he had conceived he had forever renounced—enters it with new and rational views, determining to devote himſelf, and all that he can command, to the emolument of beings, whom he now conſiders of incalculable value.

Bleſſed was the night which led thee, my friend, to my *then* dreary abode; I would ſay, as for that night, let it be curtained by a veil of lucid azure; over its annual

annual round may the ſtars of heaven glitter with unuſual luſtre, and may it riſe on my memory, the ſplendid epoch of my emancipation from tenfold darkneſs. The volume, which your ſecond viſit beſtowed upon me—alas! why was I ſo long a ſtranger to that volume?—it is a treaſure beyond all price. The beautiful ſimplicity of its language, and rich variety of its imagery—theſe, while they embelliſh, are, however, to be regarded as the moſt inconſiderable part of its worth. How ſublime is its ſyſtem of ethics! and how *noble the forgiveneſs of injuries which it inculcates!* Juſtly is it called the book of God; for to it is communicated the powers of *reſtoration.* Before its refulgent blaze my malignant paſſions proſtrate, my reſentments are all ſubdued, and I am again alive to that divine philanthropy, which enkindles in my boſom the beſt feelings of the heart.

What a conſiſtent whole does this ſacred book preſent! It diſplays the Omnipotent Creator, as ruling the univerſe according to his righteous pleaſure; as calling into exiſtence a nature, formed by his omnific word, and purſuing a path which his *wiſdom foreknew.* It exhibits this nature under a cloud, and ſubjected, *for reaſons beſt known to paternal Deity*, to a variety of errors. It points to that auſpicious era, when our nature, emerging from the thick darkneſs by which it was enveloped, ſhone forth in primeval ſplendor. It diſplays before my aſtoniſhed view, *God the Creator becoming God the Redeemer*; and, hurrying me rapidly along through numerous intervening events, it unveils to my enraptured perception, the final conſummation of that auguſt plan, the influence of which pervadeth every diviſion of time. It exhibits the period, when crimes in their variety ſhall be blotted from the univerſe; *when what we have characterized as evil, ſhall ſerve to point and enhance the ſucceeding good*; when rectitude ſhall be enthroned in every boſom, innocence triumphant, and peace eſtabliſhed throughout the wide dominions of the great Source of being. Yea, it ſhows me the ſons and daughter of men, of *every deſcription*, (even thoſe *tranſgreſſors*,

who,

who, finding their way hard, have come through much tribulation, and washed their robes white in the blood of the Lamb) collected in one grand assembly, and forever *inaccessible to the progress of sorrow.* Finally, it shews me the Parent of the universe, wiping from *every face, every tear.*

And what am I, who presume to cherish *implacable indignation* against those beings, for whom Emanuel shed his blood? I shudder at myself! Hath the unhappy woman, who has cost me so dear, sinned beyond forgiveness? What though *she is lost* to virtue—Did not the God who formed her, bow the heavens and come down, to seek and *save that which was lost?* and is she not the purchase of a suffering Redeemer?

Yes, I will return to the world—Adieu, ye sequestered haunts; ye have witnessed those blissful illuminations, which render the vast globe a paradise. The wandering, the lost Messalina, shall receive from my hand the book of God; possibly, it may produce immediate reformation; but if not, she will one day be separated from that evil spirit, and those contaminating propensities, which precipitate her into such atrocious offences. I shall never renew with her my former engagements: Yet this resolution is not the offspring of resentment; but, avoiding all particular ties, I henceforth devote me to the *great family of man*; seeking, by every means, to promote the felicity of individuals, who are so dear to their Creator, God. You, my friend, to whom I am largely indebted, will rejoice in a measure, the propriety of which you have frequently enforced. The benevolence of my Kinsman will also be amply gratified by this change—He will still continue my steward—he will remain in the mansion-house of our common ancestor, and, at my demise, a large proportion of my possessions will revert to him.

Mean time, I shall avail myself of your goodness, by accepting apartments in your dwelling; and with my bible for my companion, and your experience as an auxiliary, I shall begin my heaven below; and from hence, I shall pass to that general assembly, the indi-

viduals

viduals of which, crowned with *everlasting joy*, can no more be subjected even to the shadow of regret.

Adieu, my friend—expect me with the shades of evening, and continue to soothe and direct your eternally obliged OCTAVIAN.

To the AUTHOR *of the* GLEANER.

RESPECTED SIR,

GOOD minds are represented as viewing, with benign complacency, the man, who, renouncing his errors of principle, or of practice, enters with firmness the path of rectitude; and, under a persuasion of the truth of this sentiment, I presume to address you, indulging a hope, that, not having bestowed a final malediction on that Alphonso, with whom you were so righteously offended, you will countenance the engagements which he is about to form, and permit him to rank among those whom you direct by your council, and sanction by your approbation.

But, that I may, in some measure, authorize my claim to your attention, I take leave to observe, that the lovely woman whose wrongs excited your indignation, is now *perfectly restored to reason;* and, that she may exemplify every benign attribute of divinity, she hath extended unto the man who hath so deeply injured her, *free* and unreserved forgiveness. Her venerable parent, too, lending a condescending ear to my supplications, bestows on my ardent vows her maternal benediction; and, for myself, when I say, that my sum of happiness exceeds the anguish by which it was preceded, I cannot give it a higher colouring. As it is to you, Sir, that I am principally indebted for both, I consider it incumbent on me to present you with a brief narration of facts, which may, in some degree, palliate errors, otherwise enormous.

My father, departing this life, while I was yet an infant, I was left wholly under the care of my mother; and, as she had no other child, she *literally* devoted the remainder of her life to her son—she consulted me in

every

every thing; and she carried her blameable indulgence to a most extravagant height. All persons who have made the early part of existence, in any sort, their study, must have observed the marked attachment which children uniformly discover to novelty. This propensity in me was gratified in every possible way; my diet, my apartment, and even my preceptors, were changed agreeably to the infantile caprice of the moment; and thus a kind of artificial inconstancy was grafted upon a wayward humour, which should have been corrected; and I was rendered *habitually irresolute*. Had I not been fond of my book, I should have reached manhood destitute of information; but nature, in many particulars, struggled against the ill-judged tenderness of my mother, who was, in every other instance, the best and most rational of women. Her demise happened soon after I had reached maturity; and the indecision of disposition, which had been so erroneously cultivated, was in nothing more manifest, than in the fluctuation of my mind, respecting my matrimonial election. A succession of amiable females alternately triumphed in my bosom, until Lavinia, dispossessing every other object, became the sovereign lady of my affections.

From a person so completely calculated to inspire love and perfect esteem, it could scarcely be imagined my heart could ever wander; yet, my uncertainty, in this respect, suspended a declaration which, nevertheless, the ardour of my attachment spontaneously dictated. I had not, as was supposed, formed a plan to destroy the peace of my beloved Lavinia; and the truth is, that, although I entertained a hope of being able to incline her, by my continued assiduities, to authorize my pretensions, yet, such was the consummate prudence of her conduct, that, while I was permitted to view her as my *tender friend*, I never once conceived, that an avowal of my love was *necessary to her tranquillity*.

Thus was I circumstanced, when the versatility of my humour once more gained the ascendency; and I coolly

coolly relinquiſhed a purſuit, in which I had ſo warmly engaged. My attachment to Monimia was ſhort-lived; every interview convinced me of her inferiority to ſhe accompliſhed woman I had abandoned; ſhe was by nature a coquette; and the *hauteur* of her temper was inſufferable. Abſence from Lavinia, evinced the durability of her power; and I would inſtantly have ſought her preſence, had I not believed that my coldneſs and neglect, had given a fatal ſtab to that predilection with which I flattered myſelf ſhe once honoured me.

A fixed melancholy took poſſeſſion of my mind; it became a matter of indifference to me in what part of the globe I wandered; and, urged by a hope of diſſipating the glooms in which I was enveloped, I embraced the opportunity of embarking with a friend, for the purpoſe of making the tour of Europe. I had been abſent near two years, when, meeting in France with our fair countrywoman, Madam B——, whoſe elegant *Ruelle* is the reſort of every American who forms the leaſt pretenſion to taſte; Columbian literature very naturally made a part of our converſation. Madam B—— put into my hands a manuſcript which ſhe ſaid was to make one of a number of eſſays, intended for publication; and, adding, that ſhe had but recently received it from the Author, with whom ſhe regularly correſponded, ſhe gave me permiſſion to put it into my pocket for the amuſement of a leiſure hour.

Retiring to my lodgings, I unfolded the manuſcript; but no tongue can deſcribe my aſtoniſhment, when I traced, in the character of Lavinia, the angel whom I conceived I had forever loſt—when, in the delineation of Alphonſo, I read the ſtory of my own highly reprehenſible conduct! It is true, I was not conſcious of a *deſign ſo atrocious* as was imputed to me; and yet, as I contemplated the diſaſtrous event of that amity which had promiſed ſo fair, the anguiſh of my ſpirit was inexpreſſible.

The ardour of my attachment to my lovely friend, was rather augmented than diminiſhed. Time and obſervation had confirmed my ſentiments of her *incomparable merit*; and her image was indelibly impreſſed on my mind.

With the firſt opportunity, I returned to my native country. Inſtantly I ſought, and proſtrated myſelf before the mother of Lavinia. She heard, believed, and pitied. I ſaw, frequently I ſaw, my ſoul's treaſure: But, great and good God! how changed! On me ſhe beſtowed not the ſmalleſt attention; and my miſery was complete.

A bleſſed expedient, however, at length occurred to me; and, placing myſelf near her, during one of thoſe fanciful and ſoul-piercing dialogues, which you ſo pathetically repreſent the dear unfortunate as holding with me, I reſponded to her remarks, preciſely in the manner ſhe had the day before dictated for me. An expreſſion of extreme aſtoniſhment immediately pervaded her countenance; and, burſting into a laugh of frenzy, (no words can give an idea of the poignant anguiſh of which that laugh was deſcriptive) ſhe turned haſtily round, and, beholding the viſion which had ſo long floated only in the region of fancy, with folded arms, and a ſtatue like appearance, ſubſtantiated before her—recollection at that moment glimmered faintly on the diſk of reaſon; and, uttering a heart-piercing ſhriek, ſhe fell ſenſeleſs into my arms. It was with difficulty ſhe was reſtored to life—a burſt of tears ſucceeded—the firſt ſhe had ſhed for many months—we bleſt the copious effuſion, predicting therefrom the happieſt effects: Nor were we diſappointed—gradually ſhe returned to reaſon, love, and her enraptured Alphonſo! and hardly will the angelic ſufferer permit me to expreſs any part of that compunction, which, for a time, nearly overwhelmed me.

The hour which is to complete my felicity, is not far diſtant; and I have to entreat you, Sir, in the name of my venerable parent, in that of my beloved Lavinia, and of my own, that you would act as the

nuptial

nuptial father of my angel friend; and that, when I ſhall receive at the altar, the greateſt bleſſing which Heaven can confer, it may be beſtowed by the man to whom I owe more than my exiſtence.

I am, reſpected Sir, your ever devoted, and eternally obliged humble ſervant,

ALPHONSO.

To the AUTHOR *of the* GLEANER.

RESPECTED SIR,

I AM one of a circle of females, who, ſubmitting to certain regulations, aſſemble once every week in rotation at our reſpective dwellings, appropriating an evening to needle-work, converſation, and reading. We collect winter and ſummer, preciſely at ſix o'clock, and ſeparate at ten—two hours are devoted to reading, and two to converſation, &c. &c. The lady, in whoſe parlour we are gueſts, entertains us with a book, and the choice of the author is alſo referred to her. The reſt of the company employ themſelves with their needles, or otherwiſe, at their pleaſure. Our deſign is to ameliorate, by every probable method, the morals, opinions, manners and language of each other; and to this end, we are under ſolemn engagements to remark on the errors, and even trivial inaccuracies of geſture, or of ſpeech, which are obſervable in the individuals of our aſſociation; *but no member can be accuſed who is not preſent;* we are ſedulouſly ſolicitous to improve, by every poſſible means; and we ſtyle ourſelves, THE PROGRESSIVE SOCIETY.

Cards, ſcandal, and the male ſex, are excluded; and it is one of the articles, to which we have ſeverally ſubſcribed, on no occaſion to diſcuſs the actions, *good* or *bad*, of any abſent perſon, with whom we have at any period of our lives been converſant—A moment's reflection will give the reaſon of this regulation. The tongue of the eulogiſt, *prone to exaggerate*, too frequently *detracts* from the merit of thoſe perſons who are occaſionally introduced to illuſtrate the virtues of a favourite;

vourite; and therefore, being ſolicitous to ſhun even the ſemblance of malevolence, living characters, *in our conſederated capacity*, never paſs in review before us.

The *Virtues* and the *Vices*, *abſtractedly conſidered*, with a diſquiſition of the literary performances to which we attend—theſe, when we are not called on to the diſcharge of our *reciprocal mentorſhip*, conſtitute our ſubjects; and we alſo devote a part of our time to the deviſing *ways* and *means*, for the augmentation of a little fund, which we have originated for the uſe of neceſſitous perſons.

The numbers of the Gleaner have ſingly come under our conſideration, and you may one day learn our ſentiments reſpecting them; at preſent, I am only at liberty to ſay, that we read, with approbation, your *ſketches of celebrated women*, and that, although you did not aim at a *general collection*, we are, nevertheleſs, ſurpriſed at your omitting two illuſtrious characters, whoſe names I am commiſſioned to entreat you would inſert, either by way of note, or as you ſhall judge beſt.

The firſt is *Margaret of Valdemar*, who lived in the fourteenth century, and who, being left a widow, aſſumed, during the minority of her ſon, the reins of government, diſcharging the duties of her high ſtation to ſuch univerſal acceptation, as to ſecure to herſelf, on his demiſe, by the voluntary ſuffrages of a brave and martial people, a continuance of regal dignity; and who, thus aſcending the throne of a free and independent nation, ſubdued contending warriors, and ſucceſſively united, in her own perſon, by her ſuperior wiſdom and magnanimity, the crowns of Denmark, Norway and Sweden—who, having glorioufly vanquiſhed her enemies, extended her benign compaſſion to her moſt inveterate foe, and who, by her vigour, talents, deciſive meaſures, and the aſtoniſhing aſcendency of her princely virtues, maintained, during the remainder of her adminiſtration, throughout her extenſive dominions, that tranquillity, which was beyond the reach of thoſe monarchs, who were her predeceſſors, and of thoſe who ſucceeded her.

The

The ſecond extraordinary perſonage, whom *the Progreſſive Society* takes the liberty to recommend to your notice, is *Dorothy Schlozer*, who was born on the 10th of Auguſt, 1770, and who early poſſeſſed an accurate knowledge of the German, French, Engliſh, Italian, Swediſh, and Dutch languages—who was alſo well verſed in the Latin and Greek tongues, and who wrote elegant Latin verſes—who was extenſively acquainted with the various branches of polite literature—who was ſkilled in geometry and architecture, and attached to the mathematics in general—who was a proficient in mineralogy, *viſiting, in perſon, the deepeſt mines, and beſtowing minute attention on the ſeveral ſtages of the work*—who was, beſides, a perfect miſtreſs of every female accompliſhment, needle-work, drawing, and muſic—and who danced with ſo much taſte and elegance, as to render every gentleman in a ball-room ſolicitous for the honour of her hand—whoſe knowledge of hiſtory rendered her a moſt entertaining aſſociate—whoſe modeſty, urbanity, and good ſenſe, were equally combined—and, finally, whoſe aſtoniſhing genius and rare acquirements, producing her a candidate for academical honours, conducted her to the venerable Aſſembly of Profeſſors, held at the houſe of the Dean, on the 25th of Auguſt, 1790, where, ſubmitting to a *critical* examination, ſhe was, *nem. con.* declared competent to the degree of philoſophy, when ſhe was preſented with a laurel wreath, with which honorary crown ſhe returned to the arms of her enraptured father. "*Her degree was publickly conferred in the Univerſity Church, and her diploma preſented to her, on the grand day of the Jubilee, September 17th, 1790,*" when ſhe was no more than twenty years, one month, and ſeven days old.

I am, reſpected Sir, for myſelf, and in behalf of THE PROGRESSIVE SOCIETY, your truly grateful, and very humble ſervant,

MARTHA STUDIOUS.

To the GLEANER.

ESTEEMED SIR,

"*TRAIN up a child in the way he ſhould go,*" ſays Solomon, "*and when he is old he will not depart therefrom.*" "I deny that," quoth the caviller, "many a well educated boy has turned out a diſgrace to his family." This is granted: But Solomon did not ſay, when he is in the *middle of his years, he will not depart* from thoſe good principles which he early received; but *when he is old he will not depart from them.*

Now, it is a fact, that perſons who run riot for a long time, often revert, in the winter of life, to thoſe ſalutary truths which were early implanted in their young minds. *The fire of affliction conſumes the rubbiſh,* which had concealed the ſolid foundation that was *once carefully laid;* again they build thereon the virtues of humanity, reaping conſolation therefrom, and departing in peace.

You cannot too often inſiſt on the neceſſity of a *virtuous education.*

Enter theſe hints in your common place-book, and expatiate on them at your leiſure.

HEZEKIAH BRIEF.

To the GLEANER.

SAGE SIR,

I LATELY paſſed an evening in a large company, which unanimouſly agreed, that you could not do better than to write a Gleaner on the *origin and progreſs of evil.* You are to know, that our party was much divided in their opinions on this ſubject: Some aſſerted the *eternity of evil;* others inſiſted, that, as it had a beginning, it muſt undoubtedly have an end; and a third claſs *poſitively denied its exiſtence in any ſhape whatever!*

A few of the arguments made uſe of, in defence of the latter, as the moſt novel ſentiment, I ſhall ſketch for your information. A favourite line from a favourite poet, was exultingly introduced: "*From ſeeming evil*

evil ſtill educing good"—and the participle *ſeeming* was emphaſized with great energy. The advocates of this opinion deciſively ſaid, that every thing was now in the *beſt poſſible ſituation*; and this they inferred, not only from the wiſdom of the great Diſpoſer of events, but alſo from the manifeſt inquietude produced by any ſudden change. The cobler, unexpectedly receiving a purſe of gold, ſuſpended his morning and evening ſong; care became an inmate in that boſom, once the ſeat of tranquillity; nor was his mirth reſtored, until the glittering miſchief was reclaimed by its proper owner. It was aſked, How could that be characterized *evil*, which, it was acknowledged, could not be more eligibly diſpoſed? Perſons, it was ſaid, *apparently* miſerable, are not, in *fact*, ſo: Aſk the man who cannot command a ſhilling, at what price he eſtimates his *limbs*, his *ſenſes*, his *reaſon*, his *proſpect of future happineſs*; and, if he underſtands how to appreciate theſe bleſſings, properly, he will be found to poſſeſs immenſe riches. Sickneſs, loſs of friends, and even death itſelf—Are theſe to be conſidered as *evils*? Certainly, that is not, *ſtrictly ſpeaking, an evil, which is abſolutely neceſſary to the completion of our felicity*—it is, at moſt, but a *ſeeming evil*.

"How often," ſaid an old gentleman, "does a momentary pang produce the moſt exquiſite enjoyment. I remember, when I was a young man, I had a brother, whom I, at that time, loved beyond any other human being. My brother made a voyage to the Eaſt-Indies; and, after the tedious term of two years had elapſed, the ſhip, on board of which he embarked, appeared in ſight. Eager to embrace him, I jumped into a boat, which was juſt puſhing from the quay: We had not proceeded far, when we obſerved the colours hoiſted *half maſt high!* and the captain and the mate, ſtanding in full view upon the deck, we had poſitive aſſurance of *their* ſafety. I knew it was not cuſtomary to diſplay colours after that ſort, except on the death of one of thoſe officers, or of the ſupercargo,

which

which department was filled by my brother. The melancholy concluſion, therefore, forced itſelf upon me—he was undoubtedly no more—and the anguiſh of my ſpirit is not to be deſcribed. It happened, at that moment, that my brother, expecting to find me among the paſſengers in the boat, had placed a teleſcope in a direction, which brought even the features of my face under his immediate inſpection; and, obſerving the ſudden alteration in my countenance, his ſympathetic feelings explained the cauſe, when, quitting inſtantly a ſituation which ſo effectually concealed him, he came forward to the ſide of the veſſel, and, bowing moſt gracefully, laid one hand on his heart, extending the other in a manner inimitably expreſſive. —God knows, his figure ſeems, at this moment, preſent to my view; and I ſhall never forget the exquiſite tranſports I then experienced: Nor, *ſince it was productive of ſo much eventual happineſs, can I regard, as an evil,* that affection for a common ſailor, which induced his comrades to announce his death, in a manner that was an acknowledged departure from the rule, uſually obſerved on theſe occaſions."

You, Mr. Gleaner, will, I apprehend, pronounce this, ſtrange *ſophiſtical reaſoning*. We certainly ought to be very cautious, how we embrace ſuch ſubtilties: But I will not foreſtall judgment. An appeal to you was generally approved, and concluded on. The matter is before you; and we expect your anſwer with impatience.

I am, ſage Sir, your moſt obedient, and very humble ſervant,

RICHARD WARY.

CONCLUSION.

CONCLUSION.

THE GLEANER UNMASKED.

And now in my own habiliments array'd,
I quit thoſe ſcenes where I ſo oft have ſtray'd;
The curtain dropt, illuſions are no more,
Gladly my borrow'd proweſs I reſtore;
Well pleas'd, reſigning an unwieldy part,
To bleſt reality I yield my heart.

BUT, gentle reader, in the moment when throwing aſide the veil, I appear before thee in *propria perſona*, acknowledging myſelf to be that identical *Conſtantia*, whom poſſibly thou mayeſt recollect, as filling ſome pages in the Boſton, and afterwards in the Maſſachuſetts Magazine—In the moment, I ſay, when thou art recognizing, *in thy friend the Gleaner, this ſaid Conſtantia*, it may be proper to render unto thee a reaſon, why I have endeavoured to paſs myſelf upon thee in the maſculine character; and as I now take leave of every *unneceſſary* diſguiſe, it is my determination to be very explicit.

Obſerving, in a variety of inſtances, the indifference, not to ſay contempt, with which female productions are regarded, and ſeeking to arreſt attention, at leaſt for a time, I was thus furniſhed with a very powerful motive for an aſſumption, which I flattered myſelf would prove favourable to my aſpiring wiſhes. I anticipate, on this occaſion, the *ſignificant ſhrug* and expreſſive ſmile of the *pedantic petit-maitres*; Eſop's fable of the *Aſs in the Lion's ſkin*, will be triumphantly revived; and it will be affirmed, that the *effeminacy* and *tinſel glitter* of my ſtyle could not fail of *betraying* me at every ſentence which I uttered. But, having paſſed the rubicon, it is neceſſary that I poſſeſs ſufficient firmneſs to remain undiſmayed by the attacks of

the

the ill diſpoſed critic. My ingenuity did not furniſh me with any expedient, ſo well calculated for concealment, as the envelopment in which I enwrapped myſelf; and having conceived, that in my borrowed character I ſhould become abundantly more uſeful, I felt aſſured that this conſideration was in reality ſufficient to juſtify the meaſure.

Another ſtrong inducement to the aſſumption and continuance of my diſguiſe, was the opportunity it afforded me of making myſelf miſtreſs of the unbiaſſed ſentiments of my aſſociates. A few perſons were immeaſureably partial to my eſſays; and, as it generally happens, thoſe were the individuals with whom alone I was *intimately* converſant. I had the good fortune to elude the penetration of my beſt friend, and he read in my preſence my firſt Eſſay, entitled the Gleaner, without the ſhadow of a ſuſpicion of its author. Thus I went on; nor was it until my thirty-third number, which contains the ſtory of Eliza, that the perſon, to whom I am principally accountable for my conduct, declared his conviction that I was the real author of the Gleaner. *The fact*, from which the little narrative of Eliza originated, I received from my huſband; I might have predicted the conſequence—I was of courſe detected.

But I had yet a further reaſon for concealment; I was ambitious of being conſidered *independent as a writer;* if I poſſeſſed any merit, I was ſolicitous it ſhould remain undiminiſhed, nor did I harbour a wiſh that my errors ſhould be imputed to another; and I imagined I could effectually accompliſh my views in this particular, by ſuffering my connexions of every deſcription to remain in total ignorance of my plans; nor can I conceive myſelf culpable in thus acting, ſince I was not ſeeking to wound the feelings of any human being, and it was hardly poſſible I could *eſſentially* diſhonour thoſe affectionate friends, to whom my heart has ever acknowledged the moſt ardent and grateful attachment.

Roſſeau

Roſſeau has ſaid, that although a female may *oſtenſibly* wield the pen, yet it is certain ſome man of letters ſits behind the curtain to guide its movements; and, contemplating this aſſertion, I imagined that if thoſe of the *literati*, to whoſe aid either friendſhip or affinity might entitle me, were not ſo far of my council as even to be informed of my deſigns, they would at leaſt be exempted from thoſe cenſures which my folly or preſumption might involve.

A celebrated writer of the preſent century obſerves, that "a *woman* ought never to ſuffer a *man* to add a *ſingle word* to her writings; if ſhe does, the man ſhe conſults, let him be who he may, will always paſs for the original inventor, while ſhe will be accuſed of putting her name to the works of others;" and ſurely the feelings of rectitude muſt revolt even at a ſuſpicion of this kind.

Thus much I have thought proper to ſay, by way of reſponding to ſome invidious remarks, which my *manner* of conducting the foregoing papers, particularly their maſculine character, have occaſioned.

The reader is already apprized, that the numbers which conſtitute the firſt volume of the Gleaner were uſhered into the world in that very reſpectable miſcellany, the Maſſachuſetts Magazine; and my original deſign was to continue them in that publication. My ſecret was now generally known, but I had no reaſon to be diſſatisfied with the reception given to my humble attempts, and I had many pages prepared for the preſs. It has frequently been aſked, both in public and private, "why the Gleaner was diſcontinued?" The very reſpectable and learned gentleman, whoſe love of literature induced him, on the reſuſcitation of the Magazine, in the ſpring of 1795, to become its editor, complained, and with reaſon, of the paucity of original productions, which immediately ſucceeded the arduous engagement into which he had entered: yet, for myſelf, largely indebted to the candour of the new editor, I am free to own, that if any conſideration

could

could have induced me to continue a writer in that publication, my perfect confidence in the ſuperintendent to whoſe reviſion my ſketches would have been ſubmitted, muſt have furniſhed the motive. But during the ſuſpenſion of the miſcellany ſo often adverted to, a *ſerious accuſation was preferred againſt me*, the nature of which, in my own apprehenſion, effectually barred my appearance in its pages.

I have pledged myſelf to a public, which I do moſt ſincerely venerate, to render a reaſon, "*why* the Gleaner was not continued in the Magazine;" and although I might content myſelf with obſerving, that its irregularity, and the uncertainty of its duration, together with the years which muſt have elapſed, ere the completion of my plan could have been exhibited, were extremely adverſe to my views; yet, agreeably to my engagement, I had arranged a circumſtantial detail, which developed the *real cauſe* that hath produced me, in my *individual character*, a candidate for the indulgence of my readers; *my deſign*, however, is ſuperſeded; a few ſincere friends, whoſe diſintereſted attachment cannot be conſidered as problematical, and from whoſe judgment reaſon heſitated to appeal, warmly remonſtrating againſt it, rendered it incumbent upon me to deliberate—deliberation produced conviction—and, certain that a recurrence to facts, which were productive of much infelicity, can anſwer no valuable purpoſe, I gladly conſign the promiſed narrative to oblivion; and if a recollection of my propoſals for this publication ſhould procure an impeachment of my veracity, I truſt, when it is known, that my original intention has been relinquiſhed from the fear of agitating the feelings of malevolence, the pleadings of candour will procure my abſolution.

If the manner in which my dramatic eſſays are introduced, ſhould require an apology, it may be ſufficient to obſerve that it was requiſite to the uniformity of my plan; and I have preſumed that as it was my wiſh to promote, by thoſe productions, the intereſts of

rectitude,

rectitude, they will not, in this *enlightened age*, give offence even to the moſt *ſerious* and *delicate* mind; their hiſtory may, in ſome future period, amuſe the curious; and for the preſent, it only remains to ſay, that, as I conſtructed them without a coadjutor, it is but juſtice their errors, of every deſcription, ſhould reſt entirely upon my own head.

Nor are the numerous faults with which theſe volumes may abound, to be imputed to any other individual. In this arduous enterpriſe, however daring, I have ſtood alone. To the toil of writing letters to myſelf, I have been condemned; and to this cauſe the candid will impute that want of variety of which they have doubtleſs complained. The aberration of unaſſiſted fancy, however unwearied the intellectual reſearch, does not always anſwer the wiſhes of its proprietor; and, although the infrequency of original views may be lamented, it muſt, nevertheleſs, be ſubmitted to.

My ſketches have *ſeldom* been drawn from *living characters*; but I will confeſs I have experienced ſuperior pleaſure in once more embodying thoſe virtues that I have ſeen exemplified by perſons who have bid adieu to thoſe ſcenes which they have heretofore illumined by their preſence; and imagination has delighted to produce them again in that radiant career in which it was their great buſineſs to ſoothe and to bleſs the FAMILY OF MAN.

To my very reſpectable and numerous Patrons and Patroneſſes, I am largely indebted. It would be my pride to enhance their pleaſures. Could I, in return for the liberal countenance by which they have honoured me, beſtow on them tranquillity, with every attendant bleſſing, it would be equally my duty and my felicity thus to do: But, although my efforts are inadequate to any important effect, I cannot, however, ſuppreſs the fervid emotions of gratitude with which my breaſt is replete. The moſt ardent wiſhes for their happineſs are wafted warm from

my heart. May the good they communicate be returned a thouſand fold into their own boſoms—and may they, when encompaſſed about by thoſe misfortunes to which humanity is incident, reflect *rationally* on the *brevity* of the preſent ſcene, and upon the incalculable bliſs which awaits them in the regions of immortality.

Such are, and ſuch will continue to be the fervent aſpirations of

Their highly obliged,
Truly grateful,
And very humble ſervant,
CONSTANTIA.

FINIS.

15 OC 61

ERRATA.

VOLUME I.

Page 39, line 8 from bottom, for *banner* read *banners*.
44, l. 11 from top, for *reader* read *readers*.
50, l. 11 from top, for *perſon* read *perſons*.
57, l. 12 from top, for *luxurious* read *luxuriant*.
84, l. 21 from top, for *is* read *was*.
148, l. 10 from top, for *or* read *nor*.
201, l. 15 from bottom, for *extaticly* read *extatically*.
212, l. 2 from bottom, for *humbling* read *humble*.
220, l. 5 from top, for *conſtrain* read *produce*.
260, l. 5 from top, for *ſyſtem* read *ſyſtems*.
265, l. 1 from top, for *bear* read *bears*.
271, l. 2 from top, for *ſhall* read *ſhould*.
279, l. 8 from bottom, for *inexpreſſively* read *inexpreſſibly*.
327, l. 17 from bottom, for *appendages* read *appendage*.

VOLUME II.

Page 4, line 5 from bottom, for *reſponces* read *reſponſes*.
10, l. 1 from bottom, for *Ganganell* read *Ganganelli*.
180, l. 4 from bottom, for *terrors* read *errors*.

VOLUME III.

Page 90, line 8 from bottom, for *contained* read *containing*.
212, l. 15 from top, for *time* read *times*.
226, l. 4 from top, for *oar* read *oars*.
236, l. 7 from bottom, for *affect* read *are*.

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